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Edited by G. T. BETTANY, M.A., B.Sc.

SELECT POEMS

AND

TRAGEDIES

BY

VICTOR HUGO

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INTRODUCTION.

A SELECTION from Victor Hugo's voluminous poetry claims a place of right in any library which essays to be representative of literature. A few of the main facts in his life may here be recounted, for the sake of those who have not read longer monographs like those of Mr. Marzials and Mr. Barnett Smith. He was born at Besançon in Eastern France on the 26th February, 1802, his father being a French officer who, later, became a general, his mother the daughter of a shipowner at Nantes. He was a puny infant, and while gaining strength was carried to Marseilles, Corsica, and Elba, as his father's stations were changed. In 1805-7, the child was in Paris; in 1807 he was taken to Avellino in southern Italy; in 1808 he returned to Paris, and his education began in a humble day school. In 1811, when the family went to Madrid, he was sent to a moukish school there. In 1812 there was again a return to Paris. In 1814 Victor and his brother Eugène were sent to a school kept by Decotte and Cordier, an unfrocked priest and a great admirer of Rousseau, and here Victor became a leader of the boys. He wrote much verse of all kinds during these school days. In 1818 he went back to live with his mother, and in 1819 won two prizes for poetry at the "Floral Games" of Toulouse. In December of that year he started a paper, the "*Conservateur Littéraire*," with his eldest brother Abel; it lasted till March, 1821, and Victor wrote at least two-thirds of it, in all kinds of literary forms. In June, 1821, his mother died. In 1822 he published his first volume of Odes, mainly classical in tone and style. He had already fallen in love with Adèle Foucher, daughter of an old friend of his father. In September, 1822, Louis XVIII. gave the young poet, who had written some gushing Royalist odes, a pension of 1,000 francs, and on the 12th October, 1822, the young couple married, but their life was not happy all through. A certain Madame Drouet, an actress and a very beautiful woman, became, it is well known, the more intense helper of his genius, his Beatrice, the inspirer of much of his poetry, the daily companion of his later years.

It would be tedious to give here a list of Hugo's works. His fame rests most securely, perhaps, upon his great novels, "*Notre Dame de Paris*" (1831), and "*Les Misérables*" (1862). Of his numerous tragedies, we here present two of the most remarkable, "*Hernani*" (1830) and "*Le Roi s'Amuse*" (1832). "*Hernani*," first brought out on February 25th, 1830, with the famous Madlle. Mars as Donna Sol, was a great success, and the right to publish it was bought up by an eager publisher before the performance concluded. Yet it had much opposition to encounter; but its success was such as to lead to the composition of a number of others, among them "*Le Roi s'Amuse*," which being regarded as a reflection on Royalty, was suppressed after a single performance. It has often been performed since; but it is not on his tragedies that Hugo's fame is most enduringly built.

In 1841, he was elected to the French Academy, after three rejections. In 1845, he was made a peer of France by Louis Philippe. His politics before this time had changed from Conservative to Liberal, and he became more prominently Radical as he grew older. In 1848, he was elected to the Constituent Assembly as a Republican, but still a Conservative Republican. At first, he supported the candidature of Louis Napoleon for the Presidency, but when he saw that his policy tended to personal Despotism, he gradually became his violent opponent, speaking powerfully against him, and using extravagantly passionate language, which helped to make Napoleon's Coup d'Etat possible. When the 2nd of December, 1851, arrived, Hugo at first sought to rouse resistance, but soon perceiving its futility, and being in personal danger, he succeeded in escaping to Brussels in disguise. There he wrote the burning "*Histoire d'un Crime*," not published till 1877, which depicts in the most graphic style what he had seen and felt about the rise of the new Emperor; and also his "*Napoleon the Little*," published in 1852, which led to his being expelled from Belgium, whose ruler desired to keep on good terms with the French ruler. Hugo took refuge in Jersey, till in 1854-5, having written in a tone of asperity about Queen Victoria's alliance with Napoleon, he found it necessary to remove to Guernsey, where in Hauteville House the poet lived happily until his return to Paris in 1870, after Sedan. Here he stirred the people with his energetic words, and took his place as the honoured patriarch of his people. When he died in Paris, on May 22nd, 1885, all France mourned, and the civilised world sympathised. His last special expression of his views declared his desire to be carried to the grave in the hearse of the poor. He wrote:—
"I refuse the prayers of all churches. I ask a prayer from every

human soul. I believe in God." He was buried in the Pantheon at Paris, on June 1st.

Although critics are continually asking, "Where are the Poets of the People?" and ascribing to the introduction of the French spirit into our modern poetry, the dilettantism which is so marked a characteristic of many English verse writers, it is to France, and not to the countries which gave birth to a Shakspeare or a Goethe, that we must look for the greatest patriot-poet and mouthpiece of the people of modern times. That this is, largely, the result of the struggles through which, during his generation, his country was passing, must be admitted. Hugo is, like all true poets, a full natural man, a lover of beauty in all her forms, but for all his realism he is essentially healthy and human on this side of his character. Moreover, he is, in the tendency of his teaching, markedly moral, and, although he maintained an attitude of stern criticism and even scepticism towards doctrinal theology, his was essentially a religious and reverent mind.

In his poetry, Hugo is at his best, although even there he is at times strangely unequal. His subjects, too, are occasionally trivial, and yet in the most mediocre of his poems, we see flashes of genius. He has the vision of the Seer, and when he strikes an inspired note we are conscious of a sense of vastness, and seem to be looking down on life and its commonplaces as from a height. But enthusiasm sometimes carries him on after inspiration has ceased, and its dying flashes are stimulated by exaggerations and superlatives. To him the very follies of lovers are sacred as sacraments, and in his sense of the sanctity of childhood he forgets that superlatives do not convince.

Perhaps the most noticeable characteristic of his work is his universality of sympathy. There is no monotony of theme in Hugo, for he sweeps the whole range of human passion and feeling. His poems on any one subject—love, childhood, or patriotism—would alone suffice to immortalise his name. More intensely human love poems than his have never been written. He feels all our human needs, but he never loses sight, in the human, of the Divine. His ideal of love is as sane and healthy toned as that of any French poet. Some of his poems relating to childhood are unsurpassed, and all are marked by singular tenderness and depth of feeling; while his patriotic songs breathe a spirit of fierce hatred for all that is cowardly, tyrannical, or mean.

The Editor has to express his thanks to the living authors who have so courteously granted permission to reprint their translations. The translation of "*Hernani*" by Lord Francis Gower, afterwards first Earl of Ellesmere, has a special interest as having been acted on

the 22nd June, 1831, at Bridgewater House, before Queen Adelaide and the Royal Family, with the following cast : Don Ruy Gomez de Silva, the Translator ; Don Carlos, Mr. Shelley ; Hernani, Mr. Craven ; Don Ricardo, Mr. Mitford ; Duke of Gotha, Mr. Bailey ; Donna Sol, Miss Kemble ; Duenna, Mrs. Bradshawe ; Conspirators, Pages, etc., Messrs. Herbert, Fullarton, W. Cowper.

The Editor also desires to acknowledge his indebtedness to Mr. Coulson Kernahan for valuable aid in the compilation of this volume.

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POEMS BY VICTOR HUGO.

P E G A S U S.

I WAS holding him fast by the bridle,
In knots stood each muscle and vein,
My brow was all lined with my efforts
His headlong career to restrain.

A horse of a glorious lineage,
Astarte-like born of the foam,
Daily fed from Aurora's bright chalice,
Brought straight from her own starry home.

A steed mighty and grand in his movements,
Untamable, bounding on high,
Ever filling, with resonant neighings,
The vault of the deep, azure sky.

To heaven each genius his bowl lifts,
And kindling his torch from the sky,
On the back of this wonderful monster
Is seated and borne up on high.

All thy poets and prophets in order
Thou knowest, O earth, by the scars
Of the burnings received from his harness
Which shineth all over with stars.

He inspireth each ode and each epic,
Conceiving most terrible things,
As the sword flashes out from its scabbard,
And crimes from the bosom of kings.

As creator, and source of each fountain,
He makes the rock open and speak,
With its Rephidim for the old Hebrew,
And Hippocrène for the wise Greek.

Through the pale Revelation he hurries
With Death and Despair on his back,
And the shade of his great gloomy pinion
Turns the moon over Tenedos black.

Amos' wail and the wrath of Achilles,
His nostrils inflate as is meet,
And the rhythm of Æschylus' verses,
'Tis the march of his galloping feet.

Lo! he bends down the tree o'er the dead fruit,
As a mother does, weeping alone;
He hews out of marble a Rachel,
Or a Niobe fashions in stone.

When he starts, the ideal is his goal,
Mane streaming and course ever fleet;
In front the Impossible yawning
Alone checks the rush of his feet.

Swifter far than the lightning he rushes,
On Pindus he seats himself strong,
The Bear he relieves of his burden,
As he draws the gold chariot along.

He sports in the heavens undaunted,
And plunges due north to the Pole;
Him the Zodiac, in circle revolving,
Nigh crushes in ponderous roll.

God created the gulf for his pleasure,
And gave the wild skies to his will,
His flight in the gloom and the shadow,
His path through the lightning-cleft hill.

Through the dense mists of heaven he wanders,
And loves, as he moves on his way,
To fly till the thick murky darkness
Shrinks back from the presence of day.

And the fierce glaring look of his eyeballs,
Brought back from his mystic career,
He fixes on man, that bare atom,
And fills him with terror and fear.

Though not docile, he's hard to be guided,
As many a poet will find,
Who may use him to leap o'er a chasm
Which cannot be bridged by the mind.

And the grooms who attend in his stable,
Are men of both talent and soul ;
The first place is given to Orpheus,
With Chénier last on the roll.

All our soul and our spirit he governs ;
Ezekiel waits him with awe,
And it is from the floor of his stable
That patient Job gathers his straw.

Nought but woe to the man he surprises,
Ill fortune attends all his play ;
He resembles the last days of Autumn,
When weariness reigneth alway.

From his back he's flung many a rider,
He loathes both the bit and the rein,
He delights to be held as a monster,
Nor thinks of his rider again.

He exhibits nor mercy nor patience,
But leaves far behind on his track
All the rash and adventurous spirits
Who mounted, in vain on 'his back.

His flanks, with their myriads of sparklets,
Bear him on in his pride and his might ;
Though Despréaux or daring Quintilian
Have ventured to curb him in flight.

But I dragged him from rapt contemplation
Of gods, and of crimes, and of kings,
The sad horse of the gulf and the darkness,
To fields where the soft Idyll springs.

Then I drew him towards the sweet meadow,
Where the sunrise had just given birth
To an eclogue of loving and kissing,
And turned to an Eden this earth.

In a valley, not far from the meadow,
Where Plautus and Racan compose,
The epigram blooms like a hawthorn,
And that trefoil, the triolet, grows.

Abbé Chaulieu can there take his sermon,
And Segrais can gather fresh bays,
From the tender green grass 'neath the bushes,
To inspire him with musical lays.

The horse struggled, his eyeballs shot lightnings
Like sheen of a yataghan's blade,
His flanks heaved like the breath of the tempest,
When wind against tide is arrayed.

For he longed to return to the unknown,
To break from this earth and its ties,
With the sulphurous reek in his nostrils,
And the soul of the world in his eyes.

Loud he neighed as if looking for rescue
From all the invisible worlds ;
And from heaven, as though in swift answer,
The thunderbolt crashing was hurled.

And the raving Bacchantes all joined
In the yell that went up to the skies,
Whilst a long line of solemn-faced Sphinxes
Stood gazing with calm steady eyes.

And the stars that in heaven's vault shimmer,
All quivered on hearing his cry,
As a lamp in a woman's weak fingers,
When the evening breezes are high.

And each time that with wings black and gloomy,
He beat on the dull cloudy sky,
All the clusters of stars in the shadow
Away to the infinite fly.

But my firm grasp I never relinquished,
And showed him the meadow of Dreams,
Where all Nature is gay and seductive,
And the firefly in cool grottoes gleams.

And I showed him the field, and the shadow,
The grassplots made verdant by Juno,
The place that bards think of as Eden,
In whose praises their harps they attune.

"Tell me, what are you doing?" said Virgil,
Who by the spot happened to pass,
And I answered, "It's Pegasus, Master,
I'm taking to turn out to grass."

POEMS RELATING TO CHILDHOOD.

TO A YOUNG GIRL.

You, who have hardly passed soft childhood's years,
Envy us not our days of grief and pain,
When oft our laughter sadder is than tears,
And our worn hearts rebel, but all in vain.

At your sweet age all grief and sorrow fade,
Passing away like summer's gentle breeze,
Like a loved voice by distance fainter made,
Or Halcyon's note upon the rolling seas.

O, do not quit too early childhood's mind,
Enjoy the morning of life's early prime;
Your days like garlands one to other bind.
Let the leaves wait the cruel hand of Time.

As years flow on, your fate will be like ours,
To learn of grief and friendship's brittle ties,
The hopeless pain which haunts our dreary hours,
And all earth's pleasures which our hearts despise.

Laugh now, poor child, your mirth will not be long,
And let not sorrow's shade rest on your face;
Your eyes aglow, where peace and virtue throng,
And heaven's gladness finds a resting place.

GILBERT CAMPBELL.

THE PORTRAIT OF A CHILD

THAT brow, that smile, that cheek so fair,
Beseech my child, who weeps and plays:
A heavenly spirit guards her ways,
From whom she stole that mixture rare.

Through all her features shining mild,
 The poet sees an angel there,
 The father sees his child.

And by their flame so pure and bright,
 We see how lately those sweet eyes
 Have wandered down from Paradise,
 And still are lingering in its light.

All earthly things are but a shade
 Through which she looks at things above
 And sees the holy Mother-maid,
 Athwart her mother's glance of love.

She seems celestial songs to hear,
 And virgin souls are whispering near,
 Till by her radiant smile deceived,
 I say, "Young angel, lately given,
 When was thy martyrdom achieved?
 And what name dost thou bear in heaven?"

Dublin University Magazine.

THE WATCHING ANGEL.

IN the dusky nook,
 Near the altar laid,
 Sleeps the child in shadow
 Of his mother's bed:
 Softly he reposes,
 And his lid of roses,
 Closed to earth, uncloses
 On the heaven o'erhead.

Many a dream is with him,
 Fresh from fairyland,
 Spangled o'er with diamonds
 Seems the ocean sand;

Suns are flaming there,
Troops of ladies fair
Souls of infants bear
In each charming land.

Oh, enchanting vision !
Lo, a rill upsprings,
And from out its bosom
Comes a voice that sings.
Lovelier there appear
Sire and sisters dear,
While his mother near
Plumes her new-born wings.

But a brighter vision
Yet his eyes behold ;
Roses pied and lilies
Every path enfold ;
Lakes delicious sleeping,
Silver fishes leaping,
Through the wavelets creeping
Up to reeds of gold.

Slumber on, sweet infant,
Slumber peacefully ;
Thy young soul yet knows not
What thy lot may be.
Like dead weeds that sweep
O'er the dol'rous deep,
Thou art borne in sleep,
What is all to thee ?

Thou canst slumber by the way ;
Thou hast learnt to borrow
Nought from study, nought from care ;
The cold hand of sorrow

On thy brow unwrinkled yet,
 Where young truth and candour sit,
 Ne'er with rugged nail hath writ
 That sad word, "To-morrow!"

Innocent! thou sleepest—
 See the angelic band,
 Who foreknow the trials
 That for man are planned;
 Seeing him unarmed,
 Unfearing, unalarmed,
 With their tears have warmed
 This unconscious hand.

Still they, hovering o'er him,
 Kiss him where he lies.
 Hark! he sees them weeping,
 "Gabriel!" he cries;
 "Hush!" the angel says,
 On his lip he lays
 One finger, one displays
 His native skies.

Foreign Quarterly Review.

SONG.

If I were a king, mine empire, O child,
 I would give, and my sceptre, and them that bow down
 As my chariot rolls by, and my golden crown,
 And my sea-cars wherewith the vast sea waxeth wild,
 For one only smile of thee, child!

If I were a god, I would give, O child,
 Earth and the air, and the angel-throng,
 Chaos, the heavens, and the vast star-song
 That moves 'mong still spaces with love made mild,
 For one only kiss of thee, child!

N. R. TYERMAN.

THE MOTHER.

SEE all the children gathered there,
Their mother near ; so young, so fair,
An elder sister she might be,
And yet she hears, amid their games,
The shaking of their unknown names
In the dark urn of destiny.

She wakes their smiles, she soothes their cares,
On that pure heart so like to theirs,
Her spirit with such life is rife
That in its golden rays we see,
Touched into graceful poesy,
The dull cold commonplace of life.

Still following, watching, whether burn
The Christmas log in winter stern,
While merry plays go round ;
Or streamlets laugh to breeze of May
That shakes the leaf to break away—
A shadow falling to the ground.

If some poor man with hungry eyes
Her baby's coral bauble spies,
She marks his look with famine wild,
For Christ's dear sake she makes, with joy,
An alms-gift of the silver toy—
A smiling angel of the child.

Dublin University Magazine.

STILL BE A CHILD.

IN youthful spirits wild,
Smile, for all beams on thee ;
Sport, sing, be still the child,
The flower, the honey-bee.

Bring not the future near,
For Joy too soon declines—
What is man's mission here?
Toil, where no sunlight shines!

Our lot is hard, we know;
From eyes so gaily beaming,
Whence rays of beauty flow,
Salt tears most oft are streaming.

Free from emotions past,
All joy and hope possessing,
With mind in pureness cast,
Sweet ignorance confossing.

Plant, safe from wind and showers,
Heart with soft visions glowing,
In childhood's happy hours
A mother's rapture showing.

Loved by each anxious friend,
No carking care within—
When summer gambols end,
Thy winter sports begin.

Sweet poesy from heaven
Around thy form is placed,
A mother's beauty given,
By father's thought is graced!

Seize, then, each blissful second,
Live, for joy sinks in night,
And those whose tale is reckoned,
Have had their days of light.

Then, oh! before we part,
The poet's blessing take,

Ere bleeds that angel heart,
Or child the woman make.

Dublin University Magazine.

TO MADEMOISELLE FANNY DE P.

O THOU whom thy sweet age defends,
Laugh lightly ; all things yet carcass.
Play ! Sing ! Be a child whose joy ne'er ends,
A flower to brighten ! Dawn to bless !

As to the future, think not of it :
Heaven's paths are darkling, life's affright.
Ah ! what makes man that he should love it ?
A little sound in deep midnight.

Our lot is harsh, is all we see.
Child, open the bright eye that bears
And scatters most of light and glee,
Bears also and sheddeth most of tears !

You, in whose small soul nought doth seem
To dwell, have all : bright joy, bright wile ;
Sweet innocence which maketh dream,
Rapt ignorance which maketh smile.

You have, white lily from the wind
Saved, little Heart which small dreams bless,
That calm joy of the infant-mind
Reflect from mothers' happiness.

Your candour makes you beautiful.
Give me before all other fire
Your deep blue eyes aye wonderful
With light that makes man's heart beat higher.

For you no sorrows, no pale hours :
At home you are the cherished pet ;
In summer you run among the flowers,
In winter the hearth make merrier yet

Sweet Poesy, bright bird of the skies,
 Near to you, child, still flutters wings ;
 Its light is in your mother's eyes,
 In your father's thought its murmurings.

Have heed of this swift time so sweet !
 Live, live ! False joy is soon awry ;
 Each of us sighing at your feet
 Hath had bright dawn to sombre day.

As one prays ere his steps be gone,
 Let me now bless thee, spirit mild.
 Angel, thou'lt wear a martyr's crown,—
 Thou must be woman, dearest child !

N. R. TYERMAN.

WRITTEN ON THE TOMB OF AN INFANT.

Brown ivy old, grass freshly green, bright flowers ;
 Fane, where the soul sees One it elsewhere dreams ;
 Gay insects murmuring music warm long hours
 To the tired shepherd drowsed with summer's beams ;

Winds, waves, aye blending wild sweet harmony ;
 Woods wherein brightest noontide pales to even ;
 Ye fruits that gleam from out the dusk-leaved tree ;
 Ye stars that gleam from out mysterious heaven ;

Birds with quick joyous cries, billows soft-sighing ;
 Cold lizard of the hottest nook still fain ;
 Fields unto ocean's bounteous love replying,—
 One giving silvery pearl, one golden grain ;

Nature, that wak'st to life, that lull'st to death ;
 Leaf-cradled nests round which the air scarce creeps ;
 Above this mossy cradle hold your breath ;—
 Leave the child sleeping while its mother weeps !

N. R. TYERMAN.

A. L.

EACH hope, dear child, is a slender reed.

God holds in His hand frail threads of our days,
And divides them at pleasure, and takes no heed

That, the thread being cut, our joy falls from its place :

In each cradle on earth

A death hath birth.

Erewhile, seest thou, the future, pure light;

Shone sweetly before my young spirit afire,—

Bright bird on the wave, in heaven star bright;

Splendid bloom 'mid the shadow athrob with desire :

This vision, my sweet,

How lovely ! how fleet !

If, haply, nigh thee one dreamfully weep,

Let the tears fall, nor do thou ask why.

Sweet 'tis to weep,—ay, the bright drops keep

Soft melody 'midst the tempestuous world-ory :

O child, every tear

Leaves some sin clear !

N. R. TYRMAN.

SONG.

THROSTLES twain ! Stiff, starved is mother ;

Pussy pounced, and ate the other . . .

What else, what else to tell !

Cold nest by the chill blast shaken ;

Of all love, all song, forsaken—

Poor little birdlings !

Silly shepherd soundly sleeping !

Good dog dead ! Lean wolf close-creeping . . .

What else, what else to tell !

Sheep-cote by one fell spring shaken ;

Of all care, all hope forsaken—

Poor little lambkins !

Parents twain ! Whilst father's lying
 In the hulks, wan mother's dying . . .
 What else, what else to tell ?
 Babe's cot by the chill blast shaken ;
 Of all love, 'all joy forsaken—
 Poor little children !

N. R. TYERMAN.

TO MY DAUGHTER.

My child, thou seest I am content to wait.
 So be thou too ; with calm secluded mind :
 Happy ? ah no ! nor e'er with hope elate,—
 But still resigned !

Be humbly good, and lift a blameless brow.
 As morning pours the sunlight in the skies,
 Suffer, my child, thy sunnier spirit glow
 Through azure eyes !

Victorious, happy, is none in this world's strife.
 Time unto all a fickle lord doth prove ;
 And Time's a shadow, and, child, our little life
 Is made thereof.

All men, alas ! grow weary by the way.
 For to be happy—O fate unkind !—to all
 All's lacking. And, though all were granted, say
 What thing so small !

And yet this little thing with anxious care
 Is sought for ceaselessly, by good and vile :
 A little gold, a word, a name to wear,
 A loving smile !

The mightiest king o'er love and joy is powerless ;
 Vast deserts yearn for but one drop of rain.
 Man is a well spring-brims, till summer, showerless,
 Makes void again.

Behold these kings of thought we divinize,—
 These heroes, brows transcendent over night;
 Names at whose clarion-sound most sombre skies
 Flash lightning-bright !

When once they have fulfilled their glorious doom,
 Earth for awhile a little brighter made,
 They find, for all reward, within the tomb
 A little shade.

Kind heaven, that knows our struggles and our sorrows,
 Hath pity on our days, tumultuous, vain,
 Bathing with tears bright dawn of all our morrows
 Whose noon is pain.

God lightens aye the path whereon we go ;
 Still what He is, what we are, brings to mind ;
 One law revealed in all things here below,
 As in mankind !

That steadfast law, bright-stablished above,
 On every soul its heavenly beams lets fall :—
 Hate nothing, O my child, but all things love,
 Or pity all !

N. R. TYERMAN.

MY TWO DAUGHTERS.

In the pure shadow-light of the soft-dying even,
 One like a swan, and one like the white dove of heaven,
 Joyous, and O, so sweet amid the sweetness round !
 Behold the elder sister and younger on the ground
 Seated of the dim lawn ; while, whispering over them,
 A mass of frail white blooms entangled stem by stem
 Within a marble urn caressed of the warm wind,
 Leans to the little girls tremblingly, and there twined,
 Seems on the edge of the vase amid the fairy light
 A flock of butterflies love-tranced from sunniest flight.

N. R. TYERMAN.

CHILDHOOD.

THE small child sang ; the mother, outstretched on the low bed,
With anguish moaned,—frail Form pain should possess not long ;
For, ever nigher, Death hovered around her head :
I hearkened there this moan, and heard even there that song.

The child was but five years, and, close to the lattice, aye
Made a sweet noise with games and with his laughter bright ;
And the wan mother, beside this being, the livelong day
Carolling joyously, coughed hoarsely all the night.

The mother went to sleep with them that sleep away ;
And the blithe little lad began anew to sing . . .
Sorrow is like a fruit : God doth not therewith weigh
Earthward the branch strong yet but for the blossoming.
N. R. TYERMAN.

TO THE MOTHER OF A DEAD CHILD.

AN ! thou hast told too oft thy little angel flown
Of other angels far on high,
Of Heaven where is no change, nor any suffering known,
And to dwell there 'twere good to die ;

That Heaven is a vast dome with pillars of fair gold,
A rich pavilion rainbow-bright ;
And of an azure bower whose blooms are stars thou hast told,
And of strange stars like flowers to sight ;

That 'tis a place more blithe than mother's words can say,
Where ever, for the children's cheer,
Abide sweet cherubim to laugh and sing and play,
And the kind God to hold them dear ;

That it is good to be a spirit like a flame,
And to live nigh, all night and day,
The tender Jesus-Child and Virgin of sweet name
In such a home of song and play !

And then thou hast not told, poor mother comfortless,
 Unto this child so fond, so frail,
 That as thou wast all his through life to love and bless,
 So likewise he was thine as well ; •

That when one's small the mother watches over us,
 But later she is her son's care ;
 That when she is grown old and with age tremulous,
 She needs to know her man-child there ;

Thou hast forgot to teach this eager guileless heart
 God wills one here awhile should stay,—
 Woman aye guiding man, and man, upon his part,
 Aiding the woman night and day :

Thou hast not told all this, oh woe ! So, on an hour,
 That gentle being left thee lone !
 Alas ! thou hast then left unlatched the bright bird-bower,
 And the pet bird is flown !

N. R. TYERMAN.

EPITAPH.

He lived and ever played, the tender smiling thing.
 What need, O Earth, to have plucked this flower from blossoming ?
 Hadst thou not then the birds with rainbow-colours bright,
 The stars and the great woods, the wan wave, the blue sky ?
 What need to have rapt this child from her thou hadst placed
 him by—

Beneath those other flowers to have hid this flower from sight ?

Because of this one child thou hast no more of might ;
 O star-girt Earth, his death yields thee not higher delight !
 But, ah ! the mother's heart with woe for ever wild,
 This heart whose sovran bliss brought forth such bitter birth—
 This world as vast as thou, even *thou*, O sorrowless Earth,
 Is desolate and void because of this one child !

N. R. TYERMAN.

LISE.

I WAS twelve years ; and she, perchance, sixteen ;
She was quite tall, and I quite small, no doubt ;
But at even to speak more cosily to my queen,
I waited till her mother had gone out ;
Then I drew nigh unto her throne, I ween,
At even to speak more cosily to my queen.

Alas ! the springtides flown with all their flowers !
The long-spent fires, the many silent tombs !
Doth one remember now rose-perfumed hours ?
Doth one remember hearts love ne'er relumes ?
She loved me. I loved her. Ah ! then we were
Two children, two sweet scents, two rays of the air.

Angel God made her, fairy and princess.
She being a trifle taller than I,
One asked her divers questions without cease,
For the sole pleasure of teasing her with, " *Why ?* "
But, sometimes, she would turn from mine eyes' gaze,
Pensive, nor dared to meet their dreamful maze.

Then I displayed entire my childhood's store
Of knowledge, and bragged fiercely of my games ;
Right proud was I to air my Latin lore,
And iterate Virgil, Phædrus, off-world names :
Nothing could check my ardour ; I braved all ;
And cried aloud : " My sire's a General ! "

Though one be woman, yet 'tis well to read
Latin ; the words are spelt out dreamfully ,
Often at church to help her in sweet need
Over her prayer-book I bent tenderly.
An angel waved above us his white wing
At vespers on the Sabbath evening.

While still I humbly called her, " Mademoiselle,"
Of me she said, " Oh, he's the merest child ! "

Letting my eyes upon her prayer-book dwell,
 Quite close to hers, with passion made me wild,—
 So close, indeed, that once—ah, heavenly hour!
 My lip a-fire touched her soft cheek a-flower.

Ah, childhood's loves, so quickly in mid May,
 You are the dawn and gladness of the heart;
 Be with the child still, charm him every day!
 And when night comes, bearing for her chill part,
 Sorrow,—ah, still let sunny memory stay
 Of childhood's loves, so quickly fled away!

N. R. TYERMAN.

LITTLE PAUL.

GIVING her baby bath, the mother died.
 O sombre fate, why thus on sorrow's side?
 Why take the mother, and leave the tender child
 To one the cold world also a "mother" styled?

For the young father needs must marry again. Ah me!
 'Tis soon, at *one*, a pariah to be:
 This pretty babe did wrong to have been born!
 A good old man then took the thing forlorn,—
 Its grandsire. Sometimes what scarce is hath care
 Of what will be: so now aged arms upbear
 In mother-wise an infant—strange but true!
 What the poor dead have left to life to woo;
 The old are good for only that; they can
 But play the part of good Samaritan,
 Lend to the weak and fallen loving aid,
 And chafe the tiny hands outstretched through the cold shade.
 Needs someone here must answer pity's cry!
 Needs someone here be good beneath black sky,
 Lest pity and hope no longer sad hearts bless!
 Needs must one lead to baby motherless

The wild-eyed goat, fain verdant hills to rove,—
Needs must one here lead little hearts to love ;
And, old and weary, with compassion rife,
Foster frail blossoms of the spring of life !
Therefore it was that God, Who took the dead,
Thus placed the grandsire in the mother's stead :
And, judging winter best love's warmth to impart,
In an old man made throb a woman's heart.

So little Paul was born, an orphan-child,
With large blue eyes through which a scraph smiled,
Lips blithe with babble as of cherubim,
Small rosy hands that stroked each rosy limb,—
Yea, all the angel ere the little man !
And the old sire, by long years pale and wan,
Smiled on him as on heaven where day's just born—
Oh ! how that even did adore that morn !

He took the child straightway unto his home,
'Mong fields spanned by so vast a skiey dome
But a little child could fill it. Green the plain,
All odorous with perfume sun and rain
Beguile from woods and waters ; while around
Their cot a garden laughed, whose every sound
And sight,—birds, flowers, yea, all within those bowers !—
Carassed the child : unenvious are the flowers.

Within this garden peach and apple grew,
Down-showering blossom on one scrambling through ;
'Neath willows, waters tremulously gleamed,
With here and there a sudden flash that seemed
White shoulders bare of a nymph ; and every nest
Murmured the hymn obscure of those love-blest.
All voices that one heard were calm and sweet
Like brooklets 'mong warm mosses at your feet ;
While in all subtle sound and silence there
The happy trees a leafy burden bear.

God's Paradise, the angels' light and song,
 Earth's humbler blissful warbling doth prolong
 In summer when no star outshines a flower,—
 And Paul, an angel, made this garden-bower
 An Eden, while the soul of all was love.
 Oh! in how warm a nest was fledged this hapless dove!

Surely a garden's a sweet thing? Place there
 A baby; add an old man; such the care
 God takes to make it perfect. Deeming right
 To add to joy of sense the soul's delight,
 This Poet with a child perfumes the roses,
 Then with an old man the sweet triplet closes.
 Among the flowers blooms baby for his part,
 While grandsire fosters both with dew of his old heart.
 Oh! what is sweeter in the month of May,
 Oh! what were meeter, Virgil, for thy lay,
 Than a babe's naked limbs 'mong daisied grass!
 'Tis so divine that it is frail, alas!

And Paul at first is weakly. Scarce we know
 If he will live; or if again will blow
 The bitter blast that wailed o'er mother dying,
 Come now to bear her sweet to where she's lying.
 Paul must be fed; a goat consents with glee;
 Soon foster-brother to a kid is he!
 Since the kid leaps, the boy to walk is fain,
 While anxious grandsire murmurs: "Yes, 'tis plain,—
 Walk must we." Oh! the tiny tottering feet,
 Charybdis here, dread Scylla there they meet!
 With trembling limbs, knees bent, aye children strive,
 The happiest and most hapless things alive.
 When spring bids blossom, trembles most the tree!
 One's a proud age, one step's a victory,—
 And Paul's first step leads on to many another.
 Can ye not see, bright eyes of many a mother,
 The boy by grandsire followed? Charming sight!
 "Be careful not to fall. Now, now! That's right."

Paul's brave ; he looks, longs, laughs, then suddenly
Starts forward, and the old man, proud as he,
Spreads trembling hands round baby unafraid,
And, himself tottering, lends his tottering aid,
Till the goal's won with peals of merriment.

Oh ! try to paint a star, or represent
A forest bathed in golden morning light,
But seek not to describe a child's laugh of delight.
'Tis sacred love, blithe innocence aflower,
Of grace ineffable the richest dower,
Most glorious bloom of purity,—aye, even
Of blossoms fragrant with the breath of heaven ;
A smile of bliss that proves God's smile of love !

The grandsire, like the saints of yore who strove
On mountain-solitudes with God in prayer,
Was just a good bewitched old grandfather.
Against the spell that guilelessly beguiled,
Powerless, he sought sweet council of th' adoréd child ;
He watched the dawn that shone the clear eyes through,
While every month Paul babbled something new,—
Through bonds of speech thought's fitful flutterings,
That hesitate awhile on half-plumed wings,
Rise but to fall, then float more blithe and strong,
And sailing earthly words, alight on heavenly song !
Paul captured sounds to set them quickly free,
Some strophe scanned of wondrous melody,
Chattered, lisped, laughed, was never an instant still,
And the whole house with rapture did fulfil.
With laughter and song he made perpetual May ;
His waking word was sign of holiday ;
All the trees talked of this delightful elf—
Poor little Paul was happiness itself !

By might of smiles which still are deaf to "Nay,"
Paul reigned ; his grandsire being his docile prey,
Happy in strict obedience. "Wait for me,
Father !" He waited. "Come !" Straightway came he.

Spring's right to bind old winter with a chain.
 What a blithe little household made these twain !
 This despot-child an old man loves to obey,
 Like January fain to pleasure May,
 How, 'mid the song of birds, rich flower-scents,
 Wandered delightedly these innocents,—
 One two, gold-haired ; and one fourscore and grey !
 One oft forgetful, one remembering aye,—
 The child. Night had no power to make them grieve.
 Grandsire taught Paul to think, who taught him to believe.
 You had said, beholding morn thus dwell with even,
 That each showed each sweet diverse sides of heaven.

They mingled all ; their games by day, by night
 Their dreams : what love-bonds did these twain unite !
 But one bower had they, and were never parted ;
 Like the first steps, so the first words they started ;
 While hour by hour their pure hearts closer beat.
 The grandsire knew no accent soft and sweet
 Enough to teach his angel-scholar spell,
 And murmur : " Little Paul, O loved too well ! "
 Exquisite dialogues ! notes ineffable,
 Such as in fairy-tales the blue birds trill !
 " Don't go too near the water. Ah ! now look !
 Paul, you have wet your feet." " It was the brook."
 " Those stones are slippery." " Yes, papa." " Now run ! "
 And heaven laughed blue above, and bright the sun
 Shone, as triumphant and resplendent now
 To see an old man kiss a child's pure brow.
 Meantime Paul's father with his new wife dwelt.
 No more the presence of the dead is felt
 When in her place there smiles another one.
 And by this second wife he had a son ;
 But Paul knew nothing. What if he had ? No fear
 Cou'd reach him hand in hand with his own dear
 Kind grandpapa !

But the grandfather died.

When Sem to Rachel, to Ruth old Boaz cried,
 "Weep ; I depart !" the women, kneeling near,
 Sobbed ; but the children cannot ; never a tear
 Bedims the blithe blue eyes. When with a sigh
 The old man said : " Paul, little Paul, I die !
 No longer wilt thou see poor grandpapa,
 Who loves thee !" Nought such mournful words could mar
 The child's bright innocent life of song, love, bliss,—
 Still gaily he laughed.

A rustic church there is,
 Poor as the lowly roofs that nestle nigh.
 It opened : in the funeral train was I.
 The humble priest, vague prayers low-murmuring,
 With friends and kindred from his home doth bring
 That gentle sire, to lay him low in earth ;
 And round that sorrow shone the field's May-mirth,—
 For flowers can smile on those in black arrayed !
 Mingling hushed voices, good old gossips prayed.
 We wound along a deep and narrow way,
 On either side green fields where cattle lay
 Regarding us with large eyes mild and sad ;
 In summer-smocks the peasants all were clad ;—
 And little Paul followed the humble bier.
 To the graveyard his kind old friend we bear !
 'Tis a lone spot low crumbling walls enclose,
 Where only simple folk seek last repose ;
 No lofty tombs, false epitaphs are there,
 But grassy mounds with crosses black and bare ;
 Dear spot, yet shielding some from sorrow and sin.
 By night a wooden wicket shuts it in,
 To the bars of which dense ivy-tangles cling :
 The little child (a strange remembered thing !)
 Was seen to gaze intently at this gate.

To children but as fancy is stern fate,
 While to their wondering eyes life's but a dream.

Alas ! night darkens round the starry beam.
But three years old was Paul.

“ You wretched child !
Young Satan ! Imp ! Be off ! You drive me wild.
I'll beat him black and blue ! Too good am I
To let the little brat come ever nigh.
He's stained my gown ! He's spilt the milk ! For that,
Dry bread, the cellar ! And what an ugly brat ! ”
To whom these words ? To Paul. Poor gentle heart !
Scarce had he watched dear grandpapa depart,
Than one came to th' old home with loveless air,—
His father ; a woman next with bosom bare,
Suckling a child—his happy little brother.

At once the woman loathed him. Than a mother
What sphinx ! more strange ! Whose heart so wondrous, say ?
On this side darkness, and on that side day !
To her own child honey, to another's stone !
To bear when suffering's sacredness is known
Is well ; but a child, gay sprite with golden hair,
Cruel it is, such suffering *he* should bear !
The thorn that stabs, for the oak that screened of late,
What bitter change ! In love's sweet stead fell hate !

Paul understood it not. When he stole back
At dusk, his little room seemed strangely black.
Long hours he wept ; yet scarce knew why, indeed,
But felt the vague chill fear o' the shuddering reed.
Waking, he wondered at so dull a morn—
Ah ! why then are these little sufferers born ?
The house was windowless to let in day,
And dawn no longer seemed to smile his way.
If he crept nigh—“ Be off ! I want not you ! ”
His “ mother ” cried ; and slowly Paul withdrew.
’Twas as a cradle drowning in heaven's sight.
The child, who made all joyous, lost delight ;

His sorrow saddened even the flowers and birds ;
 For blithe call-notes a volley of bitter words !
 " He's odious, with his slinking dirty ways ! "
 She took his toys her little one to please.
 And all Paul's father allowed,—so amorous he !
 An angel once, a leper now to be !
 Once the wife muttered : " Would the brat were dead ! "
 By a caress that dreadful curse was sped :
 The *curse* was Paul's.

" Come thou, my love, my bliss !
 O, God, the fairest of thy angels this !
 A bit of heaven I've stole to swaddle him :
 A child he is, but like the cherubim !
 God's paradise is in my arms ! Oh ! see
 How beautiful : I adore thee ! Soon thou'lt be
 A little man. O what a weight he is !
 As heavy as many a toddling boy ! I kiss
 Thy tiny feet, my life, my love, my sky ! "
 And Paul remembered, with the memory
 Possessed by rose, or lamb, or little bird,
 Long, long ago the sweet same notes he'd heard
 He took his meals in a dark nook, on the floor,
 Seeming quite dumb ; at length he sobbed no more.
 To silent suffering oft a child's soul's braced !
 Nigh always sadly at the door he gazed.

The child one evening, looked for everywhere,
 Could not be found. 'Twas winter, season drear
 Whose soul of hate by night deals direst blow ;—
 Small footsteps then are quickly lost in snow. . .

They found the child upon the morrow morn.
 For some remembered faint cries past them borne .
 At nightfall ; one had even laughed to hear
 Midst the weird wonted sounds that throng the air
 A voice that seemed " Papa, papa ! " to call.
 Such tidings the whole village did appal :

All sought—the child was in the churchyard lone.
 Calm as the night, and pallid as a stone,
 Outstretched before the gate, quite cold, he lay.
 How he had found this sad spot who shall say,
 Alone, by night, unlit by lamp or star?
 One of his little hands clutched tight the bar
 He vainly tried to open : feeling there
 Was one within who yet for little Paul would care,
 Long, long he had called and sobbed 'mid darkness dread,
 And then had fallen upon the cold earth, dead.
 Quite close to his old kind grandpapa he'd crept,
 And, powerless even to awaken him, fast slept.

N. R. TYGEMAN.

THE VOICE OF A CHILD ONE YEAR OLD.

WHAT saith he? Think you he speaks? Nay, I am sure.
 But unto whom? To someone in the azure;
 To that we call a spirit; to space, to the sweet
 Shiver of the invisible passing wing,
 To the shade, the breeze,—to his little brother dead.
 The child a fragment of his heaven-home beared;
 Guileless he comes; man, thou receivest him.
 He hath the tremor of young leaves and grass,
 Prattle before full speech is as the flower
 Ere the fruit blooming, lovelier and holier,
 For to be lovelier is to be more holy.
 The child pure-souled, on the threshold of sad life,
 Regards this earth so strange and formidable,
 Knows't it not, opes wide eyes, and missing God,
 Stammers,—all-trustful, touching little voice!
 The darling weeping with the darling singing
 Ends; his first words like his first steps have fear:
 Then blooms sweet hope.

In heaven whereto our sight
Attains not, floats one knows not what fair mist
Of forms which children, revered of yore,
Perceive from earth, and which to them lends speech.
This child perchance beholds a bright eye shine,
And questions it; in the clear clouds he sees
Faces resplendent, row o'er wondrous row,
And vital phantoms, which for us were void,
Regard him with divine translucent smiles;
O'er him the dusk serene extends its boughs;
He laughs, for unto a child all glooms are bright.
'Tis there, in mystery, 'mid the splendour's depths,
With these sweet spirits unknown he lisps and laughs;
The child makes question and the spirit replies;
The baby-babble unto blue heaven floats,
Then returns softly, with the waverings
Of the small bird that marks the halcyon soar.
We call that stammering! 'Tis in sooth the abysm
Where, as a winged being from height to height
Soars, the speech sweet with Eden and with dawn
Striveth to seize from utmost heaven a word,
Seeks it and finds, takes it and leaves, and quivers.
Through every child's breath thrills the breath of heaven.
When with the deep benignant shadow he chats,
The thrush, enraptured, at the edge o' the nest
Uplifts her, while her fledgelings, pensive, frail,
Push through her downy wings their callow heads.
The mother seems to say to them: "Ay, listen,
And try to chirp as beautifully."—The spring,
Aurora, the blue paradisaal day,
Sun-rays—gold darts bright-piercing the dim earth—
Melt in a rhythm obscure 'mid the small song
Of this frail spirit and this trembling heart.
To tremble, totter, prattle, is the charm
Of th' age when through a tear bright laughter gleams.
O heavenly shadow and shine of infant-speech!
The child seems forceful to assuage harsh fate;

From the small child sweet lessons nature learns,—
 This rosy mouth's the tiny gate august
 Whence falls—O majesty of the frail, bare being!—
 Upon the gulph unknown the unknown Word.
 What largess! innocence made ev'n our guest!
 What gift of heaven! Who knows the starry lore,
 The beams of bounty, who knows the faith, the love,
 Which through their trembling twilight ever shed,—
 Amid the bitter strife wherom we dwell,—
 The souls of children on the souls of men?
 Sounds one the depth of this soft speech wherethrough
 One feels pass all that thrills the innocent!
 No. Men deep-stirred hearken these tender strains
 Of syllables scattered in the golden dawn,
 Speech wherein heaven hath left a starry trace,
 But comprehend not, pass it by, and say:
 —“'Tis nought; or but a breath, a murmur, sigh;
 The word is senseless till the spirit be ripe.”—
 How know you that? This cry, this nest-born chant,
 Is of an angel changing to a man.
 Adore it. The melodious sound, the scale
 Floating and free where infancy makes one
 The perfume of its lips, its eyes pure blue,
 Resembles, wind of heaven, those wondrous words
 Which, to declare midnight or day, thou lendest
 To the vast soul obscure through all things shed.

The being born to the light of this false world
 Lisps as he can his sad and sweet surprise.
 For the animal in the deep enigma lost,
 All comes of man. Into this world man casts
 A faint clue to the mystery, and through him
 A little day lightens the problem dark.
 Ah yes, this warble, music vague and soft,
 Pure mist of words divine confused like foam,
 Song whose sweet secret hold the newly-born,
 Which from the cottage floateth to the wood,

Is a world language, an exchange eterne
 Of dawn with stars, with th' angel of God man's soul
 Nest-idiom, cradle interpreter, aye sent
 By the little children to the little birds.

N. R. TYERMAN

BABY'S SLEEP AT DAWN.

FAINT smiles the humble little room
 On an old chest some roses blush ;
 Beholding here dissolve night's gloom,
 Priests had said, Peace ! and women, Hush !

Yonder what small recess is seen,
 Whereto the tenderest radiance creeps ?
 O, more than angel-guard serene !
 Aurora watches ; baby sleeps.

Deep in that nook a tiny thing
 Lies lulled within a cradle white ;
 Amid the shadow quivering
 Heaven only knows with what delight.

Lo, in her dimpled hand tight-press'd
 She holds a toy, sweet source of mirth !
 Cherubs in heaven with palms are blest,
 Babies with rattles upon earth.

What sleep is hers ! Ah, who dare say
 What dreams make such smiles come and go ;
 Haply she sees some bright dawn-way
 With angels passing to and fro.

Her rosy arm moves momentarily
 As if to wave some sweet adieu ;
 Gentle her breathing as may be
 A butterfly's amid the blue.

Aurora's loth to chase those dreams .
 Naught's so august, so pure, so mild,
 As this bright eye of God that beams
 Upon the closed eyes of a child.

N. R. TYERMAN

TO JEANNE

Your presence hallows these sweet bowers ;
 These woods so far from beaten ways
 Seem made for fairest forest flowers
 Who draw fresh beauty from your gaze.
 Your years are as the morning's birth,
 And heaven's own smile beams from your face.
 In you, fair Jeanne, the skies and earth
 Unite themselves in this sweet place.

The vale with festive hues is spread
 And offers you its tribute true,
 There is a nimbus round your head ;
 'Tis Paradise, your honour due.

All who approach your magic ring
 You with a word, a look, entrance.
 'Tis ecstasy to hear you sing,
 'Tis Heaven itself to gain your glance.

While straying thro' blest paths along,
 So sweet the accents of your voice
 That e'en the birds forget their song
 And silent in their nests rejoice,

DAVID TOLMIE.

TO JENNY.

YESTERDAY, darling of mine, a twelvemonth old !
 Happy you babble as, under the manifold
 Delicate leafage that lies on the dear Spring's breast,
 The year's new birdlets, opening their strange, wide eyes,

Cheep and twitter from out the warmth of the nest,

For the joy of the young plumes' growth and of life's surprise

O rose-lipped Jenny of mine, in those big books

Whose pictures are worth your crowings and happy looks,

The books I must suffer your fingers to crumple or tear,

There is many a beautiful poem, but none so rare

As you, my poem, when, catching sight of me,

Your whole little body thrills and leaps with glee.

The greatest men for writing have ne'er written

A better thing than the thought a-dawn in your eye,

And the musing strange and vague of one who scans

The earth and man with an angel's ignorance.

Ay, Jenny, God's not far off when you are nigh.

EMILY HICKY

TO MY GRANDSON.

Come hither, George. Ah! sons of sons of ours

With childhood's voice recall lost morning hours.

In our abodes, dull winter's darkening,

They scatter roses and the light of spring.

Their laughter brings warm tears to stony eyes,

And makes cold thresholds thrill with sweet surmise;

One radiant smile disperses all the gloom

Of heavy years that bend us to the tomb.

A child's hand leads us 'mong th' old vanished years,—

Sweet day by day, with new flowers deckt, appears.

Amazed, we wander all the lost paths through,

With lighter hearts suffused with heavenlier blue.

A child that blossoms sets old age aflower;

Grandpapa enters blithe Auróra's bower

With little ones around him triumphing.

Dwarfed to a child's small stature, lo! a wing

Grows, and we watch, with sense of sweet surprise,

'Mong spotless souls, our dark soul seek the skies.

N R TYRMAN

GEORGE AND JEANNE.

I.

I, WHOM a little child makes far from wise,
 Have two,—sweet George and Jeanne; in this one's eyes
 My sunlight dwells, by this one's hand I'm led;
 Jeanne's but ten months, o'er George two years have sped.
 Divinely subtle are their baby-ways,
 And from their trembling utterance love-essays
 To catch the birth star song ere it take flight;
 While I—like even darkening into night
 Whose destiny hath lost the light of day—
 Take heart to sing: "What dawn so fair as they!"
 New heavens are opened wide at each child-word:
 My soul's intent to hear what they have heard;
 Old thoughts are banished by the sweet new thought,
 Desires, ambitions, projects, things of nought,
 Matters of weighty moment, fade away
 As grows the sunlight of my darling's day;
 All birds that brood in darkness ply swift wings
 As all the choir of morn more blithely sing.
 Ah! tottering children guide one's steps aright.
 Behold them! hear them! every brow grows bright,
 All hearts beat happily that near them beat:
 In chime with baby cooings sacred, sweet,
 In all my life they're merged; in smiles or tears,
 In all my sorrowful or joyous years,
 Nought have I known so precious as the sense
 Of smiles of childhood cleaving darkness dense,
 Or brightening common sunlight: I behold
 From baby's cradle steal these rays of gold,

At eve I watch them slumbering. Sweet shut eyes
 And placid brows o'ershadowed like the skies
 When through soft veils the starry lights first beam
 Amaze me, murmuring: "What can be their dream?"

George dreams of cakes, perchance, of playthings fine,
 Dog, cock, or cat ; Jeanne chats with friends divine ;
 Then their eyes open wide, and make the whole world shine.

Their dawn, alas ! marks growth of our decline.

They prattle. Do they talk ? As doth the flower
 To the wood brooklet ; as, in childhood's hour,
 Their father to his sister, laughing gay ;
 Or as I chattered all the livelong day
 Unto my brothers, while our sire stood near
 And watched us gambol in the sunlight clear
 Of Rome, in days long dead which never die.
 Jeanne, whose bright eyes all bluest flowers outlive,
 Whose fingers frail still capture faery things,
 With bare arms fluttering like an angel's wings,
 Harangues, in songs where floats a starry sign,

* George, a boy-babe or baby-god divine.

O bluest heaven, no mortal speech is hers !

In such sweet strains the wandering wind confers
 With fragrant groves, with waves on summer seas ;

Grey pilots off the shores of ancient Greece
 Erst left their helms, thus lured by syren's voice
 To sorrow, as Jeanne now lures us to rejoice.

'Tis May-month music born beneath the sun's
 Bright glance, with changeful burthen, "I love!" "loved once!"

It is the tremulous language filled with light
 Which leaps to life each little child's delight,—

Beguiled by April, vast, bewildering,
 They babble at vast windows of the Spring.

These strange sweet notes which Jeanne pipes to her brother
 Are those one amorous bird trills to another ;

Such subtle questions bees to flowers propound,
 And simple flowers to sparrows more profound ;

Of spherul harmonies soft undersong

It is, and doth the angelic choir prolong ;

Heaven's visions are revealed in infant-strains ;

Heaven's mystery, perchance, Jeanne's song explains,—

For little ones but yesterday came thence,
 Bearing star-secrets through our darkness dense.
 O George ! O Jeanne ! your voices thrill my heart !
 In such a song stars only could take part.
 Their eyes upon me light my whole soul through,
 And all its darkness breaks to heavenly blue.
 Jeanne smiles bewildered ; George has bold bright eyes ;
 Both totter,—inebriate pets from Paradise !

N. R. TYRMAN.

THE SIESTA.

SAFE sheltered from the noon-tide glare,
 And noises of the busy day,
 There sleep, serene and free from care,
 Jeanette, my child, tired out with play.

They, more than we, the dreamland need,
 Those children fresh from Heaven's own smile ;
 The world is cold and bleak indeed
 For gentle hearts that know no guile.

She seeks the angels and the fays,
 Titania, Puck, and Ariel too ;
 With cherubs she in fancy plays
 'Mid sylvan groves and skies of blue.

O, great our wonder could we know
 The hidden joys of that blest sleep ;
 What dazzling sights, what visions glow,
 While watch her guardian angels keep !

Thus at the still meridian hour
 When birds are mute and winds are stayed,
 When e'en each fragile leaf and flower
 Forgets to tremble in the glade,

Jeanette takes her siesta then,
 And her mamma can also rest,
 For nature wearies even when
 We're helping those we love the best.

These tiny feet of roseate hue
 Are resting like the peaceful soul;
 The cradle lace of azure blue
 Seems an immortal's aureole.

There looks to my enraptured sight
 A rosy light amidst the folds.
 I laugh, and sadness takes its flight;
 A radiant star that cradle holds.

The cooling shadows round her creep,
 The wind holds back and dares not blow;
 When suddenly from out her sleep
 Her eyes re-ope with morn-like glow.

Her lovely arms she first extends,
 Then foot and foot with charming grace,
 And now her mother o'er her bends,
 And gazes on her-darling's face.

She thinks of all the sweetest names
 To call her for her own dear sake,
 And then 'twixt smiles and tears exclaimed,
 "You horror! there you are awake!"

DAVID TOLMIE.

THE MOON.

I.

Corcoran "among the grass, with bright, grave brow Jeanne thought;
 I came quite close: "Jeanne, tell me, is there aught
 You want?"—for I obey these charming dears,—
 Submissive slaves of all their smiles or tears,

Diviner of thoughts that pass through heads divine.
 Jeanne answered me: "To see some beasts, I pine."
 An ant just then appeared 'mong grasses tall;
 "Look, look!" I cried. But Jeanne scarce looked at all:
 "No, no! the beasts are always big."

Their dream

Is grandeur. Ocean with his boundless stream
 Allures them, cradled by the conquering might
 Of waves and winds that roar in endless flight,
 They need the wondrous, love the world's worst dread.
 "I grieve no elephant's at hand," I said;
 "But is there nothing else which I can get?"
 With tiny finger skyward fixed, my pot
 Cried, "That!"—the calm hour 'twas when daylight dies,
 And in hushed heaven I saw the full moon rise.

II.

You want the moon? Yes; draw it from the well;
 No; from the sky! Alack, all efforts fail.
 'Tis always thus Dear little ones, you crave
 A toy from heaven, so in void air I wave
 My hands to catch fair Phoebe in her flight,
 The blessed lot of grandsire once, fell light,
 Upon my head and made a gentle crack,
 Though fate such brilliant toys from me held back,
 Towards you I feel he should be far more kind.
 But come, let's reason. George and Jeanne, now mind!
 God watches us, and being Himself a true
 Old grandpapa, He knows what one dare do,
 And takes good care to be upon His guard.
 A grand-dad loves his pets, and thinks it hard
 All baby-orders he cannot obey:
 So, lest a silly old man should have his way,
 God takes the stars, not yet to cradles given,
 And hangs them on the highest hooks of heaven.

III.

"What greedy little rascals!" mother cries;
 "They long for all that meets their roving eyes,—
 Cakes, cherries, apples, all must pleasure yield.
 If they but hear a cow low in a field,
 'Tis, 'Quick! some milk!' They raise banditti's cries
 If bags of bon-bons look a likely prize;
 And now they'd have the moon!"

Why not? I hate
 The pettiness of those miscalled the great,
 And love, amared, the grandeur of the small.
 Ah, yes! an infant's soul expands for all.
 I'm lost in thought before such greed as sees
 Worlds shadow-girt, and stammers: "If you please!"
 If it were mine to give, indeed, yon moon
 Should in a moment be my pet's bright boon.

I know not what they'd make of thee, 'tis true,
 But yet, O, moon, I feel thou art their due.
 Thy heaven where Swedenborg still travels on,
 Thy vast abyss with all its mystery wan,
 I would entrust unto the children's care.
 That sombre sphere still spinning through frore air,
 With jagged craters no loud storm astails,
 With splitudes of shadow and death, with vales
 Blissful as Edens or like hells accursed,
 And awful mountain-vistas light-immersed,
 Methinks yon little kneeling ones would make
 A holier place of for the angels' sake:
 In it they'd place their love, their hope, their prayer,
 And the vast, weird adventuress should bear
 To God profound the thoughts of sweet small hearts.
 When the child slumbers dream by dream departs
 To holier realms than ours can ever reach.
 A new child-faith unto the world I preach:

If little fearless darlings set their love
 On something sparkling bright in heaven above,
 I feel they ought to have it. That a sphere
 Should be ruled over by a child is clear.
 Ev'n our demerit masters many things.
 Oh! what a lesson to astonished kings,
 Seeing a world by infant-hands controlled!
 To little angels crowned with locks of gold,
 To them who'd blithely reign by love's sole sway.
 I'd give vast worlds immersed in wondrous day;
 Those, too, by darkling spirits blindly led,
 The enormous circle of the planets dread.
 Why not? To them who have no thought of ill
 The power is given to wield a world at will.
 Yes! often when my thought gets free of earth,
 Musing on innocent love's transcendent worth,
 I deem there must be, in some heaven unknown,
 Some angel grander than our dreams have shown
 Bidden by God, in some supreme sweet hour,
 On souls of children gifts of stars to shower.

N. R. TIERMAN.

MY JEANNE.

My Jeanne, whom I tenderly love and adore,
 Is queenly in right of her sex & all its lore;
 Is so beautiful be, to have arms white as snow,
 And to make by a look the worst rebel bend low;
 To know aught of nothing save bouquets and dresses,
 To enthral the most learned by smiles or caresses,
 To be gentle as Heaven, as fair as the rose,
 To the sad or ungrateful, the poor or morose.
 Jeanne knows all about it, for she is aged three;
 And she is the flower of my old age, for me
 To contemplate, cherish—my joy, my delight!
 My verse, which seems worthless when she is in sight
 Is inspired by her glances, and filled with her chat.

Her dress is a wonder, bewitching her hat,
 Her red shoes are dainty, her movements as light
 As a fly's on the wing ; and the colours as bright
 Of the costumes she shows off with womanly pride,
 With a glimpse of the womanly spirit inside.
 'Tis her due to be queen, to be fair is her right.
 When her sweet reign commences my wisdom takes flight.

DAVID TOLMIE.

JEANNE IN DISGRACE.

In the dark room a convict, Jeanne confined,
 Her fare dry bread, puts duty out of mind,
 And makes me creep—old rebel that I am !—
 To smuggle in the den a pot of jam.
 Caught in this treacherous act, straightway all those
 On whom the righteous household laws repose,
 Cry, "Shame !" though Jeanne avers with guileless grace
 That never more she'll make an ugly face.
 Still, all repeat, "For shame ! That naughty child
 Knew by what paltry pleadings you're beguiled ;
 She sees you always smile when scolding's due ;
 Punishment's made a mock of, thanks to you !
 At every moment, all the livelong day,
 You break some rule in your bad reckless way ;
 Order's impossible." I hang my head,
 And say, "To that, there's nothing to be said ;
 I'm wrong. Ah, yes ! when such the reins assume
 They quickly drive the nations to their doom.
 Put me on dry bread, please, in this dark room."
 "None could deserve it better, so we will."
 Then from the corner dark where small and still
 Jeanne sat, she whispered, lifting eyes that swam,
 "Don't mind, dear ! Soon I'll bring you a pot of jam."

N. R. TYERMAN.

THE POOR CHILDREN.

Of little children take fond care,
 God is within them, they are great.
 For they have breathed a purer air
 As stars in the celestial state.

He in His goodness sends us those,
 Endowed with messages of love,
 Their sunny laugh His wisdom show
 Their kiss His pardon from above.

Their gentle brightness makes us glad
 For theirs is happiness untold;
 The angels weep when they are sad,
 The Heavens shake if they are cold.

The misery of the child's parent
 To vicious man alone is due;
 Who holds the angels in control,
 Oh! what a blot on Heaven's blue.

God looks upon those children dear
 Whom He has sent us while we sleep;
 He sent them clad in kingly gear,
 How oft in rags and tears they weep.

DAVID TOLMIE.

GRANDFATHER'S SONG.

DANCE, little girls, so gaily,
 All in a faery ring;
 Seeing you dancing, we may be,
 Woods will blossom and sing.

Dance, little queens, so stately,
 All in a faery ring;
 'Neath the oaks, dreaming sodately,
 Tenderly lovers will cling.

Dance, little sprites, so frantic,
All in a faery ring :
Books in the schoolroom pedantic
Soon will be burgeoning

Dance, little pets, so beauteous,
All in a faery ring :
Birds on the branches perched duteous,
Soon will be clapping each wing.

Dance, little fays, in the meadow,
All in a faery ring :
Soon in the sunshine and shadow
Lovelier flowers will spring.

Dance, little maids, so rosy,
All in a faery ring :
Each beau to each belle, quite cosy,
Says some pretty, false thing !

N. R. TYERMAN.

LOVE POEMS.

ONCE MORE TO THEE.

For thee, my love, for thee I tune my lyre,
With Hymen's song thou dost my soul inspire,
What other name with rapture fills my mind,
No other song, no other path I find.

It is thy look that makes my darkness light,
It is thine image makes my dreams so bright,
Fearless I walk through shades, my hand is free,
For from thine eyes celestial glories gleam.

Thy gentle prayer my destiny shall keep,
And safely watch me should mine angel sleep,
When thy voice soft, yet proud, my heart dost thrill,
It sends me forth life's duties to fulfil.

A voice from heaven shall claim thee for its own,
Blooming in earthly fields, a flower unknown,
A virgin pure, to heaven thy soul belongs,
Reflects its fires, and echoes all its songs.

If thou entrance me with thy soft, dark eye,
If thy robe brush me lightly passing by,
I seem to touch the Temple's sacred wall,
And say with Tobit to the angel, Hail!

When on my sorrows thou hast shed thy light,
I know my fate must with thy fate unite,
As some good priest, worn with his journey home,
Sees a fair maiden to the fountain come.

Thee, like some being far my life above,
Thee, like some prescient ancestress, I love,
Like some fond sister, whom my wants engage,
Like some last infant, sent to cheer mine age.

Thy name alone mine eyes with tears will fill,
 I weep since life is ever full of ill,
 But its sad wild thy home can never be,
 Thy place far hence 'neath some o'ershadowing tree

May peace and joy be hers from trouble free !
 For all her days belong, O Lord, to Thee,
 I pray Thee bless her, for her faithful mind
 In virtue seeks true happiness to find

CHARLES MATTHEW, M A

BELOVED NAME.

The lily's perfume pure, fame's crown of light,
 The latest murmur of departing day,
 Fond friendship's plaint, that melts at piteous sight,
 The coyetic farewell of each hour at flight,
 The kiss which beauty grants with coy delay,—
 The seven-fold scarf that parting storms bestow
 As trophy to the proud, triumphant sun ;
 The thrilling accent of a voice we know,
 The love-enthralled maiden's secret vow,
 An infant's dream, ere life's first sands be run,—
 The chant of distant choirs, the morning's sigh,
 Which erst inspired the fabled Memnon's frame,—
 The melodies that, hummed, so trembling die,—
 The sweetest gems that 'mid thought's treasures lie,
 Have nought of sweetness that can match HER NAME !
 How be its utterance, like a prayer divine,
 Yet in each warbled song he heard the sound ;
 Be it the light in darksome fanes to shine,
 The sacred word which at some hidden shrine,
 The self-same voice forever makes resound !

O friends ! ere yet, in living strains of flame,
 My muse, bewildered in her circlings wide,
 With names the vaunting lips of pride proclaim,
 Shall dare to blend the *one*, the purer name,
 Which love a treasure in my breast doth hide,—

Must the wild lay my faithful harp on string
 Be like the hymns which mortals, kneeling, hear,
 To solemn harmonies attuned the string,
 As, music show'ring from his viewless wing,
 On heavenly airs some angel hovered near.
 CAROLINE HOWARD (1848, *Harvard*).

THE SYLPH.

Thou, whom within these happy walls, like dream the Sylph art
 seeming,

Behind the lighted window pane my longing eyes have seen,
 O maiden, open to me, for I hear the night-bird whispering,
 The darkness round about me is with war-ghosts filled and humming,
 And souls of dead men gibber in their vaporous robes at me.

Sweet virgin, I'm no pilgrim, who from distant land returning
 Has come to tell my story in thy little shell-like ear.

Nor a paladin for conquest and for deeds of prowess renowned,
 Whose bugle horn awakes the morn to set your heart a-burning.

With a war-cry which the fair ones hear with tangled love and
 fear.

My hand holds neither staff nor lance within its empty fingers,

Nor do I wear the knight's long hair, nor pilgrim's silver beard.
 I have no humble rosary, nor sword that never lingers.

And if I blew a bugle-blast the merry minstrelsy

At the feeble sound extracted would have laughed at me and
 jeered.

I'm a sylph, an airy being, who is less than poet's dreaming,
 Son of the nascent springtide, and a child of rising morn,

A guest of cosy hearth fire when the winter clouds are streaming,
 A spirit that the light shows on the pearly dew drop gleaming,
 A dweller in the ether, of all visibleness shorn.

This eve a happy couple were with solemn voices talking

Of that eternal flame which burns within the human breast.
 I stayed my flight to listen. Ere they started homeward walking,
 They kissed and caught my wing, and thus, my further progress
 banking,

They kept me till 'twas far too late to seek my rose and rest.

Alas! alas! my rose is closed, I may not reach my dwelling.

Oh, open to me, Châtelaine! take pity upon me!

Receive a child of sunshine, for the night fog's upward welling!
 Within your bed I'll lie so light, my presence never telling,

You'd waken and you'd wonder where this little sylph could be

My brothers all have followed with the light that has departed,

Or the tears of night which softly all the blades of grass bedew;
 For them their horrid chalices, the lilies, kindly-hearted,
 Have opened, but alas, alas! my efforts have been thwarted,
 And now my hopes are centred, Lady Châtelaine, in you.

Oh, listen to me, maiden; of the night-tide I am fearful

Let it close me in its shadow, as if in a monster net,
 Among phantoms white and pallid, among ghosts that are un-
 cheerful,

Among demons I can't number, but of which it's nearly full,

And the owls which haunt the grave-yards, and with things
 more horrid yet.

This is the very moment when the solemn dead are dancing

With faltering foot, while over them the pale moon shows its
 face;

And the hideous vampire round him with a horrid glare is glancing,
 As he sees the trembling sexton who is towards him slow advancing,

Whom he draws into an open grave with fiendish-like grimace.

Now, dwarfs all black and hideous, with powder and with ashes,

Like gnomes descend in hundreds to their deep and soundless
 pit.

The sprite of style fantastic o'er the rushes darts and flashes ;
 And the burning salamander on the fresh wave sports and splashes ;
 While bluish flames arise around, and o'er the waters flit.

Only fancy if a dead man, his lone weariness to lighten,
 Should enclose me in his funeral urn, alone among his bones ;
 Or if some necromancer, thinking I his cell might brighten,
 Should entice me to his tower, where the midnight sounds would
 frighten,
 And should link me to his belfry with its sad, ill-omened tones.

Oh, let your window open ! If away I now am driven,
 I must seek for some old bed of moss where low the lizards lie,
 Where, if I dare disturb them, into pieces I'll be riven.
 Oh, open ! for my words are soft like those by lover given
 So gently to his mistress, and a pure light fills mine eye.

And then, I am so pretty ! If you could but see my pinions
 As they tremble in the daylight, so transparent and so frail !
 I've the brightness of the lily of the land of the Virginians ;
 And the roses are my sisters, but they also are my minions,
 And they quarrel for my radiance and the perfume I exhale.

I should like as in a happy dream to place myself before ye,
 Quite close to you (my sylphide recollects it very well).
 The butterflies have heaviness, and humming-birds no glory,
 When clad in gorgeous raiment, like a king in Eastern story,
 I visit all my palaces, the flow'rs wherein I dwell.

I am cold and vainly weeping, for the frost is very chilling ;
 If only I could offer you a bribe your home to open.
 To give my golden corolls and my dew-drop I'd be willing ;
 But I, alas ! have nothing, so my anguish is me killing,
 For each sunshine gives and robs me, too, of what might make
 me hope.

What will you, that while sleeping, I should bring you as a present ?
 A fairy's scarf ? or pinion of an angel from above ?

Your night I will make lovely, ere the pale moon hides her crescent,
 With thoughts of what the day will bring of all that's bright and
 pleasant,

And beauteous dreams of heaven will pass to softer dreams of
 love.

O virgin, do you fear lest in the gloom of night perfidious

The voice that now is speaking might the Châtelaine deceive ;
 That the wand'ring sylph is trying by a stratagem insidious
 To betray a gentle maiden ? Nay, the very thought is hideous !
 If I had but a shadow I would flee it, I believe.

He wept—but all at once before the ancient bell was pealing,

There came a voice—a ghost, no doubt, that spoke in quiet way ;
 And forth upon the balcony a lady's form came stealing,
 But what she said, or what she did, there's no means of revealing,
 Or if she let her lover in, there's none of us can say.

OGILVIE MITCHELL.

THE LOVER'S WISH.

Oh ! were I the leaf that the wind of the West,
 His course through the forest uncaring,
 To sleep on the gale or the wave's placid breast
 In a pendulous cradle is bearing.

All fresh with the morn's balmy kiss would I haste,
 As the dew-drops upon me were glancing,
 When Aurora sets out on the roseate waste,
 And round her the breezes are dancing.

On the pinions of air I would fly, I would rush
 Through the glens and the valleys to quiver ;
 Past the mountain ravine, past the grove's dreamy hush,
 And the murmuring fall of the river.

By the darkening hollow and bramble-bush lane,
 To catch the sweet breath of the roses ;
 Past the land would I speed, where the sand-driven plain
 'Neath the heat of the noonday reposes.

Past the rocks that uprear their tall forms to the sky,
 Whence the storm-fiend his anger is pouring ;
 Past lakes that lie dead, tho' the tempest roll nigh,
 And the turbulent whirlwind be roaring.

On, on would I fly, till a charm stopped my way,
 A charm that would lead to the bower
 Where the daughter of Araby sings to the day,
 At the dawn and the vesper hour.

Then hovering down on her brow would I light,
 'Midst her golden tresses entwining ;
 That gleam like the corn when the fields are bright,
 And the sunbeams upon it shining.

A single frail gem on her beautiful head,
 I should sit in the golden glory ;
 And prouder I'd be than the diadem spread
 Round the brow of kings famous in story.

V.—*Eton Observer.*

THE LOVE-DAWN.

Happy, such spirit of rouse is yours to enthrall
 Men's souls : your song's so pure, and, when you dance,
 Hearts so for bliss beat higher ;
 So lively is the light no summer skies
 Can match the dew of pity in your deep eyes,
 Of love the sunnier fire,—

That when you deign, young Star than heaven's more bright,
 To lighten with one glorious smile the night
 Whose shadow round us clingeth,
 As in the forest dark the bird ere morn,
 A tender thought, in bowers yet darker born,
 Trembles, till blithely it singeth.

Too holy art thou, too heavenly sweet to hear it ;
 An angel-woven veil enfolds thy spirit,
 Love soon shall draw apart ;
 And then, as now, the angel watching thee
 Will smile Love's rosy blush of dawn to see
 In the pure heaven, thy heart !

N. R. TYERMAN.

"LAST NIGHT."

Last night, which deep midsummer lustrously
 Gomed, with its countless stars seemed worthy thee ;
 So holy its hush, its breath so amorous !
 So softly it lulled all sounds, all griefs, asleep
 With dews from infinite heaven that yearned to weep
 Upon the flowers and us !

Nigh thee I stood with joy's bright fires fulfilled,
 For with thy starry soul my soul was thrilled.
 Entranced, I gazed on one so pure, so fair '
 While, though no wing of word clothed then thy thought,
 The tender love-dream from thy heart's bower sought
 My heart, to nestle there.

And I blest God, whose infinite grace and power
 Upon the night and thee such light could shower,
 Granting mine eyes such loveliness to see :
 Nought holier or more beauteous hath He made
 In earth or heaven than night thus star-arrayed
 Smiling on one like thee !

Oh ! by the faith love taught, Him let us bless.
 The world He made and thy rare loveliness :
 He hath touched my heart, enraptured my dim eyes.
 'Tis He whose smile shall make all mystery clear,—
 He, who now makes thine eyes more glorious here
 Than stars in vunder skies !

'Tis God who gives for spirit to all things love,
As wings to bear the body of a dove !

'Tis He who veils bright day with lovelier night :
Who on thy form, O sweet, which I adore,
Beauty as from a brimming cup doth pour,—
On my fond heart delight.

Give love abiding place ! Oh ! love, 'tis all
That one regrets, that one would fain recall
When youth with all its joys no more is seen.
Loveless, earth's proudest beauty scarce could move.
Beauty's the brow, but the brow's crown is love—
Crown thee my spirit's queen !

O sweet, believe me, what fulfils a soul
Is not a little gold, a little dole
Of glory,—dust pride stirs on fields of fight ;
Nor mad ambition, builder of vain visions
Soon to be scattered with wild winds' derisions
From the dull dreamer's sight :

No, no ! man's soul is set on better things,—
Thought blent with thought, as hand in hand that cling,
Joined lips whose kisses were but sighs apart ;
And all the dew of love that bathe love's fire,
And all the married music of that lyre
Which vibrates in the heart !

Nought is there 'neath the sky which is not blest
With a sweet haunt, a dear and sacred nest
Whereto one eye returns though far one rove :
The fisher hath his barque, each bird its brake,
Eagles the mountain, swans the placid lake,—
While loving hearts have love !

N. R. TYERMAN.

SONG.

If there be a sweet meadow
 Where heaven rains delight,
 Where June-shine or March-shadow
 Gives *some* flower to sight,
 Where one may call the slender
 Lily, the hedge-row splendour,—
 O might I there but tender
 Fit path for a foot so white ?

If there be a heart beating
 For love and lovelier Right,
 The step of Duty greeting
 Without one throb of fright ;
 If this high heart beat ever
 Thus, in most high endeavour,—
 O take thou from it never,
 For mine, thy brow so white !

If there be, sweet with roses,
 A love-dream, which, each night
 And each brief day, discloses
 Some hidden bloom more bright,
 A dream which heaven blesses,
 Where soul loved soul caresses,—
 Leave me earth's wildernesses,
 Nest *there* thy bosom white !

N R TYERMAN.

"THE DAWN-GATES OPEN."

The dawn-gates open, still thy gate
 Is shut ! O Sweet, why dost thou sleep !
 Thy sister-rose smiles ; wilt thou wait,
 Knowing that if thou wake not, she must weep !

O my loved One,
Hearken me
Singing, weeping,
But for thee !

All things at thy gate are singing :
Last ' dawn tills : " I bring the day."
The bird : " All melody I'm bringing."
My heart—love, love, is all its lay !
O my loved One,
Hearken me
Singing, weeping,
But for thee !

Oh ! I worship, I approve thee
Such, that verily God seems
To have given me spirit to love thee
Only ; sight but for *thy* beams !
O my loved One,
Hearken me
Singing, weeping,
But for thee !

N. R. TYRMAN.

MORE STRONG THAN TIME.

SINCE I have set my lips to your full cup, my sweet,
Since I my pallid face between your hands have laid,
Since I have known your soul, and all the bloom of it,
And all the perfume rare, now buried in the shade ;

Since it was given to me to hear one happy while,
The words wherein your heart spoke all its mysteries,
Since I have seen you weep, since I have seen you smile,
Your lips upon my lips, your gaze upon my eyes ;

Since I have known upon my forehead glance and gleam,
A ray, a single ray, of your star, veiled always ;
Since I have felt the fall upon my lifetime's stream
Of one rose petal plucked from the roses of your days ;
I now am bold to say to the swift-changing hours,
Pass—pass upon your way, for I grow never old.
Flee to the dark abyss with all your fading flowers,
One rose that none may pluck, within my heart I hold.
Your flying wings may smite, but they can never spill
The cup fulfilled of love, from which my lips are wet.
My heart has far more fire than you have frost to chill,
My soul more love than you can make my soul forget.

ANDREW LANG.

SONG.

Since each soul here below
Takes and returns
Perfume, or fires that flow
From song's bright urns ;
Since here each simplest thing,
At even or morn,
Lends unto Love's vast spring
Its rose or thorn ;
Since April to the trees
Gives sweetest sound,
As night to weariness
Slumber profound ;
Since to the branch the wind
Gives the blithe bird ;
Since dawn leaves dew behind
I' the flower scarce stirred ;
Since when the wave no more
Strives, faint for bliss,

Yet, dying upon the shore,
Gives one last kiss ;

I give thee at this hour,
Low-bowed o'er thee,
That thing of holiest power
I have in me !

Take then, O take my thought,
Which, sad apart,
As a dew of tears is brought
To thy glad heart !

Take then each speechless vow,
O my most sweet !
The shadow on my brow,
Or the flame more fleet !

My transports filled with fires,
Consuming wrongs,
And all caressing choirs
Of weak-winged songs !

My soul which in midnight
A frail bark strays,
With one sole star in sight,—
Thy steadfast face !

My muse, which silent hours
Rock softly and dream,
Which, veiled with thy heart-showers,
Doth seldom beam !

Take then, O dearest, best,
O beauteous One !
This heart where nought could rest,
Love being gone !

N. R. TYRMAN.

MY THOUGHTS.

WHAT do I dream of? Far from the low roof
Where now ye are, children, I dream of you ;
Of your young heads that are the hope and crown
Of my full summer, ripening to its fall ;
Branches whose shadow grows along my wall,
Sweet souls scarce open to the breath of day,
Still dazzled with the brightness of your dawn.
I dream of those two little ones at play,
Making the threshold vocal with their cries,
Half tears, half laughter, mingled sport and strife,
Like two flowers knocked together by the wind.
Or of the elder two—more anxious thought—
Breasting already broader waves of life,
A conscious innocence on either face,
My pensive daughter and my curious boy.
Thus do I dream, while the light sailors sing,
At even moored beneath some steepy shore,
While the waves, opening all their nostrils, breathe
A thousand sea-scents to the wandering wind,
And the whole air is full of wondrous sounds,
From sea to strand, from land to sea, given back—
Alone and sad, thus do I dream of you.
Children, and house and home, the table set,
The glowing hearth, and all the pious care
Of tender mother, and of grandsire kind ;
And while before me, spotted with white sails,
The limpid ocean mirrors all the stars,
And while the pilot, from the infinite main,
Looks with calm eye into the infinite heaven,
I dreaming of you only, seek to scan
Andathom all my soul's deep love for you—
Love sweet, and powerful, and everlasting—
And find that the great sea is small beside it.

LOVE'S TREACHEROUS POOL.

DEAR Child, at first dear love's a mirror bright
 Where'er fair women bend with fond delight
 For bold or timorous gazing;
 With heavenly beams each heart it doth fulfil,
 Making all good things lovelier, all things ill
 From the rapt soul erasing.

Then one bends nearer, 'tis a pool, . . . and then
 A deep abyss! and clinging hands are vain
 To banks frail flowers are crowning!—
 Charming is love, but deadly! Fear it, Sweet,
 In a river first the foolish little feet
 Dip then a fair form's drowning.

N. R. TIERMAN.

GUITAR SONG.

"How, how, how," asked he—
 "O'er the water-way
 Flee false siren's lay!"
 "Row, row, row!" laughed she.

"How, how, how," asked he—
 "Lull for ever and aye
 Sorrow and drear dismay!"
 "Sleep, sleep, sleep!" said she.

"How, how, how," asked he—
 "Make one lovely May
 Mine for ever and aye!"
 "Love, love, love!" sighed she.

N. R. TIERMAN.

"OH, WHEN I SLEEP"

Oh ! when I sleep, come tenderly, sweet,
As Laura to Petrarch at evening
Came smiling, and, passing, O bid our breaths meet. . .
My mute mouth, O most sweet,
Sudden shall sing !

Tenderly o'er my wan forehead, O sweet,
Bow thee ; so surely the dusk-winged dream
Shall fade as a vapour a star's looks meet. . .
And my dream, O most sweet,
Sudden shall beam !

Then bow thee nearer, more tenderly, sweet,
Light-stream of love whence angels might slake
Love-thirst, —nay, woman ! and with a kiss greet
Me . . . and my soul, O most sweet,
Sudden shall wake !

N. R. TYRMAN

THE LADY-BIRD.

"An !" she said, "what can it be
Fidgets me ?" I looked, and lo !
On her dimpled neck of snow
Lady-bird couched amorously !

'Twas my duty —but 'tis known
At sixteen one timid is—
On her mouth to see the kiss,
Letting lady-bird alone.

Lady-bird shone like a shell,
Speckled o'er with black and rose.
All the song-birds on the boughs
Whist to see what then befell.

Mouth beamed like a rose in May.

Ah, the sweet one never stirred,
While I caught the lady-bird,—
Let the kiss fly far away!

Lady-bird said, ere she flew,

"Son, let this a lesson be—
God must make poor beasts, like me,
Tired of making fools, like you."

N. H. TRUMAN

A WALK TO THE WOODS

I did not think at all of Rose,
Walking with Rose to the woods that day;
Many a chat did she propose,
But little enough had I to say.

Cold was I even as a stone;
Strolling along with careless stride;
Of flow'rs, trees, spoke I in muffled tone;
Her bright eyes seemed to ask—"Besides?"

Its pearls the dawn-dew proffered us,
And the hushed copses shadowy veil;
I hearkened ouzels clamorous;
Rose only heard the nightingales.

I sixteen years, and air morose;
Twenty she, with sparkling eyes,
Amorous nightingales piped to Rose,
Shrill ouzels mocked me with quick cries.

Rose, on slender limbs soft-swaying,
Stretched forth her fair arms quiveringly
To pluck a ripe fruit earthward weighing,—
And her white arm I did not see.

A brooklet tinkled clear and sweet
 Among soft mosses 'neath the trees,
 Slowly the heart of nature beat,
 The hushed woods felt not any breeze.

Ross took off her dainty shoe,
 And plashed, with pretty pouting air,
 Her snowy foot in waters blue,—
 And, ah ! I saw not her foot bare.

I knew not what to say at whiles,
 Still following her in solemn guise,
 Often seeing her dreamy smiles,
 And hearing often her soft sighs.

How fair she was I did not see,
 Till tripping forth from the wood way,
 "I'll think no more of it !" said she
 Since when I think of it alway

N R. TIERNAN

AFTER THEOCRITUS

Black-foot, bare brows, with wind and waters bland
 Kneeling, she sat there among the river reeds;
 Deeming her some princess from fairyland,
 I murmured: "Wilt thou wander through the meads?"

She looked at me with that supreme regard
 Wherewith bright beauty makes its conqueror quake;
 I murmured: "'Tis Love's month; across the sward
 To the deep woods wilt thou our way we take?"

Upon the happy grass she dried her feet;
 Then looked my heart through yet a second time,—
 Growing the while, for sportive, pensive-sweet.
 Oh! how the wood-birds rang their golden chime

How amorously on banks warm wavelets purl!

Through flowering reeds, white brow and bosom bare,
Coming toward me I saw the wild sweet girl,
Her hair in her eyes, and laughing through her hair.

N. R. TREMAN.

"ALL MY VERSES."

All my verses, fond frail things,
Toward thy bower would flee away;
If my verses had but wings—
Wing of bird, or wing of Fay.

Flames, with fitful flutterings
Toward thy hearth they'd flash, to cheer thy day.
If my verses had but wings—
Wing of bird, or wing of spirit,

Round thee aye, in faery rings
Would they circle, bright above;
If my verses had but wings—
Wing of bird, or wing of Love!

N. R. TREMAN.

"IF YOU HAVE NOUGHT TO SAY TO ME."

If you have nought to say to me,
Why do you come so very near?
Why do you smile so tenderly?
A smile a king's heart would hold dear!
If you have nought to say to me,
Why do you come so very near?

If you have nought to tell to me,
Why do you hold me by the hand?
(Of the heavenly dream that dwells with thee

Ever, by Love's own sweet command,
If you have nought to tell to me,
Why do you hold me by the hand?

If you will that I part from thee,
Why do you pass so often here?
I see you ever tremblingly—
'Tis my delight, and 'tis my fear.
If you will that I part from thee,
Why do you pass so often here?

N. R. FALSMAN

AT EVENING.

My arm pressed gently thy form, slight
And supple as the slender reed,
Thy sweet heart quivered, even as might
A bird's wing freed.

A long while silent, we beheld
The day from heaven softly move
What then our trembling souls fulfilled?
Love! O, our love!

Even as an angel that grows bright
And brighter, thou didst gaze on me,
Till thy star-look shone 'mid my night
Too sweet to see.

N. R. TYERMAN

THE LOVE-SONG.

Come, O come! an unseen flute
Mid the orchard-bowers is sighing—
Ah! the song that makes most mute
Is the shepherd-song soft-dying.

Breezes, 'neath the elm vine-clad,
Gently fret the river-shadows.—
Ah! the song that makes most glad
Is the bird-song from the meadows.

Be no care in thy bright breast.
'Let us love! Ay, love for ever!—
Ah! the song the loveliest
Is the love-song silenced never.

N. R. TYERMAN.

WHISPERS FROM THE SHADOW.

"SHE said: "'Tis true, I am wrong to wish a better prize;
Even thus the silent hours pass very sweetly by;
Still art thou there—my eyes aye gaze within thine eyes,
Watching the heavenly thoughts when they are born and die.

"To see thee is delight! Do I see wholly thee?
Yet without doubt even now, even as it is, 'tis bliss!
I watch, to every pain of thine is known to me,
Lest some intruder mar thy poet-loneliness.

"I make me very small and still beside thy feet;
Ah! thou art my strong lion, and I thy tender dove;
I hear your papers rustle till the faint sound seems sweet;
Sometimes your pen will fall—'tis sweet to return it, Love!

"Without doubt thou art mine; without doubt thou art near.
High thought is a strong wine that brims the poet-soul,
I know, but still I wish thou wouldst think of me, Dear.
When thou art buried deep thus in thy books a while

"Evening, and ne'er wilt raise thine head nor one word speak,
A shadow steals within my loving heart of heart;
And that I may see thee completely, I'm so weak,
Thou must needs, now and then, see me upon thy part"

N. R. TYERMAN.

UNDER THE TREES.

They wandered hand in hand ; with dances gay
 The happy woods were stirred , what time alone
 These twain delighted in a tenderer way
 Faint forest leaves 'neath which their souls had grown.

Of solitude all amorous hearts are fain ;
 These lovers felt the leaves above them stirred ;
 And, fearing to give aught in nature pain,
 Dropt 'mong the flowers beneath some flower-soft word.

She knew all names of flowers on lawn and lea
 That bloom, delights of sun and dew to prove ;
 She taught him them as truly as might be -
 Then, blushing, asked : " Now tell me, dear, of love ! "

" O sweet, to tell my love I am afraid ;
 Look at me now, thou'lt read it in mine eyes " -
 She named each happy bloom in sun and shade,
 Expounding spring with blushes, kisses, sighs

O fields that were as heaven to him that hour,
 O sacred woods in May's and Love's control,
 Drenched with the perfume of your flower on flower,
 Drunk with the perfume of a woman's soul !

Night stole upon the woods ; in silence there
 They lingered ; then she murmured : " Listen, sweet !
 A star in heaven aye blooms for thee—my prayer,
 My love for thee aye flowers beneath thy feet."

N. R. TYLDMAN.

SONG.

May Fate, whatsoe'er it shall be, find thee ever
 Strong. May to-morrow be sweet as to-day '
 On thy soul, O beloved, may the dark waves never
 Of bitter unebbing discouragement weigh ;

Neither languor, nor anguish of hearts that break
Be thine, nor that dust which all silently shake
On a pale bent brow no soft palm doth caress
The icy wings of forgetfulness!

O thou whom I worship, let burn still for thee
The songs in the depth of my soul, a bright choir!
Live for great nature, for heaven, and for me!
Let suffering but kindle love's sacred fire!
After all heart sorrows, let enter thy heart
Fair dawn, night's daughter, sweet Love, son of pain,
All the starshine which in the dense shadow hath part,
All smiles that shimmer through tears that rain!

H. R. STERMAN.

LOOKING ON THE EVENING SKY.

She spoke to me, one even, with laughing lips:

'Dear, why dost thou regard so constantly

Night's gathering glooms, or the day-gleams which flee,
On the gold star which up the east heaven slips?
What do thine eyes above? they are my part;
Be blind to heaven, and gaze within my heart!

"From yon vast heaven, deep shade where floats that bliss

Which doth your steadfast glances so beguile,

What learn you that is worth my loving smile?

What win you that is worth one simple kiss?

Oh! from my soul the virgin-veil upraise.

If you but knew what myriad stars there blaze!

"What myriad suns! Seest thou, when spirit thrills

To spirit, all dull thoughts bright bloom to stars.

Devotion, which irradiates rugged hearts,

Is one with Venus shining on the hills.

Nought is yon boundless azure,—hearken me,

Sweet!—my soul's heaven is yet more heavenly!

"Tis fair to see a bright star bloom above ;
 In this dull world most beauteous things are born ;
 Roses are lovely, lovely roscate morn ;
 But nothing is so lovely as to love !
 The hollest flame and the serenest light
 Is the ray from soul to soul that flashes bright !

"Earth's love is of more worth than in the sky
 Those wondrous stars which still your fond looks scan.
 Knowing what thing is better for frail man,
 God sets the sky afar and woman nigh :
 To those whose souls yearn toward his sombre heaven,
 He saith: 'Behold what else to you is given !'

"To love is all ! God takes therein delight.
 Leave you far heaven with all its chilly glory,—
 And thou wilt find in twain eyes that adore thee
 More wealth of beauty, and more wealth of light !
 To love's to see, feel, dream, and understand ;
 The tenderest heart throbs to the heart most grand.

"Come, my beloved ! Hear'st thou while wandering
 Among the woods a harmony most strange ?
 Nature, methinks, around us then doth change
 To a rapt lyre, our happy loves to sing !
 Come ! Let us stray with close-enlinked arms.
 Dream not of heaven ! I'm jealous of its charms !"

With tranquil tone, and with the mien I love,
 My dearest One in such wise whispered low,
 Leaning upon her small white hand her brow,
 Like a bright angel bending from above :
 Tranquil and beauteous, and with tender tone,
 In such wise whispered low my dearest One.

Our hearts vibrated ; with the setting sun
 Close-nestled all the drowsy little birds
 What have you done, O trees, with our fond words ?

O rocks, with our soft sighs what have you done ?

Alas ! how dreary is man's destiny,

Since like the bitter do the sweet days flee !

O Memory ! Treasure in the gloom amassed !

Sombre horizon of old thoughts once bright !

Of things eclipsed fondly-cherished light !

Faint flickering of the high-erased past !

As on the threshold of a sacred fate,

Dreaming thereof, the drear soul doth wait.

When for the beauteous dawn the bitter day

Needs must one leave all thought of happiness

When Hope's dear cup, bright-brimming once to bliss,

Is empty, hurl it thou in ocean's mass.

Oblivion 'Tis the waves where all things bright

Sink, the dark sea where each casts his delight.

N. H. FLEMING

A LOVE SONG

If thou wilt, we'll dream a dream.

Mount we then two palfreys white

Thou'lt guide me, but I shall seek

To bear thee . . . Ah ! the woods delight !

I'm thy lord, and yet thy prey.

Start ! Eve smiles from heaven above

Mine shall be, in the dream-way,

Joy, while thy steed shall be Love.

Oft we'll make their bright brows meet

Not one star the twilight misses !

Gentle are our steeds and fleet

Since for oats we give them kith.

Come ! our steeds in wild endeavour

Stamp hoofs, and wild desires arise ;

'Mid my dreams my steed's chime ever

Thine make music in the skies.

Of some baggage one hath need !
 Our vows' burden will we bear,
 All our joys and woes indeed,
 And the flower of thy soft hair

Come ! the darksome even stuns
 The oaks ; the sparrow laughs apart,
 Hearing the sweet sound of the chains
 Bound around my fond frail heart.

Sweet, it will not be my crime
 If the woods, the hills above,
 Seeing us side by side keep time,
 Murmur not : " Let us, too, love ! "

Come, be tender ! I am drowned
 In bliss ; the brakes are moist with dew
 Lo ! thy breath wakes all around
 Butterflies to follow you.

The dusk envious bird of night
 Sadly opens one round fierce eye
 Nymphs, bowed over urns brimmed bright
 In shadowy grotts, seeing us ride by, -

Smile and whisper : " Do we dream ?
 'Tis Leander with his sweet .
 Listening to their words' clear stream,
 * Lo, our water wets our feet ! "

Ride we through the forest-night !
 Dawn shall wreath our lifted brows :
 Thou be rich, while I in might
 Excel,—such difference Love allows

Ride we, ride beyond dull earth
 On our dream-steeds swift and far,
 Through the azure, 'mid the mirth
 And mystery of Love's fields of air !

We will halt by the road side
 At an inn, the host we'll pay
 With thy smile of a maiden bride,
 Of a scholar my Good day.

Thou be lady, I thy lord !
 Come, my heart is dazed with light.
 Come, and as we pace the sward,
 Tell me this tale to the stars of night !

N. R. TYNNAN.

ALISTOPHANES.

Under the willows to and fro young virgins
 Walk, round bare shoulders cluster golden curls ;
 The unphorion with brows cannot prevent,
 When fur Menelaus comes, a slackening step
 And soft word "Hail Menelaus !" while the leaves,
 Awakened by the mocking laughter of birds,
 In the amorous encounter take glad part ;
 Beneath the lovely boughs so many sweets
 Are snatched, the unphorion reaches home half-filled.
 The grandam, glancing, sharply o'er thread the winds,
 Grumbles "What hast thou done, who hath caught thy hand,
 That all the water on the way is spilt ?"
 The maiden answers "I know not," and dreams.
 What time the cool hill shadow in the meads
 Lengthens, and comes a far off sound of wheels,
 'Tis sweet to dream of destinies storm-driven,
 And to prepare one's soul for future days.
 'Tis by the little he covets, less he knows,
 A man's most wisest. Let's love ! Divine is spring ;
 By the small valley blooms our souls are stirred,
 By bounteous April and warm nests no'er dull,
 Th' inviting moss, the roses' perfume sweet,
 And the sweet silence of the wild wood way

Fair women, mingling voices, to their homes
 Return, but at the door some stay to talk.
 Wife, of thy husband speaking ill, take heed,—
 Thy baby-boy regards thee with wide eyes.
 Muses, reverse we Pan, the ivy-crowned!

N. R. TYERMAN.

THEOCNITUS.

O LOVELY one, fear Love, the smallest god,
 But mightiest; dire at heart yet radiant souled;
 Fatal his thought, his utterance honey sweet!
 At whiles one finds him cradled 'mong deep moss,
 Fearful and smiling, with bright flowers at play,
 No word he saith believes he; wild sweet cries
 And tears are mingled with his tragic joy
 Maia the meadow makes, the georgic he.
 Love always weeping, triumphs everywhere;
 Woman is trustful of the boy god's kiss,—
 It pricks not, smooth as maiden's are his lips.
 —"Thou'lt make thy fountains damp in meadow grass.
 Lyde, where ventarest thou at early dawn?"
 Lyde replies: "To direful fate I yield;
 I love, and go Damoetas to waylay;
 Till fall dusk even fondly still I stay,—
 Till in the birch and elm 'tis almost night,
 And from the fountain leaps the green-eyed nymph."
 —"Ah, fly Damoetas!" "Trembling, I adore him.
 I cannot cull him all the flowers at once,
 For one in summer blooms, in autumn one,—
 But, oh! I love him." "Lyde, fear Astarte.
 Thy heart, a prey to sombre dreams, conceal."
 Yet to her mother must the fond girl tell
 Her loves at early dawn, when fades the moon,
 And, laughing, she awakes in her white bed.

N. R. TYERMAN.

MOSCHUS.

O NYMPHS, in the forest fountain bathe ye still.
 The woods are dark but though strange voices thrill
 Their depths whence eagles take their tireless flight,
 The darkness is not of that drear expanse
 Not stirred by sweet Nereia's loveliness,
 As by her lovely star the sombre night.

Nereia's fair, tender and pure, and lo !
 Star-wake through darkling thickets she doth glow.
 The humming bees cease valley-blossoms to rear,
 The warm wind frets no longer languid trees ;
 What saith the wind ! and, ah ! what hum the bees !
 "Clothed, she's a flower, but naked, she's a star !"

The stars of heaven envy thee more bright,
 Bathing, O chaste one, with that vague affright
 Which with its boldness beauty blends away,
 'Neath foliage where the eye of Faunus glows,
 Subtle and sweet Nereia, well she knows
 Nymphs naked, turn to goddesses straightway.

For me—albeit a huder lot is mine—
 Yet o'er my head the summer sun doth shine,
 Through linked bowghs of many a leafy tree ;
 The meadows, I, the woods, the wayward wind,—
 And ah ! Nereia, love I, soul-inclined
 Aye unto Pan's soft pastoral melody.

Albeit within life's shade, where oft we weep,
 Far, threatening discords roll from steep to steep ;
 Albeit across love's heaven keen lightnings shoot,—
 While with their flashes love's soft smiles are hidden,—
 Fearless at whiles to listen is't forbidden
 Betwixt two thunder peals an amorous flute ?

N. R. TILMAN.

RACAN.

If all the things the fond soul dreams
 Into winged little loves might quiver,
 My voice, which 'neath the starry beams
 Ever aspiroth, sinketh ever, —

Which mingles in its hymn most tender
 Astrea, Eros, Gabriel,
 Angels and gods, whose diverse splendour
 Aye blends, by sovran love's bright spell,

(Like to leaf-cradled nest-broods holding
 Sweet converse with strange lights afar,
 Ever beneath warm plumage folding
 The heavenly tones of star on star),

Beneath yon slumbrous vault serene,
 With little airs to help its flying,
 Beneath the stars, above the trees, —
 O sweet, in innocent sleep soft sighing,

Toward thee my song would now be winging,
 To reach thee at rosy break of day . . .
 If all the songs one's soul is singing,
 Mightst lift bird-wings and flee away !

N. R. TYERMAN.

BEAUMARCHAIS.

To the woods, to the woods, O lovely peasant-girls !
 Beside the mills, whose beasts of burthen are we,
 Your bonnets fling, and make our hearts the haunt
 Of your caprices, tender, joyous, shy.

'Tis Sunday. Afar one hears the bagpipe squeak ;
 The wind delights to fret the docile reeds ;

Fete in the fields—the order of day's signed " Joy !"
 The happy birds, who pipe on quarter-days,
 Shift homes as many times as seems them good ;
 All tremble ; ne'er for nought the wood-ways thrill ;

The green forked boughs above the hornéd fawns
 Stir stealthily, let's imitate the birds,—
 Ah! the small robbers, how they glory in sin!
 Let's help the kerchief to unlace bare the neck,
 Wandering like Chloe and Daphne both afraid.
 Not always innocent may mortals be,—
 But this hour's ours, in the cistus then let's sport,
 In moss, or the grass, this silly scandal achieve,—
 Love!—to that godhead archly offer ourselves.
 Since green are meadows, since the sky is blue,
 Let's love! The idyll with big words is checked;
 Tragedy wise we will not shout nor strut,
 But whisper all that whispers in the soul.

N. R. TIGHEMAN.

ANDRÉ CHÉNIER.

O SWEET, the charming scandal of the birds
 In trees, in flowers, in meadows, 'mong the reeds,
 Blithe sun-rays bathing eagles in the blue;
 Tempestuous gaiety of the nereids bare,
 Wide flinging foam, and dancing 'mong the waves,
 Whitenesses which make sailors muse afar,
 All glorious sports of goddesses imperled,
 Choosing for couch the seas as thou the leaves,
 All that plays on the horizon, lightens, shines,
 Hath no more splendour than thy wondrous song.
 Thy hymn adds joy even to the joy of gods.
 Superb thou stand'st. Also thou lovest me,
 And on my knee wilt sit. Psycho perdition
 At whiles like thee assumes a haughty air,
 Then clings to the neck of the young god, her lord,
 Can one strive long with love? 'Tis to be born;
 To taste in the arms of a beloved being
 What honey of heaven God in His creatures gives;
 An angel 'tis to be with man's desire.
 O Sweet, refuse me nought. Canst thou be mean?

N. R. TIGHEMAN.

"NOT A WHIT NOW DO I CARE"

Not a whit now do I care
For the belmy or the steeple,
If the queen be dark or fair,
King rule well or ill his people,

None more ignorant, I own,
If the lord be proud or meek,
If the parish parson drown
Doggre! Latin or good Greek,

If't be time for dance or weep,
Neats be empty or brummed above,
Other cares keep me from sleep,
I am head o'er heels in love

Listen, Jane, my troublous dream!
'Tis thy tiny foot so white
Tripping o'er the happy stream
Light as bird in hovering flight!

Listen, Jane, my dreadful pain!
'Tis that thus through sun and shadow
An unseen, restless chain
Draws me aye to thy bright bow

Listen, Jane, my source of sorrow!
'Tis that thy rare smiles alway,
Shining brighter from to-morrow,
Lure me from the bright to-day

Listen, Jane, my source of pleasure!
'Thy skirt's smallest flower I prize,
A far richer, sweeter treasure
Than all stars that deck the skies

N. R. TYERMAN.

"THIS LOVELY SPOT."

This lovely spot you make complete.
 This wood that so secluded seems,
 Seems to have made its violets sweet,
 With your eyes' innocent tears and beams.

Dawn hath your rosy flush of youth ;
 O Jane, you prove the happy part,
 That in all nature's beauty and truth
 Hath all your long a truthful heart ;

Now all its gifts this vale hath spread ;
 For only you, in humble wise ;
 There is a halo round your head,
 Converts each path to Paradise,

While every timid woodland thing
 With wondering gaze draws nigh to you,
 Knowing that if you smile or sing
 It is angel sweet and angel true.

O Jane you are so sweet, so dear,
 That when you rove these wood-ways blest,
 Betwixt green tremulous leaflets peer
 Small daisy heads from mossy nest ;

N. H. TENNAN.

ANGRY ROSA :

A QUARREL ! Why this scolding, why ?
 Good Heavens ! because they're lovers still.
 Sweet words had scarcely died away
 When quickly followed words of ill.

Each heart depends on its own cord ;
 The sky's o'ercast, the sunbeams flee,
 Loves like the air, a foolish word
 Brings ruin, when lovers disagree.

'Tis as when roving through the glade,
 Whose leaves are gilt by sunny June,
 We wander fearless in the shade,
 Knowing the sun will shine forth soon

Though darkness may our steps o'ershroud,
 And fierce and bitter blows the blast,
 Yet silver lining sheens each cloud,
 And soon the storm is overpast.

DAVID TORRELL

FROM WOMAN TO HEAVEN

The storehouse of the souls is vast,
 At first we're charmed, and then at last
 Convinced. Two worlds, they stand apart
 The last the mind, the first the heart.

To love, to understand. The heart
 Stops at the first, like birds that dart
 Through lowly valleys, but the soul
 Flies upward to the higher goal

The lover takes th'Archangel's place,
 A kiss, and then all Nature's face
 Is instant changed from gloom of night
 To dazzling palace of delight.

Let love pervade the whole earth through,
 Even to the sprig bedecked with dew
 That fallen lies; for, wondrous thing!
 It forms a nest when comes the Spring.

Draw back the veil, and let us see
 That blessed nest on woodland tree
 And that nest will become a light
 In forest of the infinite.

DAVID TORRELL

REFLECTIVE POEMS.

THE DRAGON FLY,

WHEN to avoid chill winter's snow,
The gilded insect takes its flight,
Too often in unble, bush or briar,
Has torn its wings so frail and bright,
So youth with all its strength and life,
Sipping the sweets on every side,
Receives a fatal wound from thorn,
Which the gay flowers of pleasure bid,
GERARD HARTLEY.

PRELUDE TO "THE SONGS OF TWILIGHT."

How shall I note thee, hue of troubled years,
Which mark existence in our little span !
One constant twilight in the heaven appears—
One constant twilight in the mind of man !
Creed, hope, anticipation and despair,
Are but a mingling, as of day and night ;
The globe, surrounded by deceptive air,
Is all enveloped in the same half-light,
And voice is deadened by the evening breeze ;
The shepherd's song, or maiden's in her bower,
Mixes with rustling of the neighbouring trees,
Within whose foliage is lulled the power,
Yet all unites ! The winding path that leads
Thro' fields where verdure meets the traveller's eye
The river's margin, lined with wavy reeds,
The ruffled anthem, echoing to the sky !

The ivy smothering the armed tower ;
 The dying wind that mocks the pilot's ear ,
 The lordly equipage at midnight hour
 Draws into langor in a fog the peer ;
 The votaries of Satan or of God ;
 The wretched mendicant absorbed in woe ;
 The din of multitudes that onward plod
 The voice of conscience in the heart below ,
 The waves, which Thou, O Lord, alone canst still ,
 Th' elastic air ; the streamlet on its way ,
 And all that man projects, or sovereigns will ;
 Or things inanimate might seem to say ;
 The strain of gondolier slow streaming by ;
 The lively barks that o'er the waters bound ,
 The trees that shake their foliage to the sky ;
 The wailing voice that fills the cots around ;
 And man, who studies with an aching heart--
 For now, when smiles are rarely deemed sincere,
 In vain the sceptic bids his doubts depart--
 Those doubts at length will arguments appear !
 Hence, reader, know the subject of my song--
 A mystic age, resembling twilight gloom,
 Wherein we smile at birth, or bear along,
 With noiseless steps, a victim to the tomb !
G. W. M. RYLANDS.

MARRIAGE FEASTS.

The hall is gay with limpid lustre bright--
 The feast to pampered palate gives delight--
 The satiated guests pick at the spicy food
 And drink profusely, for the cheer is good
 And at that table--where the wise ne few --
 Both sexes and all ages meet the view ,

The sturdy warrior with a thoughtful face—
 The an'rous youth, the maid replete with grace,
 The prattling infant, and the hoary hair
 Of second childhood's proselytes—are there—
 And the most gaudy in that spacious hall
 Are e'er the young, or oldest of them all
 Helmet and banner, ornament and crest,
 The lion rampant, and the jewelled vest,
 The silver star that glitters fair and white,
 The arms that tell of many a nation's might—
 Heraldic blazonry, ancestral pride,
 And all mankind invents for pomp and pride,
 The winged leopard, and the eagle wild—
 All these encircle woman, chief and child,
 Shine on the carpet burying their feet,
 Adorn the dishes that contain their meat,
 And hang upon the drapery, which around
 Falls from the lofty ceiling to the ground,
 Till on the floor its waving fringe is spread,
 As the bird's wing may sweep the mossy bed—

Thus is the banquet ruled by Noise and Light,
 Since Light and Noise are foremost on the stage

The chamber echoes to the joy of those
 Who throng around, each with his diadem—
 Each seated on proud throne—but, lo! a sign
 Each sceptre holds its master with a chain—
 Thus hope of flight were futile from that hall,
 Where chiefest Guest was most enslaved of all!
 The god-like-making draught that fires the soul,
 The Love—sweet poison-honey—past control,
 Pleasure, mad daughter of the darkness Night,
 Whose languid eye flames when its fading light—
 The gallant chases where a man is borne
 By stalwart charger, to the sounding horn—
 The sheeny silk, the bed of leaves of rose,
 Made more to soothe the sight than court repose;

The mighty palaces that raise the sneer
 Of jealous mendicants and wretches near—
 The spacious parks, from which horizon blue
 Arches o'er alabaster statues new,
 Where Superstition still her walk will take
 Unto soft music stealing o'er the lake—
 The innocent modesty by gems undone—
 The qualms of judges by small bribery won
 The dread of children, trembling while they play—
 The bliss of monarchs, potent in their sway
 The note of war struck by the culverin,
 That snakes its brazen neck through battle din—
 The military millipede
 That tramples out the guilty seed—
 The capital all pleasure and delight—
 And all that like a town or army clings
 The gazer with foul dust or sulphur smokes
 The budget, prize for which ten thousand bat
 A subtle hook, that ever, as they wait
 Catches a weed, and drags them to their fate
 While gleamingly its golden scales still
 Such were the means by which these guests were fed
 A hundred slaves for lazy muster called
 And served each one with what was set before
 By him, who in a sombre fault betwixt
 Peppered the royal pig with people's weal,
 And grimly glad went labouring till late—
 The morose alchemist we know as Fate
 That ev'ry guest might learn to suit his taste,
 Behind had Conscience, real or mock, placed
 Conscience a guide who every evil spies
 But royal nurses early pluck out both his eyes

Oh! at the table there be all the great
 Whose lives are bubbles that best joys inflate
 Superb, magnificent of revels—doubt
 That sagest love their heads in such a rout

In the long laughter, ceaseless roaming round,
Joy, mirth and glee give out a maelstrom's sound,
And the astonished gazer casts his care
Where every eyeball glistens in the flare.

But oh ! while yet the singing Hebes pour
The forgetfulness of those without the door—
At very hour when all are most in joy,
And the hid orchestra annuls annoy,
When woe ! with jollity a-top the heights,
With further tapers adding to the lights,
And gleaming 'tween the curtains on the street,
Where poor folks stare—hark to the heavy feet !
Some one smites roundly on the glassy grate,
Some one below will be admitted straight,
Some one, though not invited, who'll not wait !
Close not the door ! Your orders are vain breath—
That stranger enters to be known as Death—
Or merely Exile—clothed in alien guise—
Death drags away—with *his* prey Exile flies !

That frightful spectre promenades the hall,
And casts a gloomy shadow on them all,
'Neath which they bend like willows soft,
Ere seizing one—the dumbest monarch oft,
'nd bears him to eternal heat and drouth,
While still the toothsome morsel's in his mouth.

G. W. M. HERVEY.

"SINCE GRIEF IS THE LOT OF ALL."

SINCE grief and trouble, tears and pain,
Fill up our lives on earth below,
Since every day affection's chain
Is shattered at a single blow,

Parents and friends have gone before,
And our sweet children, loving dears,
Have gone, whilst we their loss deplore,
Before we quit this Vale of Tears.

The very earth o'er which you bow,
And moisten with your bitter tears,
Holds all your hopes far down below,
The shattered hopes of former years.

Since mingled with the tones we love,
The voices of our friends we hear,
Whilst in a strange procession move
The forms we've lost for many a year.

Since in these moments free from strife
We feel that near at hand is pain,
For like a chalice is our life
Which we can neither fill nor drain.

And as old age creeps on apace,
Deeper in gloom and shade we fall,
For hope with false and flattering face
Has ceased upon our hearts to call.

And since the pendulum's dull beat
Will not accord another day,
And in the crowd we do not meet
A friendly face upon our way ;

From earth's dark chains your spirits free,
Bate not your hopes on things below ;
Your pearl dwells not in mortal sea,
Your path is not where many go.

Where no stars gleam in heaven's waste,
Push out on ocean wild your barque ;
Like life its bitter briny taste,
The sly like death so drear and dark.

The mysteries of night and sea
Full many mortals vainly seek.
God says that they untold shall be
Till the great day when all shall speak.

And many an eye has vainly tried
To plunge beneath the pathless main ;
Whilst monarchs all in vain have sighed
The secrets of the sky to gain.

Ask from the regions of the night
Some solace for your aching heart,
And let the tide with ceaseless might
Bring harmony to souls apart.

Far above other mortals rise,
And let your bright gaze roam between
Blest souls that worship in the skies,
And earth where nought but graves are seen.

GILBERT CAMPBELL.

"ONE DAY I SAW"

One day I saw, upright upon the surging ocean,
Pass, with sails swelling brave,
A stately ship strong winds swept by in swift motion,
Engirt with star and wave :

And lo ! I heard from out the abyss of silent skies
Which joins the abyss of sea,
Sound in mine ear a wondrous voice whence mine eyes
The god-mouth could not see.

"O poet, thou dost well ! Singer with mournful brow,
Anigh the waves aye dream,
And from the sea profound draw treasures thou dost know
O'er all life's gifts supreme !

"The sea is God, Who breathes through all the lives that are
 Halcyon or hurricane ;
 The wind, too, is high God ; God, too, the guiding star ;
 The passing ship in man."

N. R. TYERMAN.

QUIA PULVIS ES.

Those souls depart, and those remain.
 Beneath the sombre storm whence myriad voices plun,
 Dust and humanity are driven by one dire breath.
 Alas ! the self-same wind smites from the shadow of death
 On all yon earth's pale mortal brows,
 On all yon leaves of forest-boughs.

Those that abide to them that flee,
 Say : "Your frail forms, O sad ones, scarce we see.
 Alas ! man's loving words no longer will ye hear !
 No longer see the trees, nor the blue heaven so dear !—
 For slumber eternal are ye dight !
 Ye sink in the vast void of night !"

Those that flee to them that abide,
 Say : "Ye have nought but bitter tears to approve your pride !
 Glory and happiness with you are words deceiving,
 From the kind hands of God true gifts are we receiving
 O living brethren, phantoms ye.—
 By only death alive are we !"

N. R. TYERMAN.

LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY.

For centuries past this war madness
 Has laid hold of each combative race ;
 Whilst our God takes but heed of the flower,
 And that sun, moon and stars keep their place.

The sight of the heavens above us,
The bird's nest and lily like snow,
Drive not from the brain of us mortals
The war thirst, with its feverish glow.

We love but the field with its carnage,
And the strife which turns earth into hell,
And eager for glory, the people
Would not change the fierce drum for church bell.

The vain aspirations of glory,
With buncers and cars of bright gold,
Draw tears from the widows and orphans
A often has happened of old.

Our natures have changed to brute savagery,
"Forward" "die!" bursts from each eager throat,
Whilst our lips seem to mimic the music
Of the echoing war trumpet's note.

Steel flashes, the bivouacs are smoking,
As with pale brows we eagerly run,
The thoughtful are driven to madness
By the flash and the roar of the gun.

Our lives are but spent for the glory
Of the kings who smile over our grave,
And build up a fabric of friendship
With cement from the blood of the brave.

While the beasts of the field and the vultures
Come in search of their banquet of hell,
And they strip the red flesh from the bodies
That lie stiff and stark where they fell.

Each man's hand is raised 'gainst his neighbour,
Whilst he strives all his wrath to excite,
And trades on our natural weakness
To inveigle us into the fight.

"A Russian, quick, cut down the villain,
Put your sword through that murderous Croat.
How dare they from our men to differ,
Or venture to wear a white coat?"

"I slay fellow-creatures and go on
My life's path. What glory like mine?
Their crime is most black and most heinous,
They live on the right of the Rhine."

"For Roebach and Waterloo, vengeance,"
The cry maddens the heart and the brain;
Men long for the fierce glow of battle
And the blood that is poured forth like rain.

In peace we could drink from the fountains,
Or calmly repose in the shade,
But our brethren in battle to slaughter
Is a pleasure which never will fade.

The lust for blood-spilling incites us
To rush madly o'er valleys and plains;
The vanquished are crying in terror,
And are clasping our swift horses' manes.

And yet I ask sometimes in wonder,
As I wander the meadows among,
But brother for brother feel hatred
As he hears the lark's musical song?

GILBERT CAMPBELL

"SINCE SILENTLY ARE OPED."

"Since silently are oped the pearl-gates of the skies;
Since yonder, dawn awakes once more the sea and land.
Like the faithful servant, aye the first to arise
And through the house, yet slumbering, move, bright lamp in
hand;

Since on the sleepless fount the dawn-gleams wax and wane,
 Since from the shuddering woods dark dreams of night get free,
 Urged by the pure calm glance of heaven which the dim plain
 Regards full drowsily:

Since on the breathless hills the strong sweet day is born,
 I wander through the meadows sad and fresh and sweet:
 Hoping perchance to find a sweeter, stronger scene—
 For a yet darker night which none at all may defeat.
 What lot is man's! This life is't but a vain moment's task!
 Ah me! beyond the dawn broods thick a heavier light!
 All trembles. Nature vast, to me wouldst thou now speak
 In the soul's awful night!

LIGHT ON THE HORIZON.

I DREAM; a sunbeam steals across the sky,
 The beacon, whispering "Dawn!" his torch to light
 Fain is my soul to know what no one knows
 To see the dawn that breaketh from the gloom.
 At God's desire doth the glad spirit rise
 Far from the icy corpse its earthly home.
 What is the ray that flickers o'er the waters?
 Yon star that smiles from the dumb midnight?
 Or in death's shadow living shall we see
 Striving on earth's loved living things to rise?
 Each piercing shriek through the storm's madness and
 Sounds but a faint vague sign.
 As birds of passage, swallows fleet and true,
 Shall man ply wing toward some better shore?
 Ah! like as little birds shall be the soul
 Passing death o'er even as they pass the sea!
 All speaks, all stirs. To its depths the wood doth cower
 The ox resumes his yoke; the soul its sorrow;
 O'er hill and wave smiles blue and cold the morrow,
 Blinding the star, and bidding bloom the flower.

This life, with all its wealth of night and day,
 Is't worth one wandering cloud in yonder skies ? . . .
 O birds, that from black boughs pipe melodies,
 With me what would your lay ?

These darkling dreams with darkness should take flight,
 Surely ! Behold the plougher tills the land,
 The fisher drags full nets o'er briny strand ;
 While vainly still I dredge the vast void night.

God, whom we question, time it is to cease.
 Our dreams, our doubts, our strifes, are nought to Thee.
 The course is boundless ; yet Thy mystery,
 If man were fair, would let him live in peace.

The mariner, whose barque is on the wing,
 Praising the anchor, pipes a cheery tune ;
 The ocean lets her growl, while growling ocean's boon
 Sings the sailor sing.

N. R. TYERMAN.

"IT IS A LITTLE LATE TO SMILE SO BRIGHT."

It is a little late to smile so bright,
 Green Marguerite ; wait in thy field awhile,
 And the green grass with hoar-frost shall be white.
 When cold winter comes,—still must I smile.

It is a little late to smile so bright,
 Sweet Star of Eve ; wait in thy heaven awhile,
 And all thy rays be lost to sight.
 When night comes,—still brightlier see me smile !

It is a little late to smile so bright,
 Proud Soul of mine ; wait in thy woe awhile,
 And we shall stay thy strong wings' heavenward flight.
 When Death comes,—forever shall I smile.

N. R. TYERMAN.

NATURE POEMS.

THE CORN-FLOWERS.

In summer days when fields are green,
And scentless blossoms fill the breeze,
In harvest gilded furrows laid,
The blue enamelled flower is seen,
Before the gems thus bright and rare
Are low laid by the sickle's edge.
Young maidens, haste, away, away,
And gather corn flowers while ye may.

Old Pena ¹, the loveliest town,
Of Andalusia fair doth stand,
For verdant fields and wealth of land,
For beauty and for brave renown,
Of any of Hispania's strand,
From none doth prouder boast come,
Young maidens, haste, away, away,
And gather corn flowers while ye may.

No holy city on the earth,
No convent or no blessed place,
Owned though it be by popes or kings,
Where to St Ambrose' shrine of grace,
More holy pilgrims offerings bring,
With scallop, staff, and holy mass,
Young maidens, haste, away, away,
And gather corn flowers while ye may.

And nowhere do the maidens fair,
When in the evening dance they wind,
Have brighter flowers their hair to bind,
Have warmer, softer hearts than there,

The dark mantilla's folds behind ;
Nowhere do glances more ensnare.
Young maidens, haste, away, away,
And gather corn-flowers while ye may.
And Andalusia's brightest gem,
Alicé, belonged to Penafiel,
Whom bees when flowers their sweets reveal
Would choose, confusing her with them.
Alas ! how swift the moments steal
These days, of life the diadem !
Young maidens, haste, away, away,
And gather corn-flowers while ye may.
To Penafiel a stranger came,
With youth and pride in glance and mien,
Like offspring of a Moorish queen.
"Whence has he come ?" the folk exclaim.
"Comes he from fair Seville's gay scene,
Or from the desert turns his aim ?"
Young maidens, haste, away, away,
And gather corn-flowers while ye may.
None knew. But Alicé, guileless maid,
Knew she was loved, and love gave back.
And so Xarama's plain, alack !
They saw her wooed, saw her betrayed,
Where oft beneath the zodiac
These two would wander in the shade.
Young maidens, haste, away, away,
And gather corn-flowers while ye may.
At night the far-off city lay,
The silvery moon, the lovers' friend,
Over moss-olad towers did slow ascend,
While night absorbed the twilight grey,
And fratted shadows seemed to blend
With black clouds floating far away.
Young maidens, haste, away, away,
And gather corn-flowers while ye may.

With envious looks at Alice thrown,
 While fancy wondered, "Who is he?"
 Gaily beneath the orange tree,
 To the guitar's entrancing tone,
 The Andalusian maids with glee
 Danced till the moonlit hours had flown.
 Young maidens, haste, away, away,
 And gather corn flowers while ye may.
 Within its nest th' unconscious dove
 Sleeps while the hawk about it roves.
 So loving Alice closed her eyes,
 No doubt or fear her bosom spies.
 The King!—Don Juan!—O, how true
 Deceitful was his knightly guise.
 Young maidens, haste, away, away,
 And gather corn flowers while ye may.
 'Tis perilous to love a prince, I see,
 One day by his decree they flee.
 Her on a horse of sable hue,
 And bore from home, and ever true,
 In convent walls she sorely grieves,
 And sheds sad tears for all her loves.
 Young maidens, haste, away, away,
 And gather corn-flowers while ye may.

RELEASED.

WHAT time dull books have drowned our sense of even,
 What time my room's hot air's like a living hell,
 What time the town's monotonous hum has driven
 All day to hush all spirit of song with men,—
 What time the countless cares of toil or pleasure,
 Which make the narrow circle of our days,
 Have touched once more, at length, their utmost measure,
 Until to-morrow's dawn renew their race,—

No moment my poor soul, released, delayeth ;
 But, as a bird might flutter to its nest
 After long capture, blithely so it strayeth,
 Though wingless, weak, on yet diviner quest.

To the woods it hies, and there, deep in the gloaming,
 Just thrilled with the moon's first melodies and rays,
 Finds Reverie, loved comrade of its roaming
 Through what delightful faery-haunted ways !

N. R. TYERMAN.

PAN.

If one tell you that Art and Art's crown, poesy,
 Is a honeyed stream sweet to satiety,
 An empty rumour brief years outblot,
 A gilded toy of a room of gilt,
 Or a babel of rhymes by man's breath vain built,—

Oh ! believe it not ! *

O sacred singers, spirit-shaken, most high,
 Go forth ! pour your souls on vast summits the sky
 But embraceth, whose snows are scarce stirred by the wind,
 On deserts all-still where the faint heart drinks song,
 On woods wind-swept with the wild leaf-throng,
 On slumberous lakes in the valleys reclined.

Everywhere holy nature is bounteous and fair ;
 Where warm grass thickens and flocks repair,
 Where the love-sick kid browses cistus in flower,
 Where sings the shepherd the bird only hears.
 Where the night-breeze smites the mute rock all in tears
 With the cascade-shower ;

Everywhere bird-plumage or fleece-flake may fly,
 Be it ocean or plain that they winnow by :
 Among the old-world branches of forests hoar,
 Sterile islands, lone lakes whose dull water scarce laves
 Wan shores ; great mountains, seas, snow, sand or waves,
 Meadows ; all regions that hear the wind roar ;

Everywhere that the sunset spreads broader oak-shades,
 Everywhere gentle hills entwine dimly soft braids,
 Everywhere the fields laugh with bright harvest, glad throngs,
 Everywhere a fruit drops from a summer-spent bough,
 Everywhere a blithe bird to sip dew stoopeth low,—

Go, gaze, chant your songs !

Go forth to the forests, go forth to the vales,
 Shower broadly a torrent of song that ne'er fails !
 Search keenly through nature, disclosed to your sight,
 —Be it winter that saddens or summer that sings—
 The God-Word unheard save in low murmurings :
 Listen what saith in the sky the sword-light !

'Tis God fulfils all ; by Him all things are proved,
 The world is His fane, and each spirit is moved
 To behold and adore Him, th' eternal, the One !
 In His whole creation a joy, a smile lives,—

In the star which takes light from, the flower which gives
 Sweet scent to His sun !

Drink deeply of all ! O poets, drink deep !
 Of the meads, of the brooks, of faint leaves that ne'er sleep,
 Of the traveller unseen whose clear voice thrills the night,
 Of the tender first blooms their wan mother scarce knows,
 Of vast waters, the air, of still woods whose repose
 Is broken with rumbling of wheels in dull flight.

Ye brothers of eagles, love the eagles' haunt !
 And most when the tempest his war-song doth chaunt,
 That grows louder as ever it sweepeth more near,
 The horizon up-piling with black brooding clouds
 And bending tall trees, till the shuddering crowds

Down dark depths seem to peer !

Contemplate the morning's serenity bright
 When the mist in the valley in shreds taketh flight,
 When the sun, which the forest hath yet half in hold
 —Showing half in the heavens his sloping fire-sphere—
 Waxes larger, as in the far east doth appear,
 As one journeys, a cupola dazzling with gold.

Drink deep of the even ' At the solemn hour
 When the sweet silent landscape seems slowly to cower,
 Flowerwise to unfold, —toads, valleys, and streams
 When the mountain, with brow to the heaven upreared
 Seems a prostrate giant on elbow raised
 While he gazes and dreams '

If ye have in you, poets, alive and true
 A world of most ardent and inner desire,
 Of images, thoughts, of raptures, love, light—
 To renew this fair world exchange life which never dies
 With the visible world which around you all lies,
 Blend the might of your soul with the vast world might !
 For, O sacred bards ! Art is heaven's own voice,
 Profoundly sweet, bidding sorrow, rejoice,
 As fluctuant as waves when a breeze is abroad,
 By an echo retold through each spirit, each thing,
 Which nature breathes forth 'neath your hands thundering
 On this harp, touched of God.

N. R. FARMAN.

THE BEACON IN THE STORM.

HARK, what sombre tones !
 From far billows dying,
 Listen, hollow sighing,
 Blent with heavy moans,
 Blent with eerie crying.—
 Till a shriller wail
 Bodes now agony . . .—
 Through his horn the gale
 Thunders o'er the sea !
 Rain in torrents, hark !
 On the low shore yonder
 Billows die in thunder,
 'Neath a heaven all-dark ,
 While with dread we wonder

Winter should prevail,
 Ere his time to be . . .—
 Though his horn the gale,
 Thunders o'er the sea !

Oh ! lost mariners !
 While the ship doth founder,
 Through the darkness round her
 Toward the shore one nears
 (Ay, the low shore yonder !)
 Brown arms,—how frail !—
 Stretched out helplessly !
 Though his horn the gale
 Thunders o'er the sea !

Oh ! rash mariners !
 While the ship's on-driven,
 Sail on sail shrieks, riven
 As with tooth or shears,
 Not a star in heaven !
 Stuff's of none avail !
 Deadly rocks to lee
 Through his horn the gale
 Thunders o'er the sea !

Lo ! what sudden light
 'Tis the star beholden,
 Brighter than all golden
 Stars that gem the night
 Torch God fires to enholden
 Mariners who hail
 It, while threateningly
 Through his horn the gale
 Thunders o'er the sea !

APOSTROPHE TO NATURE

O SUN ! bright face aye undefiled ;
 O flowers i' the valley blooming wild ,
 Caverns, dim haunt of Solitude ;
 Perfume whereby one's step's beguiled
 Deep, deep into the sombre wood ,—

O sacred hills that heavenward climb,
 White as a temple-front, sublime ;
 Old oaks, that centuries might inherit, —
 Somewhat whereof I feel (what time
 'Neath you I stand) endues *my* spirit ,—

O virgin forest, crystal spring,
 Lake where no storm for long can fling
 Darkness, clear heaven reflecting face ;—
 Pure soul of Nature unslumbering,
 What think you of this bandit lase ?

N. R. TYRMAN.

UNITY.

From the bright sky, just o'er far shadowy hills,
 The sun, vast flower, God's ageless smile fulfils,
 Bows over earth, ere yet to-night it yield ;
 A humble daisy, blooming nigh a field
 On an old wall quick-crumbling with decay,
 Spreads snowy petals in her tender way.
 And the small floweret, fain her lord to woo,
 Regards intently 'mid the eternal blue
 The grand star dazzling sky and land and sea.
 "Like mine thy rays, Sweetheart !" soft murmurs she.

N. R. TYRMAN.

NATURE.

Arr ye, who walk with restless roving eyes,
 I think ye I'm knows always where you are.
 Evers, if you with reason are afraid
 Fost the dim path dis lose your stealthy feet,
 P' wae within that wood ye are ill concealed !
 The trembling forest listens, looks, and longs ;
 All the creak tun led wood-ways are astir ;
 Fear lest your knees agitate the copse,
 The strenuous shudder of leafy branches, fear !
 Nature is not of marble, 'tis a spirit :
 That strong sweet breath which flows thro' twilight sweet
 Ye take for April's softest air, is love.
 Like water drops on ye, the world's the cup ;
 Lovers, one sigh makes ecstasy o'erflow ;
 Above your foreheads all the trembling boughs
 Mingle their voices, perfumes, incense, songs ;
 Mankind's passion floods the forest, dark, profound,
 And the wild Dryad whirls with lifted skirt.

N. R. TIMMERMAN

LOVE OF THE WOODLAND.

ORPHIUS, in Ceyster's tangled
 Woodways, 'neath the stars' pale light,
 Heard the laughter weird and jangled
 Of the viewless ones of night.
 Pity, the Theban sibyl, dreaming
 Nigh the hushed Phygalian heights,
 Saw on far horizon streaming
 F'bon forms 'mong silvery lights.
 P' schylus, soft hazes threading
 Of sweet Sicily, soul subdued
 Wandered beneath moonbeams shedding
 Mellow flute notes through the wood.

Pliny, lo! high thoughts deny not
 For Miletus' nymphs most fair, —
 Dainty rosy limbs espying,
 Begs a boon of the amorous an

Plantus, nigh Viterbo, straying
 Through the orchard bowers sun-blessed,
 In each palm gold fruit is wel-
 Such as gods rejoiced to bite.

Ah, Versailles! Haunt most delightful
 Faunus there, one foot of the wave
 While Boileau waxed shrill and satirical
 Golden rhymes to Molière gave

Dante, sombre-souled, abiding
 Scatheless in the deepest hell,
 Turned to watch fair women gliding
 Thro' the boughs 'neath ever verdant

Chénier, under willows sleeping,
 Saw in dream a vision sweet:
 Lovely lasses laughing, weeping,
 For whom Virgil's heart quick beat

Shakespeare, watching 'neath the lily
 Branches of the forest-lord,
 Heard, while blusht each meadow-lily,
 Fairy-trippings o'er green sward

O deep woodlands, soul entrancing,
 Haunted yet by Gods are ye
 Yet the goat-foot Satyr's dancing
 To Pan's rustic melody!

LIONS SLEEP AT NOON.

Deep in his cave the lion rests;
 Enthralled by that prodigious slumber
 The sultry mid-day sun invests
 With fiery visions without number.

He deserts not awhile with dread,
 In no other breathe; their tyrant's home.
 For the lion's tracts quake 'neath his tread
 What time this mighty one doth roam.

He that heaves his tawny mane;
 In darkness steeped is his red eye;
 Deep in the cavern, on his side
 He stretches out-stretched formidably

Sleep hurls to rest his sateless rage;
 He heems, oblivious of all wrong,
 With clank of his that denotes the sage,
 With head flung that bespeak the strong.

He wels a drunk by noontide's drouth,
 On aught but slumber is he fain.
 His cavern is his huge mouth,
 And like a forest his ruddy mane.

He's as vast crazy heights did form;
 On a lion scales with might,
 And those gawking dreams enslave
 Wherem but lions take delight.

Upon the bare rock naught is heard
 Where lonely feet are wont to stray.
 If now one heavy paw were stirred,
 What myriad flies would flit away!

N. R. TYLSON

LÆTHIA RERUM

Sudden change belongs to all,
 Winter flees and hides away,
 The year casts off its mournful pall,
 The earth puts on a bright array
 All is fresh and all astir,
 The plains are clad in verdure new,
 Youth pervading everywhere
 Sparkling in each drop of dew
 Each tree coquets with nodding tree
 Each flower with other flower contend
 Which shall queen of beauty be
 And each her perfumed leaves lends
 Even from the rocks a bouquet springs
 The breeze salutes the leafy glebe
 Mid which the joyous song bird sings
 And stirs the fern in forest shade
 In truth, 'tis Nature's gala day,
 And all things join in Nature's nuptial
 No palace ever half so gay,
 No lights like Heaven's lamps on earth
 Then comes the harvest and the fire
 With mingled scent of herbs and hay,
 Tired reapers sleep on tender slates,
 When night succeeds to gush and
 And hark! from out the shady dell
 The nightingale begins his note,
 The chrysalis has left its shell,
 The earthworm has cast off its coat
 The water eddies in the stream
 Neath sky of deep transparent blue
 When evening comes the fire flies out,
 And gently falls the evening dew

The hungry bee goes wandering out
The hornet hoots, the wasp flies by;
To all a nectar-drinking bout
The hospitable flowers supply.

In homes, who to excess incline,
With wings a fluttering soon alight,
Arise up, drink they find their wine,
The fly is their napkin white.

He flies from the vermilion drains,
And flies from many a flowery bin;
The butterfly has toper's brains,
And to him is but an inn.

Exclaim ye for all hearts fill,
When all liberty agree,
On no law can you read this bill,
The Temperance Society."

By the beauty of Nature's store
All things on the earth are filled;
Heaven's the only book of lore
Whose leaves the dawn doth brightly gild."

Children mine in your bright eyes
I see the heaven of heavens alway,
Your face is like the Springtime's smile,
Your tears are like the dawn of day.

DAVID TOLMIE.

AN OLD-TIME LAY.

Does any one know my bower, say?
'Tis a calm helter, where the sun
Rejoiceth in the bright springtide day,
The wrongs a wintry month have done

Clear limpid waters wander there
 Among tall reeds the lily floats,
 While lovers' murmurs in warm air
 Are mingled with the birds' blithe notes.
 There, 'mong the flowers, are scattered groups,
 As in a dream one walks, one rests
 Here, sparkling song in the depth of cups,
 Dim silence there in the depth of nests
 The charm of this dim solitude,
 The grace of that soft, sunny height,
 Seems with the tear of Greuze bedew'd,
 With gentle Watteau's smile made bright.
 Through mist doth far off Paris lower
 There, Regnier's bower of wine and glee
 Is worth not, here, one dreamful hour
 'Neath rosy lamps of a chestnut tree
 Ye know not dreamland's sweetest things
 Till in cool cavern you repose
 Lo! waking, with weird murmurings
 They're lost 'mong rustling forest-leaves.
 Art proud? The fault doth me surpass
 Ambitious? How can that be so,
 Since one can dream among the trees
 Beneath the mystic moon's soft glow?
 The flowers' bright language amorous
 Art deaf to ev'n in rosy May?
 Listen! It sweetly biddeth us
 In our dull souls let blossom day.
 While glistening robes, breasts bright as lilies,
 Warm coolings, tender like a dove,
 Of Galatea and blithesome Phyllis
 Counsel the woodways, laughter, love

N. R. TYERMAN

TWILIGHT.

With ev'ning dreamful hymn the aspen-leaves are stirred;
 Belated wanderers, to walk alone afraid,
 Lurk 'neath the twilight, onward hastening. . .
 O suffer each tim'd bird

Sing!

How many manners are cradled on the main;
 How 'neath the noon-tide mingles her gold rain,
 And 'neath the twilight set, and almost cease to weep. . .
 O suffer each now, all pain

Sleep!

Altho' to-day be dull, one dreams a bright to-morrow;
 Though earth and heaven are rais'd some time to sorrow;
 Girded and winged, God speeds it on its way. . .
 O suffer all pain, all sorrow

Pray!

'Tis true, 'tis true, that here one falls for death;
 All that aye would'st thou must first be laid beneath;
 In earth's lot's hence all must seek heaven's harmony. . .
 O suffer all pain of death

Die!

H. B. TRAUMAN.

POEMS OF FANCY.

A FAIRY.

CARE my fairy what you will,
Upheld, or Morgana, still
I would have her in a dream,
All unconscious though she seem,
Come to me with drooping head,
I could weep that's well-nigh dead.

Musically, from the strings
Of harp or lute she brings,
Take me the wondrous store
Which the paladins of yore
In their history could unfold—
Wilder than the tales they told.

She it is who brings me near
To the things I should revere;
At her bidding I am bound
On the well-tuned harp to sound,
All minstrel's love-songs bright,
With the quintet of a knight.

In the desert when I stray,
I find my loved home far away,
Hiding there herself I find,
Mingling ever in my mind,
From each sunbeam, love's bright flame,
From each echo, some dear name.

Hark! she murmurs in the shock
Of the wild wave on the rock;
She to please me with a gift

Doth the silvered stork uplift,
Singing with its plumage white,
From the belfry's topmost height.

When my winter log is lit,
By the chimney-side she'll sit,
And will show my wondering gaze
In the sky a meteor's blaze,
Which will shine out and then die,
Like a slumberer's drowsy eye.

When the cradle of my race,
In our ancient haunts I trace,
With a thousand forms of fear
She enshrouds me far and near,
Like a cataract of sound
In the caverns underground.

If at night I sleepless lie,
She will soothing thoughts supply,
Thoughts of chase and baying hound,
Mellowed by the distant sound,
Echoes of the bugle played
In the depths of forest glade.

CHARLES MATTHEW, M.A.

THE LAND OF FABLE.

North-orient of the Muses, turn your eyes
Unto the East, and say what there appears!
"Alas!" the voice of Poesy replies,
"Mystic's that light between the hemispheres!"
"Yea, dread's the mystic light in yonder heaven—
Dull is the gleam behind the distant hall;
Like feeble flashes in the welkin driven,
When the far thunder seems as it were still."

But who can tell of that uncertain glare
 That has been adorned with glowing vest;
 Or of allusions, pregnant in the air;
 Have drawn our glances to the radiant west?

"Highly the sunset has deceived the sight—
 Permeate this evening, while we look for morning;
 Leave me in the mazes of twilight;
 The herald sunset may appear a dawning!"

G. W. M. RIVERS.

FLOWER AND BUTTERFLY.

The humble flower spake the heavenly butterfly:
 'Hence no more!
 See how our fates are diverse—Fixed to earth am I,
 Thou canst soar!

"Yet the same breath of love is ours; from men we
 Both are free
 To dwell, so long we live, 'tis soothly said we are,
 The flowerets twain

"But ah! the air uplifts thee, while the earth still doth hold me:
 Fortune's spite!
 With fragrant breath I long to embalm thee and unfold thee
 In heaven light

"In vain,—too far thou flitt'st! Through garden and through
 meadow,
 Fair and fleet;
 Whilst I all lonely bide, and watch my circling shadow
 At my feet

"Thou fliest; then return'st; again afar art borne,
 Void of fears,
 And always find'st thou me, 'neath every roseate morn,
 Bathed in tears

"Oh ! that our love may prove the same sweets summer brings
 Fair king mine,
 Even like thy slave take root, or bless me with bright wings
 Like to thine !"

ENVOY, TO * * * *

Roses and Butterflies, the grave must reunite us,
 Soon or late.
 Wherefore await it, say ? Wilt not we now unite us,
 Fate with fate ?
 Haply within the air, if from such place thy pleasure
 Take blithe birth :
 I' the meads, if, like a flower, thou shed thy beauteous treasure
 On the earth.
 E'en where thou wilt ! What skills it ? Be thou colour bright,
 Fragrance sweet ;
 Resplendent butterfly, or floyer too fond for flight :
 Bloom,—wing fleet !
 To live with one another ! such the sole good worth
 One least sigh ;
 With that, let chance allot what home it will—dark earth,
 Or blue sky !

N. R. TYERMAN.

HOW BUTTERFLIES ARE BORN.

THE dawn is smiling on the dew that covers
 The tearful roses—lo, the little lovers—
 That kiss the buds and all the flutterings—
 In jasmine bloom, and privet, of white wings
 That go and come, and fly, and peep, and hide
 With muffled music, murmured far and wide !
 Ah, Springtime, when we think of all the lays
 That dreamy lovers send to dreamy Mays,

Of the proud hearts within a billet bound,
 Of all the soft silk paper that men wound,
 The messages of love that mortals write,
 Faded with intoxication of delight,
 Written in April, and before the Maytime
 Shuffled and blown, playthings for the winds' playtime.
 Whereon that all white butterflies above,
 Who seek through clouds or waters souls to love
 And leave their lady mistress to despair,
 Float with flowers, as tender and more fair,
 Are but our love letters, that through the skies
 Flutter, and float, and change to Butterflies.

ANDREW LANG.

THE NEST UNDER THE PORCH.

Yes, go pray within the church,—
 Go—but glance on entering
 Underneath the old grey porch
 At this nest, the pure sweet thing,
 To vast temples where one prays,
 The small swallow, swift and bright,
 Hangs his home where dwell most rays
 Of deep heaven's azure light.
 The soft broodlings lulled to rest
 Neath the portal, thrilled with love,—
 Feel in sleep above the nest
 The warm wings of Jesus move.
 The great church, where broods deep shade,
 Trembles, stirred with that sweet sound;
 The stone of dark midnight is made,
 The birds with noontide joy abound.

Stony saints, austere and cold,
Ranged around walls brightening,
Love blithe swallows, bearers bold
Of the joy and kiss of spring.

Virgins mild and prophets dire
Bend from the precipitous tower
O'er these hives of love's bird-choir
Fashioned for honey of love's flower.

Lo, the bird on the saint alit !
Th' apostle 'neath the vault laughs gay :
" Good-day, Saint ! " chirps the pert clot,
The saint murmurs : " Bird, good day ! "

Men's cathedrals are most fair
'Neath yon heaven, blue day's abode :
But the nest of the birds of air
Is the edifice of God.

N. R. TAYLOR.

PERSONAL POEMS.

THE SONG OF THE CIRCUS.

Hail Caesar, of all worlds the lord,
Whom all men with one sole accord,
Hail with universal submission to thy feet,
For thy vast labours and thy joys complete.
Hail thy vast labours' mighty line,
Hail thy vast labours' godlike and divine.

Hail Caesar, those about to die

Salute thee with this parting cry.

Cesar, thou art in thy princely home,
Canst thou with him in gore the gods of Rome,
Dost thou in all his solemn feasts;
Hast thou the earth in search of monstrous beasts,
Hast thou the earth in search of monstrous beasts,
Hast thou the earth in search of monstrous beasts,
Hast thou the earth in search of monstrous beasts.

Hail Caesar, those about to die

Seest thou the marble of marble rear;
Seest thou the marble of marble rear;
Altho' the wall of that most fatal field,
Where thou art to sweet perfume must yield;
For, now, alas the Romans' fond desire
Is to see thee in the midst of incense fire.

Hail Caesar, those about to die

Salute thee with this parting cry.

Now, when the gates as they are opened wide,
And thou art in the flowing human tide,
Thou art in the flowing human tide,
Thou art in the flowing human tide,
Thou art in the flowing human tide,
Thou art in the flowing human tide,
Thou art in the flowing human tide,
Thou art in the flowing human tide.

Hail Caesar, those about to die

Salute thee with this parting cry.

Their snow-white seats the ediles now have taken,
And plaudits thunder to the skies again ;
As in a mimic lake the river-horse
And scaly crocodile pursue their course,
Five hundred lions chorus loud the song
Of Vesta's maids who round her altar throng.
Hail, Cæsar, those about to die
Salute thee with this parting cry.

With wanton eye and scarcely hidden breast,
The brazen courtesan stands out confessed,
Forming a contrast in her gay attire
To those sweet maids who watch by Vesta's fire ;
Patrons and nobles clad in purple dress,
Count off their clients in the mighty press.
Hail, Cæsar, those about to die
Salute thee with this parting cry.

And now, at the stern Tribune's hoarse command,
The guards ascend the throne, take up their stand.
The priests of Cybele her praises sing ;
Whilst the poor Indians in a dusky ring,
Intone a strange, weird chant with failing breath,
And wait the coming of a certain death.
Hail, Cæsar, those about to die
Salute thee with this parting cry.

Now to the heavens arise discordant yells,
As a fresh band the full arena swells ;
Captives of war, from far across the seas,
Whose cruel death the Roman mob will please,
Branded and seared by iron and by fire,
Brought here to sate great Cæsar's proud desire.
Hail, Cæsar, those about to die
Salute thee with this parting cry.

The Jew bowed down as if with hidden shame ;
The Gaul whose smiling face reveals his name ;
The Nazarene who scorns both spear and brand,

And with calm patience waits the slayer's hand,
 I count the small crowd that now await the death,
 Their life spans hanging upon Cæsar's breath.

Hail Cæsar, those about to die
 Salute thee with this parting cry.

So n shall the spearman guard be drawn away,
 And the wild beasts devour their living prey,
 The purpleawning then is stretched on high,
 To hark the burning brightness of the sky
 That so the clement Emperor may view
 All acted nath him in a softer hue.

Hail Cæsar, those about to die
 Salute thee with this parting cry.

~~Cæsar's~~ ~~Cæsar's~~

THE CIRCASSIAN.

I could love this fair land,
 If I were not a slave,
 With its placid sea strand,
 And its meadows' wave;
 And its sunny sky's beam
 Would be sweet as a dream,
 If it lit not a gleam
 From the dark Spah's glare.

Am I Tatar or Turk
 That a slave—black and old—
 Should look over my work,
 And my looking-glass hold
 I away from this den—
 There at home in the glen,
 One could chat with young men,
 Nor be censured as bold.

Still I love a far clime
 Never chilled by the snows,
 When in deep winter time
 Not a lattice we close.

In the summer, warm sun
 Bathes the grass on the plain,
 Where the dragon fly vain
 Like an emerald glows.

Like a smiling princess
 Is this Smyrna of ours,
 All jewels and dress
 In her father's strong towers
 In her seas there below,
 See the islets a-row,
 Blue and green rose and snow,
 Like a basket of flowers.

Yes, I love her gay walls—
 Love to watch the fogs stream
 O'er her golden roof'd halls
 That like fairy toys gleam.
 And those tents high in air,
 That the elephants bear,
 What with these can compare
 For a lazy day dream?

In this palace of fays
 My lone heart, prone to song,
 Hears the numberless lays
 Of the desert-born throng—
 Hears the quarrelsome din
 Of the Peris and Djinn—
 Strife that ends and begins
 And recurs all night long.

Yes, I love, in this land,
 The sweet perfumes of night;
 Love the cypresses grand.
 With their towering height;
 Love the desert-stream's bed,
 Where the palm nods its head,

And the vine golden red,
O'er the mimmet white.

On my lute some home lay,
Some old Spanish romance,

It delights me to play,

I'm my comrades to dance :

Such a gay, laughing band,

As they whirl hand in hand,

Round the tent where they stand

From the sun's burning glance.

But I love most of all

When the day runs its space,

And the heavy dews fall

The vast ocean to scan.

With all wondering eyes,

As the moon 'gins to rise,

And o'er billow and skies

Spreads her bright silver fan,

The Wanderer's Guest.

MAZIEPPA.

PART II.

Thus when a mortal on whom his God is outpoured, ~~is led,~~
Is bound on thy fateful croupe, O genius, ~~thy steed,~~
He struggles in vain, with a bound, untouched ~~at~~ his hand or
heel,
From the real thou bearest him forth, whose gates burst and
break as they feel
Thy feet, feet of steel.

Thou clearest the deserts with him, and the hoary tops of the
proud .

Old hills of strength, crosest seas, and beyond the depths of cloud
Where darkness heavily lies, and, awaked by thy footsteps' sound,
A thousand spirits impure in their legion close press round

Thy traveller bound

In one flight on thy wings of flame he rode
Wide fields of the possible there stretched out, a thousand
the soul;

He drinks from the river eternal, in storm night or sturmount
now

His locks with the locks of comets commingle, all flaming low
On the firmament's brow.

The six moons of Herschel he sees, the ring of old Saturn there
And the pole that bends round her brow the north star
All he sees; the ideal horizon, the limitless world
Moveth on till it knoweth no limit, displaced through the dark
ness and light

By thy untired flight.

And who, saving only the demons and angels may know or
dream

What he suffers in following thee, or guess the strange lightnings
that gleam

On his eyes, and the scorching and burning of many a fiery spark

And how, in the night, those cold wings shall strike at his
the dark

And no one shall mark.

Affrighted he cries, but in vain: relentless, thy flight will not fail,
The flight that overwhelms him and crushes, exhausted, and
ing, and pale,

Each step thou dost take seems to hollow his tomb, and he sinks
in affright;

Till the end comes—he runs, and he flies, and he falls—and he
rises upright,

A king in his might.

EMMA HICKLY.

NAPOLEON.

Anger or demon' th u,—whether of light
 The minister, or darkness—still dost away
 The rage of our , thine eagle's soaring flight
 Burns us all breathless, after it away.
 To eve that from thy presence fain would stray
 Still is thee in vain, thy mighty shadow thrown
 Across all pictures of the living day,
 Altho' the threshold of our time alone,
 Dying, yet sombre, stands thy form, Napoleon!

Hence, when the admiring stranger's steps explore
 The soft dark that 'neath Vesuvius be,
 Whether he wand along the enchanting shore
 To Portici from far Parthenope,
 Or, lingering long in dreamy reverie,
 On Ischia's Isle's od'rous isle he stray,
 Woo'd by whose breath the soft and am'rous sea
 Seem like some rushing sultana's lay,
 A voice so very sweet that scarce can with the way.

Hence, whether Postum's solemn fane detain,
 Surrounding his soul with meditation's power;
 Or at Pozzuoli, to the sprightly strain
 Of the intell'duced 'neath Tuscan tower,
 Listening he while away the evening hour;
 Or wake the echoes, mournful, lone and deep
 Of that sad city, in its dreaming bower
 By the volcano seized, where mansions keep
 The likeness which they wore at that last fatal sleep;

Or be his bark at Posillippo laid,
 While as the swarthy boatman at his side
 Chants Tasso's lays to Virgil's pleas'd shade,
 Ever he sees, throughout that circuit wide,
 From shady nook or sunny lawn espied,

From rocky headland viewed, or flow'ry shore,
 From sea, and spreading mead alike descried,
The Giant Mount, tow'ring all objects o'er,
 And black'ning with its breath th' horizon evermore!

Fraser's Magazine

TO CANARIS, THE GREEK PATRIOT.

O Canaris! O Canaris! the poet's song
 Has blameful left untold thy deeds too long!
 But when the tragic actor's part is done,
 When clamour ceases, and the fights are won,
 When heroes realise what Fate decreed,
 When oblique mark no more which thousands bleed
 When they have shone, as clouded or as bright,
 As fitful meteor in the heaven at night,
 And when the sycophant no more proclaims
 To gaping crowds the glory of their names,—
 'Tis then the memories of warriors die,
 And fall—alas!—into obscurity,
 Until the poet, in whose verse alone
 Exists a world—can make their actions known,
 And in eternal epic measures, show
 They are not yet forgotten here below.
 And yet by us neglected! glory gloomed,
 Thy name seems sealed apart, entombed,
 Although our shouts to pigmies rise—no cries
 To mark thy presence echo to the skies;
 Farewell to Grecian heroes—silent is the lute,
 And sets your sun without one Memnon bruit!

There was a time men gave no peace
 To cheers for Athens, Bozzaris, Leonidas, and Greece!
 And Canaris' more-worshipped name was found
 On ev'ry lip, in ev'ry heart around.

But now is changed the scene! On hist'ry's page
 Are writ o'er thine, deeds of another age,
 And thine are not remembered.—Greece, farewell!
 The world no more thine heroes' death will tell.

Not that this matters to a man like thee!
 To whom is left the dark blue open sea,
 Thy gallant bark, that o'er the water lies,
 And the bright planet guiding in clear skies,
 All these remain, with accident and strife,
 Hope, and the pleasures of a roving life,
 Born Nature's fairest prospects—land and main,
 The noisy starting, glad return again,
 The pride of freeman on a bounding deck,
 Which mocks at danger and despises wreck,
 And e'en if lightning-pinions cleave the sea,
 'Tis all replete with joyousness to thee!

Yes, these remain! blue sky and ocean blue,
 Thine eagles with one sweep beyond the view—
 The sun in golden beauty ever pure,
 The distance where rich warmth doth eye allure—
 Thy language so mellifluously bland,
 Mixed with sweet idioms from Italia's strand,
 As Baya's streams to Samos' waters glide,
 And with them mingle in one placid tide.

Yes, these remain, and, Canaris! thy arms—
 The sculptured sabre, faithful in alarms—
 The brodered garb, the yataghan, the vest
 Expressive of thy rank, to thee still rest!
 And when thy vessel o'er the foaming sound
 Is proud past storied coasts to blithely bound,
 At once the point of beauty may restore
 Smiles to thy lip, and smoothe thy brow once more.

G. W. M. REYNOLDS.

ANACREON

ANACREON,—whose blithe rill of poesy
 From summits hoar of sage antiquity
 Bubbling all-amorously, one finds what time
 Fain of repose are weary feet that climb, —
 How sweet to me thy wavelets calm and clear !
 Sweet as to some tired Alpine traveller
 The sprays that dew warm flowers ! — but I have
 With crystals caught from fountains of snow and ice !

N. K. F. 1855

SONG.

He shines through history like a sun
 For thrice five years
 He bore bright victory through the dun
 King-shadowed spheres,
 Froud Europe 'neath his law of might
 Low-bowed the knee—
 Thou, poor ape, hobble after aught,
Petit, petit !

Napoleon in the roar of fight,
 Calm and serene,
 Guided athwart the fiery flight
 His eagle keen.
 Upon Aroca bridge he trod,
 And came forth free—
 Come ! here is gold, adore thy god,
Petit, petit !

Viennas were his lights-o'-love,
 He ravished them,
 Blithely he seized brave heights above
 By the iron hem ;

Curls caught lightly the curls,
 His brides to be —
 For thee here are the poor pale girls,
Pit, pit!
 He is clover mountains, deserts, plains,
 Having in hand
 He is the lightning, and the reins
 Of every land
 Drunken he tottered on the brink,
 Or lety
 Her is sweet blood quick, run to drink,
Pit, pit!
 Then when he fell, loosening the world,
 The abyssal sea
 Made wide her depths for him, down-bitten
 By the city
 He is hanged plunged from where he stood,
 And earth breathed free—
 He is down thyself in thy own mad,
Pit, pit!

N. B. THOMAS.

SOLOMON.

The King on I fate's sombre page
 Gets to my build I, and earth's
 Him in my slave that toils, Charns that
 Upon me, awestruck, gaze.
 My tool to build, my sword to smite,
 Never ceasing toil for weariness or pain:
 My breath were strong to turn out of its way
 The Libya in hurricane;
 Hence God Himself is troubled. Of a fair
 Crime born, sin's sombre wisdom wraps my throne,
 Sat in, to judge betwixt high heaven and hell,
 Would choose King Solomon.

The lord of faith am I, the lord of fear,
 Warrior, I rule the body, —priest, the soul,
 As king, I wield the day's bright azure sphere,
 As pontiff, night control.

I am the subtle master of all dreams,
 I guide the hand that writes upon the wall,
 Earth's omens are familiar,—sighs, sob-s screams,
 I read them one and all.

Mighty am I, and like a god morose,
 Mysterious as an Eden scaled away
 Yet, though my power is mightier than the rose
 Is fragrant in mid May,

O'er one thing doth my golden sceptre shine
 Vainly, as 'twere a twig bent by a dove—
 I cannot from my soul, O nymph divine,
 Aught of thy song of love!

Subtle the notes of this winged thing that broods
 In my soul's depths, as in a shadowy tree,
 And powerless I to chase it, as spring woods
 To hush bird-melody!

N. R. TYRMAN

ON HEARING THE PRINCESS ROYAL SING

In thine shade so high
 Where yet one scarce can breathe,
 Dear child, most tenderly
 A soft song thou dost wreath.

Thou singest, little girl—
 Why sire, the King is he:
 Around thee glories whirl,
 But all things sigh in thee.

'Marie, daughter of Louis Philippe.

Thy thought may seek not wings
Of speech dear love's forbidden ;
Thy smiles, these heavenly things,
Be not fully born, are hidden.

Inou feel'st, poor little Bride,
A hand unknown and chill
Clasp thee from out the wide
Deep shade so deathly still.

Thy sad heart, wingless, weak,
Lies in this black shade
So deep, thy small hands weak,
Verily, the pulse God made.

Thou art yet but highness, thou
That shalt be majesty :
Thou shalt on thy fair brow
Some faint dawn flush may be,

Chill unto armies dear,
Lyn now we mark heaven's light
Dinner with the fume and fear
And, lay of battle-night.

Thy grandfather is he,
Forth's Pope,—he hails thee
Passing, armed men you see
Like unarmed women, milled.

As saint all worship thee ;
Thyself even hast the strong
Thrill of divinity
Mingle with thy small song

Each grand old warrior
Guards thee, submissive, proud ;
Mute thunders at thy door
Sleep, that shall wake most loud.

Around thee foams the wild
 Bright sea, the lot of kings.
 Happier wert thou, my child,
 If the woods a bird that sings !

N. R. TYERMAN.

THE BLACK BAND.

PART I.

O walls, O battlements, O towers,
 O bridge spann'd moat and ramparts grim,
 O mighty piles of slender columns,
 Frowning keeps, and convents dim ;
 Dusty cloisters, grey and hoary,
 Olden, crumbling, silent, calm,
 Vaulted aisles, which once re-echoed
 Joyous revel, holy psalm.

Alas ! where our mothers sought
 The God for whom our fathers fought.

Porches which inflame our pride,
 Domes of God, and courts of kings,
 Temples where our treasured banners
 Spread their ragged, smoke-stained wings —
 Bowers of love, triumphal arches,
 Regal splendours, mute and vast
 Shrines and monasteries, dungeons,
 Relics of a mighty past,

Heavy tales, of mysteries full,
 And pleasures that grow never dull.

Home of Justice which our affection
 Strives, alas ! in vain to save,
 Spots where honour found a shelter—
 Where the honour'd found a grave ;
 Stones which time with ruthless heel
 Tramples into dust again,
 Footprints of an infant people,
 Homes of pleasure and of pain.

Vestiges of races dead,
 A sacred stream dried in its bed.

On earth that I've heard thy heroes
 Say farewell to the fray,
 O'er thy ruined temples,
 Seem'd a bright celestial ray
 Thine my wand'ring footsteps follow'd
 Toe of thy great unknown—
 Heav'nly warrior whose daring
 Turn'd their sword into a throne.

And I listened overcast

For some whispers from the past.

Thine my throbbing muse,
 Thine to with sudden dreams,
 O'er the warrior's steel cuirass,
 Whose furnished front so brightly gleams,
 Drest with pride the knightly scarf,
 O'er the sword clod red with rust,
 He sleeps beneath its mantling dust;
 Urges on the lightning speed,
 With spurs of gold, a wingless steed.

I love the cloven, and the path
 Which hides its wanderings in the wood,
 The gate whose arch is buried deep
 Beneath its ivy Gothic hood;
 I love to the funeral birds
 Which crowd the gabled roof by night,
 Uprising their sepulchral voices,
 Circling in their giddy flight—
 Black battalions they—and sweep
 Around the turrets of the keep.

I love the ivy mantled tower
 Whence sounds the solemn vesper bell,
 And o'er the silent place of tombs
 Stands like a faithful sentinel.

The old stone cross with broken steps,
 Where weary travellers love to rest,
 The battlemented citadel
 That guards the valley, peaceful, blest,
 And over all its shadows lay
 Like some gigantic bird of prey.

I love the keep, the marble court
 Where clarions sound across the lea,
 The Gothic halls where knights of old
 Have laid aside their panoply.
 The painted casement blazing out
 Upon the starless ebon night,
 The chilly vaults where rest the brave,
 Obvious of the ages' flight—
 Where rest the steel-clad braves who sleep,
 While men rejoice and women weep

Under towering forest domes,
 Arch and pillar bend their head,
 Babbling fountains seem to tell
 Legends of the mighty dead.
 Wand'ring goats dislodge the stones—
 Stones of feudal strongholds rude,
 Upon which the soaring eagle
 Reared her fallow hungry brood,
 And the swallows hide their nest
 Beneath the turret's lofty crest,
 Like that strange bird has swept
 From earth and trees, with pinions free,
 The poet searching all that speaks,
 To him of days of chivalry ;
 Ruins, so dear, sweet France, to thee
 Close dwells within their walls,
 And the grim majestic heroes
 Crowding through thy sacred halls.
 If they are but shades of yore,
 Are shades of giants evermore.

Men of France, who love her shrines,
 Your God will bless in every age
 The sea who, in the days of terror,
 Saves his fore-sires' heritage ;
 See in every fallen stone
 A glory stolen from your walls,
 But Time restrain his blighting hand,
 Bring back to France her ancient Gauls.
 Give memory back her spreading wings,
 And her old courts to her young kings.

GILBERT CAMPBELL.

THE BLACK BAND.

PART II.

Hush! be the lyre poetical : Hushed the Æolian harpstrings,
 Leaving these glorious relics in peace to their mouldering slumber
 Deep in an ageless gulf, where no friendly tear will bedew them,
 Where no pitying glance can rest on their perishing fragments.
 Crumble, ye ruins so grand, made holy by Time's consecration,
 Witnesses ye of a past which the present cares only to outrage,
 Shake off the dust of your feet on a people unworthy to claim
 you,
 Cease to watch over a camp plunged deep in slumber eternal.

Or, since the march of our time must ever be hastening onward,
 Should we not proudly remember that still there linger among us
 Those that with valour unrivalled have dragged our kings from
 their collins,
 And who, arraigning the dead, have sat in judgment upon them.
 Honour the bravest of brave ! whom nor Sparta, nor Rome in
 their glory
 Ever could venture to vie with, for these have triumphed o'er
 tombstones ;
 Bones they have broken, and scattered to every quarter of heaven ;
 Tombs they have rifled, and crowned themselves with the glory of
 conquest.

Whence did they gain for their deeds of daring such bold inspiration ?

Was it the "nothing" they found after so much labour and trouble,

When as a natural sequence on earth made their sepulchres empty,

Seeing their efforts already in heaven had spread desolation ?

Deeming respect for the dead as nought but an old fascination,

Fearlessly laid they the axe to the root of some young reputation :—

Thus did they venture to think with a courage sublime in its grandeur,

That in despoiling the tombs they might possibly vanquish a monster.

Now let their legions, in their thousands, in crowds rush eagerly forward,

Welcome these valiant soldiers, who never have known any warfare.

Let them unopposedly meet with foes well worthy their prowess ;

Here, there are towering walls, and there, there are castles in mass.

Now they may fearlessly pass 'neath these gates which stand open

As if to them.

And to them, as was deserted lay siege without any danger ;

Let them however beware that they rouse not the ancient defender.

For these old towers would surely take them for strangers.

Our day is over, our century will to be lonely :

Come, let us break these walls which have offered to time such resistance.

Let there not rest upon earth any trace of the ages departed,

Just as we drive from our hearts of those times all thought and remembrance.

Our inheritance vast, and all encumbered with honours,

Forms a burden too heavy for people who live in the present—

What does the past do for us, but cloy our hurrying footsteps ?

Out of the time the gods may grant, let us keep but the future.

Let us not hear any more in praise of our credulous fathers ;
They looked only at duty, but we have our rights to consider.
We have our virtues as well, for we can bring kings to the scaffold ;

We can assassinate priests, or shoot them down without mercy.

Ah ! 'tis, alas, too true that France, in this age of misfortune,
Mourns her ancient honour, and hope, faith's humble attendant ;
Crime has virtue displaced, and even hidden its pathway ;
Just as the bramble effaces the steps of a temple abandoned.

Pity the sorrow of France, who, roft of her monarch's freedom,
Loses her majesty too, while her enemies triumphing proudly,
Rent her vesture asunder ; her nakedness rousing their laughter.
Let us not lightly regard a mother so cruelly outraged.

And while she weeps for her glory, 'tis ours to console her affliction.
Veiled from her view upon earth, let us sing of her name in the
heaven,

Ne'er shall our youthful Muse, when it faces the Anarchy's
banner,

Cleanse off the stain of that dust with which she departed have
marked it.

CHARLES MACKAY, M.A.

THE TWO ISLANDS.

" Tell me whence he came, I will tell you whether he is good or bad."

I.

THERE are two isles in seas apart,
With half the wide round world between ;
Which, like the heads of giants stern,
Frown forth upon the stormy sea.
And looking on their hill-tops bare
One feels that God has placed them there
For some mysterious plan unknown ;
Their sides are with the lightnings scarred ;
The ocean's foam their fields have marred,
They heave with dread volcanic groan.

Those isles where ocean casts her spray
 Upon the ruthless rocks so steep,
 Seem like two pirate ships that sway
 For ever anchored on the deep.
 The hand that formed these islands twain
 Upon the trackless stormy main,
 Two specks mid sea and sky,
 Perchance his task had thus-wise done,
 That Buonaparte be born in one,
 In one Napoleon die.

There was his cradle, there his grave !
 Those wondrous words shall still be told,
 Till seas forget their shores to lave,
 And time and worlds have all grown old.
 Ours these sad and dismal shores,
 As streams of his shade there pours
 A stream of nations from afar ;
 The winds that rend the mountain's side,
 The waves on the deep that ride,
 The blast of the trumpet notes of war.

From the fear-distracted lands,
 Which shook in terror at his breath,
 From these lonely sea-girt strands
 God gave him birth and gave him death,
 He that the earth might not betray
 His name along his natal day,
 And publish it to all,
 So that his soul should pass in peace,
 From warrior's bed to its release,
 And yet no rocks should fall.

II.

What were his thoughts in youth's sweet early prime ?
 What were his musings at life's closing time,
 As roamed his thoughts o'er all that maddening dream ?

Now could he feel the emptiness of fame,
The throne a bubble, glory but a name!
How vain and hollow doth ambition seem!

Even in his childish dreams had visions grown
Of war and victory and an emperor's throne;
He saw the eagles from his banners wave,
With all prophetic from the future years,
The shouts and cries of subject tribes he heard,
And the loud war songs of triumphal wars.

III.

Long live Napoleon! Let the shout resound,
I will call himself his kingly brow who towers
With thirty kings for slaves, he reigns alone;
He takes from hundred kings their kingdoms pay,
And mid imperial Rome's palatines goes
He plants his new-born infant's royal throne.

His eagles spread then pinions everywhere,
And to the trembling tribes his thunders roar.
He hurls in bondage conclave and Dyar,
And with his bloodstained flags are off their towers
The crescent of the Turk, and glittering chain
Of golden cross of haughty, brave Ivan.

The Egyptian bronzed, the Goth who knows not fear,
The white Pole with flame upon his spear,
All aid to urge his wild ambitious dream;
Then only law his will, their faith his realm.
And marching 'neath his flag, through blood or flame,
The weapons of a hundred nations gleam.

And to his choice he casts as guardian due
A kingdom, principality or two;
And monarchs round his gates their watches keep,
So that secure he rests in peaceful shade,
What time his sword is in its scabbard laid,
As fisherman among his nets may sleep.

His eyrie hath he built so far and high,
 He seems to dwell within the peaceful sky,
 Where storms can never reach, nor tempests spread
 Though underneath his feet the louds are riven,
 The thunders in their courses in the heaven
 Cannot assail his angel-guarded head

IV.

At last the bolt flew upward, driven forth
 His deadly falls upon our common earth
 The petty kings their foe reward
 They cage, constrain him in that lonely land,
 And earth and air the fallen monarch hand
 In death's surer ceaseless guard
 He loathed those idle, listless days,
 When at the sunset hour with envious gaze
 He watched the sun's declining rays
 And then alone and sad he paced the beach
 Till some breakers his dream some jester's speech,
 Or some wild tale with him back to that self place
 His unrelenting wrath now victor's lord,
 Heaped blame from those who just before adored
 And worshipped him as if a god
 He was roused out for vengeance and the dim
 The light of the heart within,
 The power of his soul as 'twere with chastening

V.

Hate, curses, vengeance, maledictions send
 From heaven and earth in one vast flood outpoured,
 Now see we low the great Colossus bent,
 O, may he e'er regret, alive or dead,
 The bitter tears he caused the world to shed,
 And all the priceless blood for him was spent

Po Fiber, Scine the Volga and the walls
 Of Moorish palaces and Gothic halls,
 Tall and Moscow, burnt without a sigh,
 From blood-stained fields his fatal fearsome name
 In thundering accents echoing back again,
 "Him do the slaughtered nations curse," they cry.

And him he may see his ghoulies dead
 In sad procession the dread armies lead
 Dumb with the secrets of the silent night

On limping limbs all bruised and black and red
 By murderous cannon and the smoke of lead
 Making a hell of his foul prison home.

He let him live and die, from day to day
 His proud ambition let it there decay.

Until the world almost forgot his name
 That hand that oft has dragged a nation's shame
 Now with its fetters is a weary grown.

And in the ocean wide is sunk his name.

A new immortal name he hoped to have
 Like that of Rome, which held the world in awe.

But God his torch blew out with lightning's roar
 And to great Caesar's rival only leave

The time, the span that each man has to live
 Before he fills the narrow cell of death.

When men forget, the ocean still shall hold
 Round St Helena his wild rock-girt island.

In vain within St Dem's kingly halls
 He reared a tomb with gold and sculpture's art
 God did not choose that mausoleum for him.

Nor fix his grave within these marble walls.

VI.

How sad the empty cup, the vanished dream how sad,
 Begun in blissful joy but changed to nightmare mad!
 When young our reason yields to Hope's too flattering tale,

But older grown we loathe the sweets our spirits sought,
 And looking on our life, by sad experience taught,
 "Too late, too late!" we wail.

So pants th' adventurous heart at foot of mountain height,
 Its dizzy cliffs so fill the heart with fierce delight,
 The towering crags that ne'er shall fall, defying time,
 The woods that like a mantle clothe its slopes, on high
 The clouds that like a crown around its summit lie,
 And hide its head sublime.

Through clouds and fog he strays who thinks to reach the sky,
 And on the mountain path his mazy way would try.
 From winding heights the scene is changed beneath your feet;
 'Tis now a gloom drear obscured by forests deep,
 Where thunder's track is seen, and raging torrents leap,
 And gulf the vision greet.

VII.

Other a village here we view,
 A village sparkling fair and bright,
 And all the even with blood-red hue
 Its ever-changingful moods are dight.
 Now backward raised, now downward thrown,
 His form in twofold form is shown,
 Two records can be read by all,
 If we his youth or age would see,
 In youth his name was Victory,
 In age he mused upon his fall.

In these two isles the fisherman
 With fear assailed, on winter's night,
 His meteor stars, with aspect wan
 Lays down his nets in sad affright,
 His fancy sees the chief of yore
 In shadow stand on yonder shore,

With folded arms, and kingly form,
And thinks that the unsettled soul
Will now the ocean waves control,
As once he ruled the battle storm.

VIII.

Although in enjured state, two isles he still shall own;
Glorious triumph made by his repute alone,
One where his breath was given, the other where he lies,
That name which oft has held the trembling nations round,
Shall still from sea to sea within these islands sound,
While rock and cliff doth still remain.

So shoots the fiery shell by murderous mortars hurled,
Which through the murky sky its blazing course has sped,
On a moment charged with death, it hangs over highest towers,
And then, like vulture swooping on its prey,
Without stretched wings and talons cruel to seize,
In wreck and ruin hurls it down.

From the vast mountain's mouth dark vapours rise and roll,
When a rush of fire and sudden earthquake's shock,
The deadly ponderous glob, which mounted high and high,
And where the shattered shell in southern gorges lies,
And, dealing death around, in belching flames it burns,
And night and silence cover all.

IN CHIRIZY VALLEY.

Fair valley, neath your still and solitary stream,
A woe-erasing sits, sad and alone,
And sees the chasing bird amid the glades,
Toil-tainted pools and reeds by breezes blown!
'Tis thus man flees from man, and oft in youth
Wrongs soul the pure, brave hearts so true and warm,
The weakly reed that quickly breaks, in truth,
Is greatly blest, though victim to the storm.

O Vale! the wanderer prays for that blest gale;
 Footsore and weary he would rend the veil
 That hides the goal would end his woes.
 Before his path some dusky rays disclose
 The future's wilderness, treeless and pale,
 This gloomy hope it shows.
 Life's clanking chain he drags from woe to woe,
 Of pain or gain no feeling he doth know,
 His work is vain for loving, pitying heart!
 No hand has ever smoothed his rugged way,
 No mortal lip will laugh when he is gay,
 No heart as his will start.
 Death is all life and lonely is his lot,
 The darkness black in the dark vale begot,
 The death-life twines around its arms,
 The death-life laughs with love's own fetters bound
 The death-life comes around,
 The death-life expands its fragrant charms.
 He has passed the rugged mountain's side,
 The wanderer in the valley seeks repose
 The death-life only echoes to his woes.
 The death-life is friend to those who bide
 The death-life orders, yea, chiefest friend to those.
 The death-life is not more than he at rest,
 The death-life finds shelter 'neath the mountain's crest,
 The death-life which glides from gaze of human kind.
 The death-life whose feet clings city mire,
 The death-life that banks, and gentle streams conspire
 With softly murmuring wind.
 Concealed, concealed beneath your grateful shade,
 He sings and sings of that blest heavenly maid
 With radiant smiles and brow as pure as snow.
 What though no earthly marriage Fate decrees?
 The immortal soul the vision still shall please
 Of deathless union past this world of woe.

Unfettered, free, his thoughts thus heavenward soar,
 And saddening memories are by hope dispelled.
 Henceforth two shades his life shall hover o'er,
 One in the future, one the past behold.

O, haste thy coming ! Who shall bring thee sight
 To him for whom thy heart doth yearn, and long
 O, kindly star ! when, in the orient sky,
 Wilt thou appear, our sad hearts to comfort.

Never at cost of virtue will he seek
 To gain even thee, thou noblest brother
 Not like the wind-tossed reed, frail, pliant, weak,
 But like the oak, which, while the tempest rages,
 May break, but never bend in strife.

She comes ! she comes ! He sees, and turns away
 Without a pang, to streams, and fields, and woods,
 To solemn, peaceful woods, and solitary
 And vales where oft-time he has roamed alone.

O, happy those who can in some still spot
 In humble hut be born, and live, and die,
 Of earth naught earthly doth the soul attract
 Which sees alone the sky.

OUTSIDE THE BALL-ROOM.

BEHOLD the ball-room flashing on the stage,
 From step to cornice one grand gleaming light,
 The noise of mirth and revelry around,
 Like fairy melody on haunted grounds.
 But who demands this profuse, wanton glee,
 These shouts prolonged and wild festivity—
 Not sure our city—web, more woe than bliss,
 In any hour, requiring aught but this !

Deaf is the ear of all that jewelled crowd
 To sorrow's sob, although its eul be loud
 Better than waste long nights in idle show,
 To help the indigent and raise the low
 To train the wicked to forsake his way
 And find th' industrious work from morn to day
 Better to pharise those hours aforesaid
 Which now are wasted at the festal board

And ye O high-born beauties in whose soul
 Virtue smiles, and Vice has no control,
 Ye whom prosperity forbids to sin,
 No less without—so chaste, so pure within—
 Whom honour Want ne'er threatens to betray,
 Whose eyes are joyous, and whose hearts are gay
 Around whose modesty a hundred hands
 To guard ye pride, protect a thousand hands
 Around this hall is pregnant with a train
 Of sparkling planets cheer the jovial train—
 But ye, what not, while your soul is full
 Of bliss, ye wander, homeless, sick and ill
 Ye have placed you in a happy home
 And your own to you all lots are won,
 And ye are by the sun of bliss, your eyes
 The eastern dark horizon to the skies

Such is the theme of life! Each gull and dove,
 Prince, peer, and noble, follow in your train,—
 They praise your loveliness and in your car
 They wander pleasing thine but none more,
 Thus, as the media enamoured of the light,
 Ye seek these realms of revelry each night
 But as ye travel thither, did ye know
 What wretches walk the streets that lead ye on
 Slaves, whose gongaws glitter in the glare
 Of your great lustre, all expectant there
 Watching the passing crowd with idle eye
 Till one then love, or lust, or shame may buy

Or with common clinging jealousy and rage,
 They mark the progress of your equipage ;
 And their deceitful life essays the while
 To mask their woe beneath a sickly smile !

G. W. M. HERSCHEL.

WRITTEN ON A FLEMISH WINDOW-PANE.

Writ on thy panes of the olden time
 Dear Floy, to list the ringing chime
 Of faithful guardian of domestic worth
 N. H. old Flanders' where the rigid North
 A flush of rich meridian glow doth feel
 Caught from reflected suns of bright Spain
 The curfew, the clinking chime ! To Floy's the
 Prompt her affections to personify—
 It is the morn and frolic hour, arrayed
 In guise of Andalus in dancing maid,
 Appearing by a crevice fine and rare
 As of a door open in "th' incorporal air"
 She comes 't o'er drowsy roofs, inert and still
 Shaking her lap, of silv'ry music fall
 Rousing without remorse the drowsy soul
 Tripping like joyous bird with thrush's tone
 Quivering like dart that trembles from the bow
 By a frail crystal stair, whose viewless stair
 Bears her slight footfall, tim'rous but not slow
 In innocent extravagance of glee
 The graceful elf alights from out the ether
 While the quick spirit—thing of air and fire
 As now she goes, now comes, mounts, and descends
 Descends, thro' delicate degrees upon,
 Hears her melodious spirit from step to step run on.

Fraser's Magazine.

FROM THE INVESTED WALLS OF PARIS.

Haunter white the west, dense black the eastern sky:
 As some invincible arm from heaven let fall,
 To serve eve's columns for a canopy,
 O'er this horizon a shroud, o'er that a pall.
 Night shut in earth, as 'twere a prison cold.
 Last gleam of bird, last light of leaf, were quenched.
 Gazing, again I looked toward heaven—'benighted'
 In the far west a bright blade shone, blood-drenched.
 That blade the muse of some vast duel drew
 Drawn by a God matched 'gainst some giant bath;
 The sword of the vanquished one he'd snatched,
 Drenched with battle, fallen from heaven to earth!

N. R. TYLWYN.

NEAR AVRANCHES.

Deep and mournful, vast, fell the vast mournful night.
 The sleeping wind awoke, and urged to hurried flight,
 Above the granite crags, above the granite crests,
 Seeking their haven, some birds unto their nests.
 Alone in death, I gazed on all the world around.
 The sea far sea is vast, and the soul of man profound!
 The sea far sea towered, the wan salt waves amid,
 Above the sea of the west, the ocean pyramid.
 The sea far sea of fathomless mysteries, did I brood,
 The sea far sea of grand eternal solitude,
 All the long years of kings ne'er stirred by battle breath,
 Passed the sea the sombre stricken field of death.
 And in some dark spots where widest-winged doth rove
 Gods breath, supreme in wrath, omnipotent in love,
 To meet beneath high heaven what hath been man's sole
 Care!—

Lo, here a prison frowns, and there a sepulchre

N. R. TYLWYN.

JERSEY.

JERSEY, lulled by the waves' eternal lullaby,
 Sleeps; in her smallness being twice sublime;
 A rocky mountain,—born amid blue sea,
 Old England northward, southward. Near and far,
 Our sweet she is, and in her summer smile
 Hath the bright smiles, and oft the tears, of Heaven.

For the third time now her flowers and leaves are seen
 O land of Exile, little island queen,
 Be blest of me as by thy billows blest.
 This small bright nook where the tired soul doth rest,
 If 'twere my country, were my haven of life,
 Here, as some mariner from sea-stormy strife,
 Rescued, I'd dwell, and suffer with delight
 The sun shine all my darkling soul anew white,
 Like yonder linen bleaching on the grass.

Musing profoundly seems each rocky nook,
 Within whose hollow caverns waves murmur and
 Gurgle and sob. When evening falls, and
 The trees, weird sibyls with the wind doth
 While the huge cromlech, like a giant's
 Towers on the hill, till 'neath the
 It turns to Moloch grinning o'er his

Along the beach, when blow the strong winds,
 In every craggy corner where one
 Frail fisher-huts, across the thatch
 Seaward, are stretched stone-weighted
 Lest by the blast the roof be torn away.
 With bosom bare, some old-world ocean-lay
 Each mother to her sailor babe doth draw,
 What time from out the surf a boat they haul;—
 While laugh the meadows.

Hail, O sacred Isle,

Thou brightest to heaven's rosiest dawn dost smile!
Thou seasons, stars by fisher-folk best blest!
Thou many church-towers where blithe swallows nest!
Thou many rudely-carved of fishermen:
Thou many roads where creaks the heavy wain;
Thou many fields of flowers of every dye;
Thou many a boat for goal, dreams with blue sky, --

Thou many a winged horizon wings snow-white
Thou many a sea where the sea-mews' flight, --
Thou many a flock of birds and billows born, --
Thou many a rosy-dimpled Morn,
Thou many a foam on the waves!
Thou many a palace ocean laves!
Thou many a melody by ocean melodies!
Thou many a sweet slumber beneath trees!
Thou many a hammered in voiceless prayer,
Thou many a hymn from, though ocean, air,
Thou many a vast defiant chaunts,
Thou many a song to the rock that vaunts
Thou many a brave ship river,
Thou many a bird a little dew of heaven!

N. R. TYRMAN.

THE CLIFFS.

I.

Thou void thou smilest,
Thou that beguilest
Thou misery;
Thou the lament near me, Sweet,
Thou while sobbeth at my feet
Thou the scire sea.

Night of my sad song is fain.
 Gradually my soft refrain
 Soft starlight brings :
 For, O angel mine, the song
 With thy pure heart's beat is blown
 And with thy wings'.

Of poor fisher folk my dream
 Born nath yon low blackness
 Which yet were bright
 Grizzled beards and golden hair
 Yon duk billows have in care
 The stormy night !

Aye they've drifted, phantoms
 Ne'er again from sea they'll come
 Black gables old,
 Verdant woods, meads flower
 Nor the silver smoke soft
 Through sunset-gold.

Past their eyes the frantic
 Striving still itself to save
 From the wild wind,
 Hastens, sobbing, ne'er
 Lyes that late were smiling
 By earth so kind.

Deaths shoals are they,
 Still from wave to wave
 In ebb or flow—
 Never shall they reach the
 On their brows dawn never
 Shall brightly glow.

For *their* dead fall silent tears.
 Ah ' our b'tter grief and theirs
 Is but one grief.

We are in the watery space
The same bark that ends its race
On the same reef.

II.

All those captains, sea-boys small,
Which so many a voice doth call,
So many a prayer,
Water in th' unanswering tides,
While the silver fish quick glides
Through tangled hair.
Death waves fathomless, untold,
No dark dreams doth one behold
With never a breath,
Gaping mouths most horribly
Gazing in the staunchless sea
Of sullen death.

III.

Yet along the barren coast
Still one dreams of loved ones lost,
With hearts that yearn :
Still one hopes to clasp that form
Which ashore by calm or storm
Will ne'er return.

'Twas a husband ! 'twas a child !
And one calls them, still the wild
Heard billows rave ;
Morning, noontide, even, night,
When the beacon is alight,
Not to save !

Answer one : " Ere summer's gone
All will be ashore, James, John,
Sweet Louis small ;
When the ripe grapes darkly glow"
But the night-wind answers low,
" Drowned are they all !"

Saw and felt — In the storms
 Saw and felt — lo, those loved forms
 I ne'er vanished !
 Look when eve dies on the wave,
 Every billow is a grave
 Whence comes a head."

IV.

From even watery waste forlorn,
 From calm heaven their souls are born,
 But plumed for bliss.
 Every billow is a grave ;
 O my dearest every wave
 A cradle is

H. R. [unclear]

THE LEAST OF FREEDOM.

It was in London an ancient custom :—On the eve of the execution of
 a criminal to bath a public banquet was given at which the
 night was known as the "Free Feast."—[Chapman's "History of the English People,"

I. THE KINGS OF EUROPE.

When the Christians were doomed to the lions of old
 By the priest and the prator, combined to uphold
 An idolatrous cause,
 Farthet even while the vast Colosseum thronged
 Gathered there and looked on, and they fell and the shout
 Or "the People's" applause.

On the eve of that day of their evenings the last
 At the gates of their dungeon a gorgeous feast,
 Rich, unsated, unpriced,
 That the doomed might (forsooth) gather strength ere they bled,
 With an ignorant pity the gaolers would spread
 For the martyrs of Christ.

Oh, 'twas strange for a pupil of Paul to recline
On voluptuous couch, while Falernian wine

 Fill'd his cup to the brim !
Dulcet music of Greece, Asiatic repose,
Spicy fragrance of Araby, Italian rose,
 All called for him !

Every luxury known through the earth's wide expanse,
In profusion brought was put forth to enhance

 The feast that they gave :
And no sorrow lurked in the lap of delight,
Such a banquet as tasted as welcomed that night
 In the silent of the grave.

And the lion, meantime, shook his ponderous chain,
Loud and fierce, bellowed the tiger, impatient to stain

 The bloodthirsty arena ;
While the gladiator of Rome, who applauded those deeds,
And who sought the forthcoming enjoyment, must needs
 Attend the restless hyæna.

They that were guests on that ultimate eve,
As slaves of the morrow were destined to give
 To the lions their food ;

For, seated at the gates of a slave at that board,
When the banquet enjoyed all that life can afford,
 Their administering stood.

Such a banquet of earth ! was your banquet of power,
But the lion has burst on your festival hour—

 'Tis your knell that it rings !
To the popular tiger a prey is decreed,
And the maw of Republican hunger will feed
 On a banquet of Kings !

“FATHER PROUT” (FRANK S. MAHONY).

MOSES ON THE NILE.

"SISTERS! the wave is freshest in the ray
Of the young morning; the reapers are asleep;
The river bank is lonely: come away!

The early murmurs of old Memphis cease
Faint on my ear; and here unseen we stray,
Deep in the covert of the grove withdrawn,
Save by the dewy eye-glance of the heron.

"Within my father's palace, fair to see,
Shine all the Arts, but oh! this river-side,
Pranked with gay flowers, is dearer far to me
Than gold and porphyry vases bright and new;
How glad in heaven the song-bird carols there,
Sweeter these zephyrs float than all the odours
Of costly odours in our royal bowers.

"The sky is pure, the sparkling stream is clear,
Unloose your zones, my maidens! and fling them
To float awhile upon these bushes near
Your blue transparent robes: take off my crown,
And take away my jealous veil; for here
To-day we shall be joyous while we live
Our limbs amid the murmur of the wave.

"Hasten; but through the fleecy white of foam
What do I see? Look ye along the stream,
Nay, timid maidens—we must not remain;
Coursing along the current, it would prove
An ancient palm-tree to the deep sea-borne
That from the distant wilderness proceeds,
Downwards, to view our wondrous Pyramids.

"But stay! if I may surely trust mine eye,—
It is the bark of Hermes, or the shell
Of Iris, wafted gently to the sighs

Of the light breeze along the rippling swell ;
 But no : it is a skiff where sweetly lies
 An infant slumbering, and his peaceful rest
 Looks as if pillowed on his mother's breast.
 He sleeps—oh, see ! his little floating bed
 Swims on the mighty river's fickle flow,
 Like some dove's nest ; and there at hazard led
 By freakish winds, and wandering to and fro,
 The sun comes down ; beneath his quiet head
 The waves are moving, and each threatening wave
 Seeks to rock the child upon a grave.
 Haste !—oh, maids of Memphis ! haste, oh, haste !
 Haste !—What mother could confide
 Her charge to the wild and watery waste ?
 He clings to his arms, the rippling tide
 Sweeps him, where, all rudely placed,
 He lies with a few frail reeds beneath,
 A helpless innocence and death.
 Haste !—Perchance he is of those
 Whom Israel whom my sire proscribes ;
 He bears the mandate that arose
 From the guiltless of the stranger tribes !
 My heart is yearning for his woes,
 I would I were his mother ; but I'll give,
 At least the claim to live."
 The royal hope and pride
 Of the queen ; while her damsels nigh,
 On the Nile's meandering side ;
 And those unnamed beauties, standing by
 The weeping mother ; watching with eyes wide
 Their graceful mistress, admired her as she stood,
 More lovely than the genius of the flood !
 The waters broken by her delicate feet
 Receive the eager wader, as alone
 By gentlest pity led, she strives to meet

The wakened babe; and, see, the prize is won!
 She holds the weeping burden with a sweet
 And virgin glow of pride upon her brow,
 That knew no flush save modesty's ill-moved

Opening with cautious hands the ready arms.

She brought the rescued infant to the shore
 Beyond the humid sands; at her approach

Her curious maidens hurried round to see
 To kiss the new-born brow with gaudy flowers,
 Greeting the child with smiles, and hushing
 Their faces o'er his large, astonished eyes.

Haste thou who, from afar, in doubt and fear
 Dost watch, with straining eyes, the babe

The loved of heaven! come like a stream of light
 And clasp young Moses with maternal arms

Nor fear the speechless transport and the tears
 Will e'er betray thy fond and hidden love;
 For Iphis knows not yet a mother's name.

With a glad heart, and a triumphant face,
 The princess to the haughty Pharaoh led
 The humble infant of a hated race.

Bathed with the bitter tears a prince he stood
 While loudly pealing round the holy place
 Of Heaven's white Throne, the voices of the
 Intoned the theme of their undying rage.

"No longer mourn thy pilgrimage below,
 O Jacob! let thy tears no longer swell

The torrent of the Egyptian river: Lo! soon
 Soon on the Jordan's banks thy tents shall stand,
 And Goshen shall behold thy people go.

Despite the power of Egypt's law and bond,
 From their sad thrall to Canaan's promised land

"The King of Plagues, the Chosen of Sinai,
 Is he that, o'er the rushing waters driven,
 A vigorous hand hath rescued from the sky;

Ye whose proud hearts disown the ways of heaven !
 Attend, be humble ! for its power is nigh :
 Israel ! a cradle shall redeem thy worth—
 A Cradle yet shall save the widespread earth ! ”

Dublin University Magazine

THE CYMBALEER'S BRIDE.

My lord the Duke of Brittany
 Has summoned his barons bold—
 Their names make a fearful litany !
 Among them you will not meet any
 But men of giant mould.

And earls, who dwell in donjon keep,
 And steel-clad knight and peer,
 Whose forts are girt with a moat cut deep—
 None none axed in soldiership
 My own loved cymbaleer.

Clashing his cymbals, forth he went,
 With a bold and gallant bearing ;
 True for a captain he was meant,
 To judge his pride with courage blent,
 And the cloth of gold he's wearing.

But in my soul since then I feel
 A fear in secret creeping ;
 And to my patron saint I kneel,
 That she may recommend his weal
 To his guardian-angel's keeping.

I've begged our abbot Bernardine
 His prayers not to relax ;
 And to procure him aid divine
 I've burnt upon Saint Gilda's shrine
 Three pounds of virgin wax.

Our Lady of Loretto knows
 The pilgrimago I've vowed :
 "To wear the scallop I propose,
 If health and safety from the foe
 My lover be allowed."

No letter (fond affection's gage I)
 From him could I require,
 The pain of absence to assuage—
 A vassal-maid can have no page,
 A liegeman has no squire.

This day will witness, with the duke's
 My cymbalor's return :
 Gladness and pride beam in my looks,
 Delay my heart impatient brooks,
 All meaner thoughts I spurn.

Back from the battlefield elate
 His banner brings each peer ;
 Come, let us see, at the ancient gate,
 The martial triumph pass in state—
 • With the princes my cymbalor

We'll have from the rampart with a glance
 • Of the air his steed assume ;
 His proud neck swells, his glad mane
 And on his head unceasing dance,
 In a gorgeous tuft, red plumes !

Be quick, my sisters ! dress in haste !
 Come, see him bear the ball ;
 With laurels decked, with true love graced,
 While in his bold hands, fitly placed,
 The sounding cymbals swell !

Mark well the mantle that he'll wear,
 Embroidered by his bride !
 Admire his burnished helmet's glare,
 O'ershadowed by the dark horsehair
 That waves in jet folds wide !

The gipsy (spiteful wench !) foretold,
With a voice like a viper hissing
(Though I had crossed her palm with gold),
That from the ranks a spirit bold
Would be to-day found missing.

But I have prayed so much, I trust
Her words may prove untrue ;
Though in a tomb the hag accurst
Whispered : " Prepare thee for the worst ! "
Whilst the lamp burnt ghastly blue.

Her evil spells shall not prevent.

Hark ! I can hear the drums !
And ladies fair from silken tent
Press forth, and every eye is bent
On the cavalcade that comes !
The king dividing on both flanks,
The queen the pageantry ;
The knights they tread, their armour clanks,
The rich-robed barons lead the ranks—
The pink of gallantry !

The towers of gold the priests admire :
The heralds on white steeds ;
The noble pride decks their attire,
Worn in remembrance of some sire
Famed for heroic deeds.

March by the Paynim's dark divan,
The Templars next advance ;
Then the tall halberds of Lausanne,
Foremost to stand in battle van
Against the foes of France.

Now hail the duke, with radiant brow,
Girt with his cavaliers ;
Round his triumphant banner bow
Those of his foe. Look, sisters, now !
Here come the cymbaleers !

She spoke—with searching eye surveyed
 Her ranks—then, pale, aghast,
 Sunk in the crowd! Death came in aid—
 'Twas meet to that loving maid—
The cymbalers had passed!

'FATHER PROUT' (FRANK S. HANCOCK).

THE GIANT.

COMES, let to my tale if you will. In Gaul was his birth-
 place
 Decent to him but a brook, my ancestor crossed it in
 the mid
 reaching his limbs in the snow, my mother gave strength to her
 infant,
 While my father hung up three bear-skins over my cot.

Altho' he is changed since then—for now, like a monarch of winter,
 Surely his snow white locks conceal the depth of his wrinkles;
 Surely his strength from the earth to test up to the roots a
 young sapling,
 Which may serve as a staff to support his tottering frame.

But now in his place I possess his javelin, his bow, and his strong
 bow,
 I have his flocks and his herds, and to him I am a worthy successor,
 For when I stand in the valley, I rest my head on his hands,
 And when I breathe from afar, I can bend the bow of his bow.

While I was still but a youth, on the Alps I could shave rocks
 asunder,
 Making a way for my self, while on high my head like a mountain
 Pierced through the clouds, and often spying the flight of the
 eagles
 Up in the heavens above, in my hands would as captive enthral
 them

Gladly I fought with the storm at its height, while the breath of
 my nostrils
 Overpowered the wind, and stopped the flash of the lightning ;
 Chasing before me with joy some whale in the depth of the
 ocean,
 Lo, the look of mine eyes its immensity stirred like a tempest.

I rambled and followed the chase with a certainty none could
 escape from,
 Whether the shark in the sea, or the hawk flying high in the
 heavens ;
 If I encountered a bear I would hug him to death without blood-
 shed,
 And as they bit me would break the teeth of the lynx and the
 wild cat.

But I have ceased to enjoy, or to follow the games of my boy-
 hood.
 War is my passion now, and its grim surroundings delight me.
 Shrieks and weeping, and wailing to me are beautiful music,
 Soldiers' cries of alarm are the pleasantest means of awaking.

Covered with dust and with blood, while the turbulent rush of the
 storm
 Hurrying and thundering along, carries all in a whirlwind before
 it.

I follow on its course, and then, like a bird of ill omen,
 Bury myself beneath the wave of those roaring battalions.
 Standing aloft, like a reaper who mows down the full-ripened
 harvest,
 Standing alone, you may see me surrounded by death and destruc-
 tion,
 Crushing all foes who oppose me, with shout and with blows from
 my right arm,

Stronger far than a club cut out from an oak of the forest.

Naked I always march, for I mock at those soldiers in armour,
 Fitted only for camps, who quail at my valour to my hant :

Nought do I carry in battle except my stout, well-seasoned ash
pike,

Nought do I wear but a helm you might draw with ten yoke of
oxen.

Needless a fort to besiege with ladders and engines of warfare,
Since I can easily break the links in the chain of the drawbridge.
Nor is the brazen ram wanted, since I can, by heading against
them,

Level the walls with the dust, and fill up the towers with their
fragments.

But when my last hour is come, and I must follow my fellows,
Comrades, from ravenous birds I pray you to save my poor remains,
And, midst the mountains sublime, which lift up their summits to
heaven,

Chose out a spot where the stranger may say: "He is worthily
buried!"

CHARLES MATTHEW, M.A.

THE BALLAD OF THE NUN.

COME you whose eager eyes grow bright

At lays of legendary lore,

And I will sing the doleful tale

Of Dona Padilla del Flor.

She came from Alanje, on whose hills

The merry children sport and play,

And from the hedges pluck the flowers,

And gambol all the live-long day.

Girls, your red aprons hide away;

The bull will pass this road to-day.

In fair Granada and Seville

Are maidens found, both bright and gay,

Who to the whispered tale of love

Will gladly listen night and day;

And wander in the dewy eve
 With many a stalwart cavalier ;
 And give the kiss and fond embrace,
 When the sweet tale of love they hear.

Girls, your red aprons, etc.

But tales of love could never charm
 The fair Padilla's listening ear,
 No brighter eye than hers was seen,
 And yet she shunned each cavalier
 Who passed the hours of night away
 Beneath the poplar's grateful shade,
 And well knew how to gain the heart
 Of many a listening Spanish maid.

Girls, your red aprons, etc.

Nothing could touch her cruel heart ;
 No tender cares or stories gay
 Could draw a smile from those soft lips,
 Nor from her eyes an answering ray
 To the laughing lords and cavaliers
 Who sought her with eager looks each day,
 And all removed the wayward fair
 From the tenor of her way.

Girls, your red aprons, etc.

At last she took the fatal vows
 In gray Toledo's sculptured fane,
 And left the world so gay and fair,
 And severed every earthly chain ;
 As if the Church claimed her of right,
 Although her looks gave no one pain.
 All wept that fair Padilla's face
 Would ne'er be seen on earth again.

Girls, your red aprons, etc.

PART II.

She murmured : " Afar from the world
 I can live and can pray for you all ;
 What a boon and what perfect repose,
 On my knees at His altar to fall,
 To sing every day to His praise,
 With kind angels to guard me from ill,
 And to drive those bad spirits away,
 Who are ever opposed to His will."

Girls, your red spears, etc.

But she scarce had retired from the world,
 When Love slyly stole to her heart,
 For a brigand of fearful renown,
 Made her know the first pang of Love's pain,
 For a brigand will sometimes succeed,
 Where the most polished gallant would fail,
 And vainly she strove with her love,
 Nor were vigils and prayers of avail.

Girls, your red spears, etc.

He was rude and uncouth in his ways,
 No glove masked those fingers of steel,
 But Love's a hard riddle to solve,
 Ah ! who can its secrets reveal ?
 The hind will abandon the plow,
 To follow the boar to his lair,
 And filled with a love for this wretch,
 Was the heart of Padilla the fair.

Girls, your red spears, etc.

Disguised in the hermit's dark robe,
 Or with cross of the Templar on breast,
 The brigand would steal to the gates
 Of that haven of sanctified rest.

By skill and by cunning combined,
 They met to exchange the fond kiss,
 When no one their secret might guess,
 Or witness their moments of bliss

Girls, your red aprons, etc

The maid in her frenzy of love
 Would dare, so the chronicles tell,
 To meet at Veronica's feet
 This brigand, the servant of hell,
 At the hour when the black ravens croak,
 And in gloomy sepulchral land,
 Spread their pinions in flight, like a cloud,
 And hover above the dark land

Girls, your red aprons, etc

As I watched Padilla, one night,
 Forgetting the vows she had made,
 Would have yielded to Satan's dark wiles,
 At the hour when the dim tapers flick,
 In the church where she'd taken her vows,
 The saint to the demon gave way,
 As the shadows of night disappeared
 With the first pallid dawn of the day

Girls, your red aprons, etc

On an evening appointed for love,
 Padilla crept down to the nave,
 And called on the name of the wretch
 Who had made her of Satan a slave.
 But instead of his voice it was thunder
 That burst on her terrified ear
 For the vengeance of heaven had come,
 And stern retribution was near

Girls, your red aprons, etc

And sadly the shepherd now tells
Of the wrath of the Spirit Divine,
As he points to the mouldering walls
Which the close creeping ivy entwines,
And to two ruined towers, where the sheep
Are gratefully cropping the grass,
And he crosses himself as he tells
How the whole sad event came to pass.
Girls, your red aprons, etc.
And when night hovers o'er the old hall,
And darkens its wide-gaping arch,
Those towers into vast giants change,
As the night bird its hoarse voice utters,
And calls to its fellows to come,
And fly in a vast gloomy flock,
O'er hill, and o'er dale, and o'er vale,
O'er pebbly stream and dale,
Girls, your red aprons, etc.
And at midnight a nun with a light
Creeps stealthily out of her cell,
And calls, as she steals round the wall,
On the name of the man she loved,
Then another grim phantom appears,
And vainly appears to entreat,
Iron collars are fixed on their necks,
And fetters embarrass their feet,
Girls, your red aprons, etc.
The quivering flame of the lamp,
Comes and goes with a dim light,
Now hiding beneath some old chair,
Now moving to left, then to right,
It shines on the top of a tower,
Then trembles behind an old gate,
And ever within its faint rays
A wan spectral crowd seems to wait.
Girls, your red aprons, etc.

To meet in one long, fond embrace,
The spectres endeavour again,
A sheet of fire seems to enwrap them,
And all their attempts are in vain
They stagger o'er graves of the good
Which the hallowed precincts surround,
Till at last, at the foot of a stair,
These agonised spirits are found

Girls, your red aprons, etc.

But the staircase is ever unreal,
And mocks the attempts that they make,
Beneath their feet the steps vanish away,
Or suddenly shatter and break,
How separate still do they roam,
How, spite of all effort, can they
Ascend or descend the charmed stairs,
How they appear, and then crumble away

Girls, your red aprons, etc.

How full of fear and dismay,
How they ring out through the night,
How their arms wildly spread out before,
How they grope to the left and the right
Till the magical staircase again

Mock every effort they make,
How beneath their light tread
The stones seem to quiver and shake

Girls, your red aprons, etc.

How the cold rain in torrents pours down,
How it rattles the frail lattice pane,
How the wind echoes through the damp vaults,
How it howls beneath the old lane,
And a peal from the belfry rings out,

Not the work of a mortal man's hand,
And sighing and hideous laughs

Are heard from a grim demon band

Girls, your red aprons, etc.

Then the voice of a man and a woman
 Ring out through the darkness of night,
 ' Ah, when will our punishment end?
 Ah, when will our burthen grow light?
 But eternity comes to no end,
 And never away will it pass;
 For the clock of old time has no hand,
 And never reverses the glass.
 Girls, your red aprons, etc.

Then torments, alas! never cease,
 For each night comes a new trial,
 That with eagerness seeks a victim,
 And follows in vain on its trail.
 And still they toil on till the night
 Is lost in the morning's bright dawn,
 When the flood of the sun's golden rays
 Beats down on the dim tapestry.
 Girls, your red aprons, etc.

And the traveller who changes his road,
 This cursed spot in the dark he
 Asks in vain, as he crosses the road,
 When will heaven's just wrath be
 And a fiery-tongued serpent
 Which upon some old tree
 The names of the two guilty ones,
 Who are doom'd to this unending
 Girls, your red aprons, etc.

That holy man Saint Ildefonso,
 To save some fair soul at this hour,
 Commanded this legend be told,
 In each church in the land,
 And by priest and by monk the tale
 Is repeated to this very day,
 As a warning to every young maid,
 How Padilla, the sweet, went astray.
 Girls, your red aprons, etc.

GILBERT CAMPBELL.

THE SONG OF THE ROVER

We're still five score of Christian households
 In shambles in our hold,
 And eighty men of noble birth,
 And eighty girls with locks of gold
 And eighty hardy scourers of the sea,
 With hearts so brave and strong
 And eighty oarsmen staunch and true
 Will speed our barque along

We make a convent's rugged walls
 And stain its fairest flower,
 And the ladies of our oars' light splash,
 The chambered in her bower
 She had no time for prayer or cry,
 Our grasp was firm and strong
 And eighty oarsmen staunch and true
 Will speed our prize along

Alas, poor one, do not struggle so,
 The breeze is blowing fair,
 And change a dull old prison house
 For halls of beauty rare.

The Sultan loves the fresh young charms
 That all to you belong,
 And eighty oarsmen staunch and true
 Will bear our prize along

And to her cell she strove to fly,
 And called us slaves of hell,
 It may be true, but we can swear,
 We serve our master well

In spite of prayers we bore her off,
 A merry laughing throng,
 And eighty oarsmen staunch and true
 Will speed her swift along.

She I feel the furor for her tears,
 As dew betokens the flower,
 And many a purse our lad will give
 To place her in his bower.
 No more for her the convent life,
 No more the nuns' soft song,
 As eighty carmen stanneth and trims
 We speed our barges along.

CHAS. B. CARROLL.

PHANTOMS.

i.

How many maidens fair, alas! I've seen
 Fade and die, for Death must have his own,
 Beneath the circling scythe the grass has grown,
 And happy flowers floating by serene,
 Tread on the flowers with which the earth is strown.
 Ducks gliding through the vales must disappear,
 The lightning flash hath but a moment's glare,
 And April in the spring-time of the year,
 Must mar the apple trees with frost and snow,
 And nip their tender buds with cold and rain.
 So 'tis it is! 'Tis wan night doth bring the end,
 At length we wake in paradise no more,
 Though crowls fill every space in our array,
 At the great feast, soon many a seat is bare,
 And empty seats are left there and yonder.

ii.

In many forms I've seen them die! One white
 And rose, one traced in thought on heavenly things,
 One feebly dimpled like snowdrop in the night,
 And like the breaking bough when bird takes flight,
 From her rent body so her soul took wings.

And one with frenzied glance and fancies strange
 Muttering in whispered tones an unknown name,
 One like the notes of music sweet did chime,
 Another smiled as though her eye did range
 From earth to heaven, and thus her angel came
 Fair, fragile flowers that die as soon as spring
 Delicate whose cradle is the ocean's swell,
 Pale as heaven directed on Aurora's wing
 Of life's short day, in whom all virtues dwell,
 In Spring's, not Autumn's time, you years you tell
 But in that while in the dark I dreaming stray,
 They hear me and they hear me and reply
 In white radiance in the twilight grey,
 Through a veil of leafy trees in fading day
 The glancing of the immortal eye
 That with mine kinship with my earth bound soul
 The barriers of two worlds are overthrown
 And I, I wear their aureole,
 And reach the heavenly goal,
 And there we have human passions known
 That come are fashioned to my framed mind,
 And when they come and hear them speak
 Their airy figures wind,
 And leave no trace behind,
 When I remembrance seek.

III.

One day, I remember, 'twas a Spanish maid,
 A Spanish maid with no impious raptures heaved,
 Dark eyes, the southern sun's soft languor played
 With smiles when nimbus bright displayed,
 With Africa's golden summers interweaved.
 No, not of love she died, for her young heart
 Knew not as yet of either love or woe;
 Unpierced that tender breast by Cupid's dart;
 While all men cried, "Sweet maid, how fair thou art"
 None ever spake it her in accents low

What caused her death? Balls, dances, dazzling balls—

They filled her soul with ecstasy and joy;
In dream and thought she glides through gilded halls,
The rhythmic music her whole soul enthralls,
And revels even her sleeping thoughts employ.

Then gaudy baubles,—jewels, trinkets, rings,
Ribbons, and watered silks of many a shade,
Tissues as airy as an insect's wings,
Wreaths, bouquets, sashes, and a thousand things,
Might please a child when to her vision brought.

The ball begins. She with her sisters smiles,
And opes her fan within her dainty hands,
And then mid cushions soft a time beguiles,
As floats the joyous music from the bands,
Filling her bounding heart with joy the while.

She was all joy and gladness and delight,
She brightened our sad lot like ray of light,
For not at foolish dances are all hearts light,
And oft is silken dress with cypress slight,
And weary feet tire ere the ball is done.

But she, borne round and round in merry dance,
Again returned in breathless, wild delight,
The soft sweet music did her soul entice,
Where, gems and flowers, and all the wealth of France,
Mingled with noise of feet and tapers bright.

O joy! to leap unheeding in the throng,
To feel in mazy dance the senses strong,
To know not if on clouds you float along,
Or to the earth or to the air belong,
Revolving under foot or overhead.

When through the windows peered the light of dawn
One morn, she waited there her cloak to find;
She shivering shook, while her bare shoulders on
From the chill east a deadly breath hath blown,
With killing blast of a cold bitter wind.

What sorrow on the morrow thou shalt feel
 ' Good-bye to laughter, dress, and dance and play,
 The dreary couch succeeds to songsters' song,
 And fever's hues the rosy charms expel,
 And starry eyes are quenched in sad unrest
 At fifteen dead! So lovely, happy, young!
 Long shall her cherished memory make us sigh
 Gone! from her frantic mother rudely wrenched
 By grasp of Death from the gay crowd unloving,
 And in cold coffin hid from mortal eye
 Buried all unknowing for the dance of Death
 No easier was the monster her to win
 The flower which graced her brow with latest bloom
 Her yesterday, on coffin blossometh,
 And slowly fades the dark, dank tomb within
 No more to mother! that on such frail rest
 Her heart with a load of love unbending lay
 On to her childhood did'st thou sorrow fall
 Her mother's bed, to watch, and nurse, and pray
 And kiss each foolish, trickling tear away
 And all for this! Ah, if the lovely maid
 Now rotted, food for worms (appalling thought!)
 In the same grave where sadly she was laid
 Beset by some dread magician's aid,
 Where spirits gather in enchanted spot
 A ghastly skeleton with horrid grin
 Attends her wants in her dear mother's stead,
 And prints an icy kiss on bloodless skin,
 And twines her long, lean hands her hair with
 The dark, long, waving tresses of her head
 Then to the goblin dance she leads the way,
 Where ghosts whirl round and round in maddening maze
 The moon looks down with an astonished eye,
 And lunar rainbow in the cloudland grey
 Sheds o'er the silent sky a mystic blaze

IV.

O maidens, whom such festive fêtes decoy !

Ponder the story of this Spanish maid.

With eager heart, impatient for the joy

Benefit of every pleasure, every toy,

Behold youth, beauty, life itself decays !

From ball to ball the fated child was led,

As of the bouquet all the hues she tried.

Her fair young life, alas ! how swiftly sped

Like poor Ophelia by the river's bed.

While gathering life's brightest flowers she died.

Barth. Schlegel.

THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.

When huge Vesuvius in its torment long

Threatening has growled its cavernous jaws among

When its hot lava, like the bubbling wine

Foaming doth all its monstrous edge incarnadine

Then is alarm in Naples.

With thunders

Wanton and wild her weeping thousands roar

Convulsive grasp the ground, its rage to sore

Implore the angry Mount—in vain implore !

For lo ! a column tow'ring more and more

Of smoke and ashes from the burning core

Shoots like a vulture's neck reared from its airy nest.

Sudden a flash, and from th' enormous den

Th' eruption's lurid mass bursts forth again

Bounding in frantic ecstasy. Ah ! then

Farewell to Grecian fount and Tuscan lane !

Sails in the bay imbibe the purpling stain,

The while the lava in profusion wide

Flings o'er the mountain's neck its showery locks untied.

It comes—it comes! that lava deep and high
 That dower which fertilises fields, and
 New moles upon the waters, bay and beach
 Broad sea and clustered isles, one terror thrills
 As roll the red inexorable rills,
 While Naples trembles in her palaces,
 More helpless than the leaves when tempests shal—

Frederick's shade, streets in ashes lost,
 Dwellings devoured and vomited again
 How agonised neighbour-rod, bewildered, t—sel,
 The eastern bell and the burning plume,
 While—oh the giant steeples as they reel,
 How—oh their own tocsin peal

How the wreck of cities, and the pile
 Of the valleys and the isles full low,
 How the walls, the tumult waste and wild
 Of the land; 'mid all this work of woe
 Though close its crater glow
 Heaven wills that it should be
 There kneels an aged priest in prayer

THESE

GASTIBELZA

Gastibelza, the man with the carbine,
 Sang in this wise:
 "Hark one of you here known Don Sabine
 With the gentle eyes?
 Ay, dance and sing! For the night draws nigh
 O'er hill and lea.
 —The wind that wafts o'er yon mountain high
 Will madden me!

"Hath one of you here known Doña Sabine,
To me so dear?

Her mother, the old, old Maugrabine,

Erst made one fear,
For each night from the haunted caverns about my
With an owl's glee.

—*The wind that wails o'er yon mountain ridge
Will madden me!*

"Ay, dance ye and sing! The hour's delight
One needs must use.

How young she was, and those eyes how bright
Which made one muse.—

To this old man whom a child leads by
A com cast ye!

—*The wind that wails o'er yon mountain ridge
Will madden me!*

"In sooth the queen for envy had wept,
Had she seen her, alack!

As o'er Toledo's bridge she light-trips
In a corset black.

A chaplet of beads that charmed one's sight
From her neck hung free.

—*The wind that wails o'er yon mountain ridge
Will madden me!*

"The King, bedazed with her loveliness,
Bespake one there:

"For one only smile, for one only kiss
One tress of her hair,

I would give my Spain and gold realms that lie
O'er yonder sea!"

—*The wind that wails o'er yon mountain ridge
Will madden me!*

"I know not well if I loved this sweet,
But well I know,

If but one glance of her soul might greet
My soul, I would go

On the galleys to toil, on the galleys to die,
Right cheerfully.

—*The wind that wails o'er yon mountain high
Will madden me!*

"One summer morn when all heaven was bright,
All earth was gay,
The old woman with her sister for dear delight,
The wret must stray.

The foot of her comrade I there did spy,
I saw her knee.

—*The wind that wails o'er yon mountain high
Will madden me!*

When thou of me, a poor shepherd, was seen
This gloomy May,

When Cleopatra the queen
They say,

When the great Emperor of Germany,
I saw to be

—*The wind that wails o'er yon mountain high
Will madden me!*

And sing—lo, the night doth fall!
For a while

She gave me beauty, her soul, her all,
Her angel-smile.

But now of gold to the Count hath sold—
He has in me.

—*The wind that wails o'er yon mountain high
Will madden me!*

But this hour for a moment suffer me rest,—
Will weary each limb.

With this Count then fled this loveliest—
Alas! with him!

By the road that leads . . . but I knew not, I,
Where then fled she.

—*The wind that wails o'er yon mountain high
Will madden me!*

" I saw her pass at the death of day,
And all was night.

And now I wander and weary alway,
In pain's despite.

My soul's on quest ; my dagger's put by,
Ne'er used to be.

— *The wind that wails o'er yon mountain's height
Has maddened me !*"

N. P. Rogers.

BOAZ SLUMBERING.

Boaz lay slumbering, with fatigue o'ercome,
On his threshing-floor he'd winnowed all the day.
Then, in his wonted place, at eve's last hour,
Had laid him down nigh bushels of bright wheat.

This aged sire owned fields of barley and of wheat,
Though rich, his soul inclined to meekness,
No filth defiled the water of his mill,
No fire of hell glowed in his forge.

White was his beard and silver-grey his hair,
With greed nor envy were his shining eyes,
If nigh him some poor back-bowed peasant came,
" Take heed to let the full ears fall," he said.

Clad in white linen and pure probity,
This holy man walked far from crooked ways,
And free and fair, like fountains, all his life,
His sacks of grain for the poor flowed eternally.

A faithful friend, a lord compassionate,
Large-soul'd was Boaz, and he found in truth
In woman's eye more favour than finds youth ;
If youth be fair, then honoured age is great.

The old man, who reverts to life's source bright,
 Leaves changeful days to enter days serene ;
 In youth's bold blithesome eyes one seeth burn
 Flame ; but in eyes of an old man glows clear light.

* * * * *

So Boaz through the night sleeps midst his own,
 Above the stooks, which like heaped ruins loom,
 The millstones make strange groups in the gloom,
 And of this came to pass in days long gone.

The house of Israel had a judge for lord ;
 And where a man wandered with his tent, afraid
 To any track of giant-feet appeared,
 That would yet with Heaven's flood in wrath outpour'd.

* * * * *

As Boaz lay as Judith slumbering,
 Beneath the leaves in trance profound,
 He saw the heaven's gate, half-opened without sound,
 And a wondrous dream spread wing.

As Boaz slumber Boaz saw a tree
 Whose boughs his bosom stretched to the blue sky ;
 And it outstretched its boughs, and far on high
 Its leaves its bays sang joyously

Then Boaz with the hushed soul-voice
 Said, " How from my bosom may such spring ?
 How many years are my years ; no wife to bring
 A child, in whom I might rejoice.

How many years since she with whom I slept
 Gave me, O Lord, my bosom for thine own !
 And at this hour again are we nigh grown
 Old, for ere too in death Thou wilt accept.

" A race from such stem sprung ! How can that be ?
 How from my seed may a man-child be born ;
 In youth right joyous truly is the morn ;
 Day from night blossoms like bright victory !

"But, old, one trembles like a tree in frost.

Widowed am I, O God! and darksome even

Weights on me, and toward the grave my soul bereaven
Bows low, as toward the water an ox abides."

Thus Boaz murmured in a dream, *soon waking*—

Godward upturning eyes sleep sealed his lids.

The cedar at its root feels not a thing,

And he felt not a woman at his feet!

* * *

For while he slumbered, Ruth, a Moabitess,

At Boaz' feet lay couched with bosom bare,

Hoping she knew not what mysterious bloom

Would bloom when shone awaking's radiant dawn.

Boaz knew not that there a woman lay,

And Ruth knew not what thing God willed.

Fresh perfume shed from asphodel and hyacinth

O'er Galgala soft night-air wafted lay.

Nuptial the gloom, august, soul-withdrawing,

Above, bright angels hovered visionless;

For through the midnight one soft shadow came

Some gliding silvery streak which *was* a name.

The breath of Boaz in his slumber deep

Mingled with muffled hum of more than mortal

That month it was when earth soft-scented lay

Heaven, for tall lilies bloom on the hill-side.

Ruth mused and Boaz dreamed; *blissful* the night

Vaguely the sheep-bells tinkled from the hills.

A vast love streamed from heaven, *and* the stars

'Twas the calm hour when parched flowers *drank*

In Ur and Jermadeth all was still;

Bright stars thick-studded holy hushful heaven;

Amidst these blooms the moon-scythe dropt at even

Shone in the west; and, 'neath her shadowy veil,

The old man, who reverts to life's source bright,
 Leaves changeful days to enter days eterne ;
 In youth's bold blithesome eyes one seeth burn
 Flaming ; but in eyes of an old man glows clear light.

* * *

As the old man the night sleeps midst his own,
 His eyes are stark, which like heaped ruins loom,
 And the old man's strange groups in the gloom,
 As if he were to pass in days long gone.
 He had no lord, had a judge for lord ;
 The old man wandered with his tent, afraid
 Of the giant-feet that appeared,
 And with Heaven's flood in wrath outpoured.

* * *

As the old man Judith alumbering,
 As the old man the leaves in trance profound ;
 As the old man heaven's gate, half-opened without sound,
 As the old man a wondrous dream spread wing.

As the old man Boas saw a tree
 As the old man his bosom stretched to the blue sky ;
 As the old man changed its boughs, and far on high
 As the old man sang joyously

As the old man Boas with the hushed soul-voice
 As the old man How from my bosom may such spring ?
 As the old man for my years ; no wife to bring
 As the old man from whom I might rejoice.

As the old man she with whom I slept
 As the old man my bosom for thine own !
 As the old man again are we nigh grown
 As the old man in death Thou wilt accept.

As the old man such stem sprung ! How can that be ?
 As the old man from my seed may a man-child be born ?
 As the old man right joyous truly is the morn ;
 As the old man Day from night blossoms like bright victory !

" But, old, one trembles like a tree in frost.
 Widowed am I, O God ! and darksome even
 Weighs on me, and toward the grave my soul is driven
 Bows low, as toward the water and the grave-stone.
 Thus Boaz murmured in a dream, and then he fell,
 Godward upturning eyes sleep-entranced and dim,
 The cedar at its root feels not a falling leaf,
 And he felt not a woman at his feet or limb.

* * *

For while he slumbered, Ruth, a Palestinian maid,
 At Boaz' feet lay couched with her hands clasped,
 Hoping she knew not what beyond her lot was laid,
 Would bloom when shone a waking dawn on Galilee.
 Boaz knew not that there a woman lay so near,
 And Ruth knew not what thing her presence meant,
 Fresh perfume shed from her sweet hair
 O'er Galgala soft night-air wafted sent.
 Nuptial the gloom, august, soul-enthralled,
 Above, bright angels hovered round the bed,
 For through the midnight one shone
 Some gliding silvery streak which shone and fled.

The breath of Boaz in his slumber sweetly lay,
 Mingled with muffled hum of insect life,
 That month it was when earth and air were all arrayed
 Heaven, for tall lilies bloom on the hill-side,
 Ruth mused and Boaz dreamed a dream of love and bliss,
 Vaguely the sheep-bells tinkled in the air,
 A vast love streamed from heaven's vaulted dome,
 'Twas the calm hour when parted lovers meet.

In Ur and Jerimadeth all was still,
 Bright stars thick-studded holy limpid heaven,
 Amidst these blooms the moon serene dropped at even
 Shone in the west ; and, 'neath her shadowy veil,

Ruth motionless, half-opened drowsy eyes :
 "Wondering what God, what heavenly harvester
 Had left this golden sickle seen of her
 Upon the starry fields of the still skies.

N. R. TYERMAN.

CONSCIENCE.

There were children, clothed in skins of brutes,
 Running through the storm,
 As night fell
 On a great mountain in a great plain,
 And his wife and his sons, out of breath,
 Lay down on the earth and sleep."
 He dreamed at the mountain foot.
 In that funereal heaven
 A great Eye, in the night
 Stared at him in the gloom.
 He awoke, and tremblingly woke up
 His wife and his sons, and his tired wife,
 In the gloom and darkness. Thirty days
 They did not sleep, nor looked behind ;
 Trembling, shaking at each sound ;
 Till they had attained the strand
 Of the world that which since was Asshur.
 He said, "for this place is secure ;
 For this is the world's end."
 Then, when, lo! in the sad sky,
 On the horizon's verge,
 A great light shone as in an ague fit.
 He and his wife and his watchful sons,
 Stared at their sire.
 He said to them that dwell
 "Spread here the curtain of thy tent,"
 And they spread wide the floating canvas roof,
 And made it fast and fixed it down with lead.
 "You are bought now," said Zillah then, fair child,
 The daughter of his eldest, sweet as day.

But Cain replied, "That Eye—I see it still."
 And Jubal cried (the father of all those
 That handle harp and organ): "I will build
 A sanctuary;" and he made a wall of brass
 And set his sire behind it. : But Cain answered
 "That Eye is glaring at me ever."
 "Then must we make a circle vast of towers
 So terrible that nothing dare draw near;
 Build we a city with a citadel;
 Build we a city high and close it fast."
 Then Tubal Cain (instructor of all those
 That work in brass and iron) built a tower
 Enormous, superhuman. While he wrought
 His fiery brothers from the plain around
 Hunted the sons of Enoch and of Seth;
 They plucked the eyes out of whose eyes
 And hurled at even arrows to the stone.
 They set strong granite for the corner wall,
 And every block was clamped with iron bands.
 It seemed a city made for hell. Its towers
 With their huge masses made night in the land.
 The walls were thick as mountains. On the door
 They graved: "Let not God enter here."
 And having finished to cement and burn
 In a stone tower, they set him in the midst
 To him, still dark and haggard, "Oh, my eye
 Is the Eye gone?" quoth Zillah trembling;
 But Cain replied: "Nay, it is even there."
 Then added: "I will live beneath the earth
 As a lone man within his sepulchre.
 I will see nothing; will be seen of none."
 They digged a trench, and Cain said: "The stone,
 As he went down alone into the vault;
 But when he sat, so ghost-like, in his chair,
 And they had closed the dungeon o'er his head,
 The Eye was in the tomb and fixed on Cain.

Dublin University Magazine.

THE PARRICIDE.

King Canute died. Encoffined he was laid.
 Of Aarhus came the Bishop prayers to say,
 And sang a hymn upon his tomb, and held
 That Canute was a saint—Canute the Great,
 That from his memory breathed celestial perfume,
 And that therefore him, they the priests, in glory,
 Seated at God's right hand, a prophet crowned.

Evening came

And turned the organ in the holy place,
 And the organ, leaning from the temple doors,
 Kept him lying in peace. Then he arose,
 He opened his enemy eyes, and grasped his sword,
 And he went forth fully. The massy walls
 He saw like the phantom like a mist.
 He saw where Aarhus, Altona,
 And the great vast domes and shadowy towers
 Were all in water. Over this he went
 And the great darkness listened for his foot
 And he felt it but a dream.
 He went to Mount Savo went he, gnawed by time,
 And the mountain buffeted of storms,
 And the huge mantle of deep snow
 Was like a winding sheet." The mountain knew him,
 And he went on, and with his sword Canute
 Cut through the thick white snow, enough to make
 The path he desired, and then he cried,
 "O thou great death is dumb, but tell me thou
 The way to that." More deep each dread ravine
 And deeper hollow yawned, and sadly thus
 Answered that hear associate of the clouds :
 "I cannot, I know not, I am always here."
 Canute departed, and with head erect,
 All white and ghastly in his robe of snow,
 Went forth into great silence and great night

By Iceland and Norway. After him
 Gloom swallowed up the universe. He stood
 A sovran kingdomless, a lonely ghost
 Confronted with Immensity. He saw
 The awful Infinite, at whose portal pale
 Lightning sinks dying; Darkness, shrouded
 Whose joints are nights, and utter darkness
 Moving confusedly in the horrible dark
 Inscrutable and blind. No star was there,
 Yet something like a haggard gleam; nor sound
 But the dull tide of Darkness, and her dumb
 And fearful shudder. "Tis the tomb," he said,
 "God is beyond!" Three steps he took, then stood.
 'Twas deathly as the grave, and not a voice
 Responded, nor came any breath to sway
 The snowy mantle, with unsullied white
 Emboldening the spectral wanderer.
 Sudden he marked how, like a gloomy star,
 A spot grew broad upon his livid robe;
 Slowly it widened, raying darkness forth;
 And Canute proved it with his spectral hand.
 It was a drop of blood.

But he saw nothing; space was black—no sound.
 "Forward," said Canute, raising his proud head.
 There fell a second stain beside the first.
 Then it grew larger, and the Cimbric chief
 Stared at the thick vague darkness, and saw nothing
 Still as a bloodhound follows on his track.
 Sad he went on. There fell a third red stain
 On the white winding-sheet. He had never had;
 Howbeit Canute forward went no more,
 But turned on that side where the sword arm hangs
 A drop of blood, as if athwart a dream,
 Fell on the shroud, and reddened his right hand.

Then, as in reading one turns back a page,
A sudden time he changed his course, and turned
To the dir left. There fell a drop of blood.
Canute drew back, trembling to be alone,
And wished he had not left his burial couch.
But when a third drop fell again, he stopped,
Shook his pale head, and tried to make a prayer.
The prayer died, and the prayer died away
In silence. Darkly he moved on,
His face a ghastly hesitating, white,
And when he went a drop of blood
Fell from the darkness broke away,
Revealing that awful whiteness. He beheld
The poplar in the wind,
The grave-stone darker and more numerous :
He went, and another, and another.
He lifted up that funeral gloom,
He went to the folds of that white sheet,
And there a drop of blood. He went, and went,
And there that unfathomable vault
Drooped upon him drop by drop,
Without noise, as though
Some night-gibbeted corpse.
What were those formidable tears ?
Tears of the good, toward Heaven, of the good
Tears of the wild sea of night,
Tears that did not flow, Canute went on,
And he came to a closed door,
Which beneath showed a mysterious light.
He fell down upon his winding-sheet,
And there was the great place, the sacred place,
That was a portion of the light of God,
And from behind that door Hosannas rang.
The winding-sheet was red, and Canute stopped.
Thus is why Canute from the light of day
Drawn ever back, and hath not dared appear
Before the Judge whose face is as the sun.

This is why still remaineth the dark king
 Out in the night, and never having power
 To bring his robe back to its first pure colour,
 But feeling at each step a blood-drop fall,
 Wanders eternally 'neath the vast black hall.

Dublin University Magazine.

THE POOR.

'Tis night—within the close shut cabin door
 The room is wrapt in shade, save where there are
 Some twilight rays, that creep along the floor
 And show the fisher's nets upon the wall.

In the dim corner, from the oaken chest
 A few white dishes glimmer; through the door
 Stands a tall bed with dusky curtains drawn,
 And a rough mattress at its side is laid.

Five children on the long low mattress lie,
 A nest of little souls, it heaves with dream;
 In the high chimney the last embers die,
 And redden the dark roof with crimson gleam.

The mother kneels and thinks, and, pale and lone,
 She prays alone, hearing the billows roar;
 While the wild winds, to rocks, to mountains borne,
 The ominous old ocean sobs without.

Poor wives of fishers! Ah! 'tis sad to say,
 Our sons, our husbands, all that we love best,
 Our hearts, our souls, are on those waves away,
 Those ravening wolves that know not rest, nor rest.

Think how they sport with these beloved forms
 And how the clarion-blowing wind rattles
 Above their heads the tresses of the storm!
 Perchance even now the child, the husband dies;

For we can never tell where they may be
 Who, to make head against the tide and gale,
 Between them and the starless, soundless sea
 Have but one bit of plank, with one poor sail.
 Tremble lest— We seek the pebbly shore,
 Lay on the rising billows, "Bring them home,"
 And when the waves give their troubled roar
 To the thought that haunts us as we roam?
 And when—her husband is alone,
 Laid out in the black shroud of this bitter night:
 And when, as there is none
 To comfort him, "Were they but old, they might."
 And when, when they, too, are on the main,
 And when, when—"Would they were young again!"
 And when, when—'tis his hour at last:
 And when, when, and see if the day breaks,
 And when, when he be at the mast;
 And when, when, no breath of morning wakes;
 And when, when the dark water lies;
 And when, when, how black is rain at morn!
 And when, when, and the young dawn cries,
 And when, when, a baby leaping to be born.
 And when, when eyes that peer and watch
 And when, when, a mouldering dwelling fud,
 And when, when—the thin door shakes—the thatch
 And when, when, the rails is twisted of the wind,
 And when, when, in a swollen rill.
 And when, when, "here doth that widow dwell;
 And when, when, my good man left her ill,
 And when, when, and see if all be well."
 And when, when, she listens; none replies,
 And when, when, "Husbandless, alone,
 And with two children—they have scant supplies.
 Good neighbours!—She sleeps heavy as a stone."

She calls again, she knocks, 'tis silence still;
 No sound, no answer—suddenly the door,
 As if the senseless creature felt some thrill
 Of pity, turn'd, and open lay before.

She enter'd, and her lantern lighted all
 The house, so still but for the rain's fall;
 Through the thin roof the plashing rain fell
 But something terrible is couch'd within.

THE POOR

HALF clothed, dark-featured, motionless lay there
 The once strong mother now devoid of care,
 Dishevell'd picture of dead misery,
 All that the poor leaves after his long day.

The cold and livid arm, already stiff,
 Hung o'er the soak'd straw of her wretched bed;
 The mouth lay open horribly, as if
 The parting soul with a great cry had fled.

That cry of death which startles the dim soul
 Of vast eternity. And, all the while,
 Two little children in one cradle near
 Slept face to face, on each sweet face a smile.

The dying mother o'er them as they lay
 Had cast her gown, and wrapp'd her wretched head;
 Feeling chill death creep up, she willed that they
 Should yet be warm while she was living dead.

Rock'd by their own weight sweetly sleep the twins
 With even breath, and foreheads calm and clear;
 So sound that the last trump might call in vain,
 For being innocent, they have no fear.

Still howls the wind, and over a drop slides
Through the old rafters where the thatch is weak ;
On the dead woman's face it falls, and glides
Like living tears along her hollow cheek.

And the bell whose sounds ever like a bell :
The dead has still, and listens to the strain ;
For ever the sad spirit leaves its shell
The bell seems almost to call it back again.

And the air, the air, the air's dim expanse,
And the pale lip earth to the sunken eye,
And the beauty of thy kindling glance ? "
"Thy beauty, thy sunny breath ? " it makes reply.

And the roses, and primroses in Spring !
And the wine, and for festival and tear :
And the music, make your glasses ring,
And the sea, the ocean drinks each streamlet clear,
And the flowers that delight the flesh,
And the youth, and for children's bloom,
And the love, for love so fair and fresh,
And the dance, there is one goal—the tomb.

And the past so fast away ?
The past has gone within that house of dread ?
The past is beneath her mantle grey ?
The past is in her bed :
The past is in her face, and nervous tread,
The past is in the awful dead ?

The dark sea whetting over the sea's verge,
The dark sea, touching broken chords
The dark sea, thought, while the hoarse surge
The dark sea, consent to her broken words.

" Ah, my poor husband ! we had five before—

As only so much care, so much to find,
For he must work for all. I give him more.

What was that noise ? His step ! Ah, no ! the wind.

"Till it I should be afraid of him I love !

I have done ill — If he should beat me now,
I would not blame him. Did not his dear wife
Not yet, poor man." She sits with hands clasped,

Wailing in her inward grief, nor heeds the roar
Of winds and waves that dash against the shore,
Nor the black cormorant shrieking in the air.

Sudden the door flies open wide, and in there comes

Noisily in the dawn light scarcely yet
And the good fisher, dragging his dory out,
Stands on the threshold, with a joyful shout.

"'Tis thou !" she cries, and eager as a dove

Leaps up and holds her husband in her arms,
Her greeting kisses all his vestments warm.

"'Tis I, good wife !" and his broad forehead glows

How gay his heart, that Janet's love has won.

"What weather was it ?" "Hard." "What time was it ?"

"The sea was like a nest of thieves to-night."

But I embrace thee, and my heart is glad.

"There was a devil in the wind that drove me."

I tore my net, caught nothing, broke my oar,

And once I thought the bark was lost for ever."

What did you all the night long, when I was gone ?

She, trembling in the darkness, answered him

Oh, nought—I sew'd, I watch'd, I wait'd for thee.

The waves were loud as thunders from the shore,

But it is over." Shyly then she said to him

"Our neighbour died last night ; it was a sorrow."

When you were gone. She left her bed for ever

So small, so frail—William and Madeline,

The one just lisps, the other scarcely speaks.

The man looked grave, and in the corner sat

His old fur bonnet, wet with rain and sea,

Muttered awhile, and scratch'd his head ; at last,

"We have five children—this makes seven," said he.

"Already in bad weather we must sleep
 Sometimes without our supper. Now,—Ah, well,
 'Tis not my fault. These accidents are deep;
 'Tis not the good God's will. I cannot tell.

"Come, and let the mother from those scraps,
 As I have done my best! 'Tis hard to read;
 I cannot read, I cannot understand, perhaps,
 As I have done my best, neither work nor need.

"But, alas, my dear, they will be frighten'd sore,
 If you let them hear those they waken thus.
 And, alas, my dear, knocking at our door,
 And, alas, my dear, the children home to us.

"But, alas, my dear, shall they be to ours,
 And, alas, my dear, to climb my knee at even;
 And, alas, my dear, these strangers in our bow'rs,
 And, alas, my dear, will give the God of Heaven.

"But, alas, my dear, I will drink no wine,
 And, alas, my dear, 'Wherefore dost thou linger, dear?
 And, alas, my dear, to move those feet of thine."
 And, alas, my dear, saying, "They are here!"

BP. ALEXANDER.

THE BOY-KING'S PRAYER.

Thou art here, O'er the river and o'er plain,
 Thou art here, O'er the road of our or rein.
 Thou art here, O'er the half solicitude,
 Thou art here, O'er the half to be pursued,
 Thou art here, O'er the brother of his sire
 Thou art here, O'er the path that o'er the path aspire.
 Thou art here, O'er the bridge, at evening's fall,
 Thou art here, O'er the wall by Compostella's wall,
 (Thou art here, O'er the wall that reared those arches tall,)
 Through the dim mist stood out each belfry dome,
 And the boy hailed the paradise of home.

Close to the bridge, set on high stage, they coast
 A Christ of stone, the Virgin at his feet;
 A taper lighted that dear pardoning face,
 More tender in the shade that welcomed thee;
 And the child stayed his horse, and in the glow
 Of the wax taper knelt down at the shrine;
 "O, my good God! O, Mother Mary!"
 He said, "I was the worm beneath thy feet;
 My father's brethren held me in their hands;
 But Thou didst send the Paladin of France,
 O Lord! and show'dst what difference there was
 The good men and the evil; those who love
 And those who love not. I had been a knight
 But Thou, O God! hast saved both the good and the bad;
 I saw Thee in that noble knight's face,
 Pure light, true faith, and honour in his eyes;
 My Father,—and I learnt that mercy was
 Compassionate the weak, and unto all was kind;
 O Lady Mother! O dear Jesus! then
 Bowed at the Cross where Thou didst die;
 I swear to hold the truth that now I know,
 Leal to the loyal, to the traitor stern,
 And ever just and nobly mild to be;
 Meet scholar of that Prince of Chivalry,
 And here Thy shrine bear witness, Father, to me,
 The horse of Roland, hearing the bugle's call,
 His vow, looked round and spoke, 'I will not fail;
 Then on the charger mounted the noble knight,
 And rode into the town, while all the world was wailing."

ON A BARRICADE.

UPON a barricade thrown 'cross the street,
 Where patriot's blood with felon's stains was met,
 Fa'en with grown men, a lad aged twelve, or less;
 'Were you among them—you?' He answered: "Yea."

"Good," said the officer, "when comes your turn,
 You'll be shot too."—The lad sees lightnings burn,—
 Streams of death the wall his comrades one by one:
 Then says to the officer, "First let me run
 And tell my watch home to my mother, sir!"
 "You shall be home?"—"No, I'll come back."—"What fear
 Takes you away?"—"Where do you live?"—"By the well,
 Father."
 "I'll send my watch to tell her me go."
 "Be off, boy," said the officer. "Off went the boy. "Good joke!"
 And then the soldiers laugh outbroke,
 And with the laughing mixed their moan.
 But the laughing ceased, when, paler grown,
 He came back, and breathlessly
 Shouted to the wall with: "Here am I."
 And then the officer said, "Be free!"

Great agony, all this agony,
 When all at once with one blast of hell
 Are blown away all this I know right well,
 That this is a terrible sublime.
 Great agony, despite all crime.
 The mother, the mother, one toward death.
 The mother, the mother, the mother man answereth;
 No, she will not go where others led.
 But she will go where others chose instead
 Of love, of love, of love, freedom, May,
 The mother, the mother, which slain comrades lay!
 Great agony, great imprints her kiss.
 The mother, the mother, then hasten, I wis,
 To the mother, the mother, to win or save,
 The mother, the mother, the mother of the brave;—
 The mother, the mother, the mother ranks been found,
 The mother, the mother, the mother bright-crowned!
 On brass and on stone had been engraven;—
 One of these godlike youths who, 'neath blue heaven,
 Passing some well whereo'er the willow droops,

What time some virgin 'neath her pitcher stoops,
Brimmed for her herds athirst, brings to her eyes
A long, long look of awed yet sweet surprise.

THE EPIC OF THE LION.

A LION in his jaws caught up a child,
Not harming it—and to the woodland sped,
With secret streams and lairs, bore to his den
The beast, as one might cull a flower bud.
Had plucked this bud, not thinking of its fate,
Mumbling its stalk, too proud of life and fate,
A lion's way, roughly compassionate,
Yet truly dismal was the victim's fate.
Thrust in a cave tha' rumbled with his roar,
His food wild herbs, his bed the earthy floor.
He lived, half-dead with daily agony,
It was a rosy boy, son of a king,
A ten-year lad with bright eyes, shining hair,
And save this son his majesty had none.
Had but one girl—two years of age,
The monarch suffered, being old, weak, and
His heir the monster's prey, while the king
In dread both of the beast and king's decay,
Sore terrified were all:—

By road, by stream, by hill, by dale,
That road, who halted, asking, "What is this place?"
They told him, and he spurred straight to the place.
O, such a place! the sunlight entering in
Grew pale and crept, so grim a sight was there,
Where the gaunt Lion on the rock lay prone,
The wood, at this part thick of growth and well,
Barred out the sky with black trunks closely set;
Forest and forester matched wondrous well!

His footfall clanged, flaunted his rose-red feather,
None the more notice took the Beast of either;
Still in his own reflections plunged profound
Theseus a-marching upon that black ground
Of Sisyphus, Ixion, and dire hell,
Saw such a scene, murky and implacable,
But duty whispered "Forward!" and he
Drew out his sword: the Lion at that word
Lifted his head in slow wise, grim, and stern,
The knight said: "Greeting! monster of the den,
In this foul hole thou hast a child in thee,
I search its noisome nooks with glances keen,
But spy him not. That child I seek, and he
Friends are we if thou renderest up the prey;
If not—I too am lion, thou wilt find me
The king his lost son in his arms shall find,
While here thy wicked blood runs red and hot
Before another dawn."

"I fancy not."

Pensive the Lion said.

The Knight stood

Brandished his blade and cried: "Beast of the den,
The Beast was seen to smile—come, let us see
Never make lions smile! Then pass the word
The man and monster, in most dangerous mood
Like warring giants, angry, huge, and bold,
Like tigers crimsoning an Indian wood,
The man with steel, the beast with fang and claw,
Fang against falchion, hide to mail, and mail to fang,
Hurled himself foaming on the foe's breast,
Stout though the Knight, the Lion was the best
And tore that brave breast under his claws,
And striking blow on blow with ponderous paw,
Forced plate and rivet off, until you saw
Through all the armour's cracks the bright blood spurt,
As when clenched fingers make a mulberry squirt;

And piece by piece he stripped the non-shield
Helm, armlets, greaves—gnawed bare the bones and
Scrambling that hero, till he sprawled—his
Breast his shield, all blood, and mud, and me
The Lion feasted :—then it went
Back to its rocky couch and slept content

II.

Next came a herald :

He found out the cave
With grille, gate, and cross—trampling and graving
He entered. There that Knight lay out of hope
More pale : the Lion waking up did gaze,
O'er his window orbs, heard some one creep,
And—seeing the swollen coat bound with a rope,
A black prison soul, and inside that a man
His fingers reaching and to growl began
Then, with a voice like prison gate which creaks
Roared : "What would'st thou?"

"My King."

"King?"

"The Prince."

"Is that what makes a k
The great reverence, "Majesty" I hear
A Prince—wherefore keep this child?"

"I will

Whichever it be—Is some one here to chat?"

"No one here."

"Not so."

"What then would'st thou?"

"Would'st eat him?"

"Ay—if I have naught

"Sire! think upon His Majesty in woe!"

"They killed my dam," the Beast said "king"

"Bethink thee, sire, a king implores a king."

"Nonsense—he talks—he's mad! what say'st thou, ring?
A Lion's heard!"

"His only boy!"

He hath a daughter."

"She's no less."

Alone in this my home, 'mid wood and storm,
Thunder my music, and the lightning my lamp;
My lamp;—let his content him."

"What means that word? is't current to your crown?"
"Lion, thou'dst wish to go to heaven?—thou hast it;
I offer thee indulgence, and, writ plain,
God's passport to His paradise!"

"Thou holy rogue," thundered the Beast in wrath;
The hermit disappeared.

III.

Thermon fell fast,
Full of a lion's vast serenity,
He slept again, leaving still night to pass;
The moon rose, starting spectres on the grass,
Shrouding the marsh with mist, blotting the stars,
And melting the black woodland to grey haze;
No stir was seen below, above no motion,
Save of the white stars trooping to the zenith,
And while the mole and cricket in the bushes
Kept watch, the Lion's measured breath did make
Slow symphony that kept all creatures calm.

Sudden—loud cries and clamours! striking quail
Into the heart of the quiet, horn and shout,
Causing the soleran wood to reel with rout,

And all the nymphs to tremble in their trees,
 The scenes of a midnight chase are these
 The shades, the marsh, mountain and stream,
 The silence the objective of their sombre dream.
 The night with many a lurid spark
 With many a wild cries through the dark
 With many a yelping through the wood,
 With many a gathering in the alleys, stood
 With many a thing that rolled before,
 With many a thing that lay, 'twas something more —
 With many a thing by that sad king,
 With many a thing the little Prince to bring,
 With many a thing a bleeding hide.
 Who is right? who is wrong? who can decide?
 Who can claim to live? God wots!
 The pypher-dots.
 And drink those soldiers with
 And many a bow and spear
 And by a captain led
 And foreign wars had to be,
 And moved and firm in fight,
 And, affording night,
 And the lids were lifted;
 And he never shifted.
 And waggled to and fro.
 And, startled so,
 And of this shouting crowd.
 And, forming in a cloud,
 And for a bear ensnared,
 And, swarmed, and flew
 And their ranks were set:
 And the Beast they came to get,
 And strong to seize —
 Could snatch up heroes as an ape cracks fleas.
 Could with one glance make Jove's own bill to down,

When first he told him siege as to a town,
 That comes with axes cleared the way,
 The soldiers followed in a close array,
 He and his held their arrows on the string,
 Silence was bid, lest any chattering
 Should mask the Lion's footstep in the night,
 The soldiers who know the moment when
 To hold their peace—went first, then
 Came to you, the torches all
 Flamed and further flickered, their
 Through sighing foliage sending
 Such is the order a great hunt should
 And soon between the trunks they
 A thick, unoutlined hole, deep in the
 Came, but blank and silent as the
 With up to the night, as though
 As little all that clamour as it heard,
 There's smoke where fire smoulders,
 When men lay siege, rings to gain
 Not this so here! therefore with
 Each stood and grasp on bow or blade,
 Watching the sombre stillness of the
 The dogs among themselves whispering
 From the horror lurking in all
 Were than the rage of tempest—
 Yet they were there to find and
 So they lay, each bush exulting
 Drinking full sore the very prey
 The pioneers held high the lamps
 "There! that is it! the very mouth
 The trees all round it muttered, waiting
 Still they kept step and neared it—look
 Can always pleasant, and there were a
 God! and! all in a moment, there's the
 Dreadful!—they saw the Lion! Not
 Further moved any man, the very trees
 Grew flacker with his presence, and the breeze

Blew shudders into all hearts present there.
 Yet, whether 'twas from valour or wild fear,
 The warriors drew—and arrow, bolt, and dart
 Fell short of the Beast. He, on his part—
 As if he felt in the rain or hail—
 Came on, from the nose to tail,
 And with his missiles from his hide,
 The warriors had found beside
 So fast to make him yell
 That blood was trickling down his fell.
 He glared steadily, glaring steadfastly,
 As if in the war, amazed to be
 Of his tremendous might and prod
 But some god butch
 Slunk back behind the spear,
 And the silence, tens
 Over wood and man h
 Heart, vibrant, and all h
 Of wrath, which sped
 To the echoing vault of steel,
 Thunder-cry,
 "From its black bed of s
 Their horror cleared the coast
 By wind, that valorous host
 To all the quarters four,
 By that monstrous roar,
 Leaders, rank and file,
 Ground, where Luth somehow
 Of lawless might—
 Mad, blind, reckless, wild with fit
 "Woods and mountains' sea,
 Unlaved fear one beast fire
 As a roar, so a roar
 Is to these creatures; and, the eruption o
 In heaven-shaking wrath, they mostly calm
 The gods themselves to lions yield the palm

For magnanimity. When Jove was king,
Hercules said, "Let's finish off the thing,
Not the Nemean merely ; every one
We'll strangle—all the lions." All the lions
The lions yawned a "much obliged."

But this Beast, being whelped by gloom,
Offspring of glooms—was sterner ; and he
Who go down slowly when their heads are
His anger had a savage ground-swell
He loved to take his naps, too, to the sun
And to be roused up thus with horns and
To find an ambush sprung—to be
Targetted—'twas an insult to his
He paced towards the hill, climbed
Lifted his voice, and, as the seeds
The seeds down wind, thus did the
His message far enough the town to reach

"King ! your behaviour really passes
Thus far no harm I've wrought to him, and
But now I give you notice—when night
I will make entry at your city-gate,
Bringing the Prince alive ; and then
To see him in my jaws—your lackey
Shall see me eat him in your palace

Quiet the night passed, while the
And the clouds sailed across the rain

Next morning this is what was viewed

Dawn coming—people going—some
Praying, some crying ; pallid cheeks
And a huge Lion stalking through the

IV.

The quaking townsmen in the cellars hid ;
How make resistance ? briefly, no one did ;

The door's ajar, and flaps with every blast
He enters it—within those walls at last!
No man!

For, certes, though he might
His Majesty, like all, close sheltered
Solentons to live, holding his breath
Specially precious to the realm :—
Is not thus viewed by honest hearts
And when the Lion found him fast asleep
Ashamed to be so grand, man being so weak
He muttered to himself in that dark place
Where lions keep their thoughts :—"This fellow
'Tis well, I'll eat his boy!" Then, rising
Lordly he traversed courts and corridors
Paced beneath vaults of gold on shining floors
Glanced at the throne deserted, stately
To hall—green, yellow, crimson—empty
Rich couches void, soft seats unoccupied
And as he walked he looked from door to door
To find some pleasant nook for his repose
Since appetite was come to match his power
The princely morsel :—Ah! what sign of man
That grisly lounge?

In the palace
An alcove on a garden gives, and there
A tiny thing—forgot in the garden
Lulled in the flower-sweet dreams of a child
Bathed with soft sunlight falling through
Through leaf and lattice—was that little
A little lovely maid, most dear and true
The Prince's sister ; all alone—and
She sate up singing : children sing no more

A voice of joy, than silver lute-string softer
A mouth all rose-bud blossoming in laughter!

A baby-angel hard at play ! a dream
 Of Bethlehem's cradle, or what nests would come
 If birds were hatched !—all these ! Eyes, too, so blue
 As if they had for aught own their sapphire new
 As if they had for aught own their pink legs and stomach blue
 As if they had for aught own their satin skin, save where
 A little white shift was fastened free,
 As if they had for aught own their singing thus peacefully,
 As if they had for aught own their April's heaven ;
 As if they had for aught own their said—divinely given,
 As if they had for aught own their God's own lilies grown ;
 As if they had for aught own their baby-maid ; and so
 As if they had for aught own their right of her and stopped—

And then

He creaked as he stalked straight in.

He stalked by the little bed
 With his shaggy massive head,
 With his might and lordly scorn,
 With his princely prey so borne,
 With his "Brother" brother's cry,
 With his "and untrifled—"
 With his that made the place
 With its fearless grace—
 With its monster of the wood,
 With its Typhon had withstood
 With its what thoughts these small heads hold
 With its tall height, and bold,
 With its angrily at him.
 With its little bed's white rim,
 With its this huge Brute
 With its gently at her foot,
 With its night, and said to her—
 "Look at me now ! there he is, dear !—there !"

EDWIN ARNOFF, C.S.I.

HISTORICAL POETRY

KING LOUIS XVII.

The golden gates were opened wide,
All through the unveiled heavens wide.

Out of the Highest of Holy, light
And the elect beheld, crowd immense.

A young soul, led up by young angels,
Stood in the starry portal.

A fair child fleeing from the world,
In his blue eye the shade of sorrow.

His golden hair hung all dishevelled,
On wasted cheeks that told a mother's pain.

And angels twined him with their wings,
The martyr's palm of glory.

The virgin souls that to the Lamb
Cried through the clouds with voices true.

God hath prepared a glory for you,
Rest in his arms, and all ye hosts of heaven.

His praises ever on untired strings
Chant, for a mortal comes among you.

Do homage—"Tis a king."

And the pale shadow saith to God his Son,

"I am an orphan, and no king at all.
I was a weary prisoner yesternight."

My father's murderers fed my soul with pain,
Not me, O Lord, the regal name becoming.

Last night I fell asleep in dungeon dark,
But then I saw my mother in my dream.

Say, shall I find her here?"

The angels said : "Thy Saviour bids thee come,
 God of the impure world he calls thee home,
 To the sad earth, where horrid murder waves
 Her wings across her impure wings,
 To dwell among the graves,
 The graves of kings."

And I finished my long life ?
 And all its strife,
 And all its overmore
 And all its blissful vision o'er ?
 And all its nothing else remains
 But this answered cry,
 Amid my chains,
 Amid my chains,

What cause I had to pine,
 What sorrows, each day were mine ;
 There was no mother near
 To smile away my tear
 And my lament unending,
 From its mother earth ;
 What crime impending
 At my birth.

And it seems,
 In my happy dreams,
 I looked my sleeping head,
 Beside my bed
 In the darkness thrown,
 At my future close ;
 But all alone,

And I am in a dreary tomb,
 And no sunlight pierce the gloom,
 Only the brother angels, used to sweep
 Down from your heaven, and visit me in sleep

'Neath blood-red hands my young life withered there.
 Dear Lord, the bad are miserable all.
 Be not Thou deaf, like them, unto my prayer.
 It is for them I call."

The angels sang : "See heaven's King
 Come, we will crown thee with thine own
 Will give thee cherub-wings of peace
 And thou shalt learn our manner-song
 Shalt rock the cradle where some angels
 Are dropping o'er her restless limbs
 Or, with thy luminous breath, in darkness
 Shalt kindle some cold sun."

Ceased the full choir, all heaven was still,
 Bowed the fair face, still wet with tears,
 In depths of space, the rolling waters
 Whilst the Eternal in the infinite

"O king, I kept thee far from home
 Who hadst a dungeon only for a king
 O son, rejoice, and bless thy birth
 The slavery of kings thou hast proved
 What if thy wasted arms are bleeding
 And wounded with the fetters
 No earthly diadem has ever set
 A stain upon thy face."

"Child, life and hope were with thee
 But life soon bowed thy tender form
 And hope forsook thee in thy hour of need
 Come, for thy Saviour had His pain
 Come, for His brow was crowned with thorns
 His sceptre was a reed."

NERO'S FESTAL SONG.

"Fools! ye are weary, and weariness drives you to death,
 Turn to the man who avoids it; so hear what he saith:
 I am, I am consul, Senece consul, the master of life,
 And with my hand I'll smother all tumult and strife,
 And with my hand I'll smother, with fire
 And with my hand I'll smother of his ten-stringed lyre.

"Come, come, come! Come to the banquet divine!
 My banquet, my banquet, my banquet outshines,
 My banquet, my banquet, my banquet, nor Senece grave,
 My banquet, my banquet, my banquet, the festivals brilliant and brave,
 My banquet, my banquet, my banquet, his Falernian wine
 My banquet, my banquet, my banquet, in the hands of a slave.

"With her of Phalera we rowed
 And with her of Phalera our awning then glowed
 And with her of Phalera, half naked and young;
 And with her of Phalera, of his lute the Batavian flung
 And with her of Phalera, whose powers
 And with her of Phalera, the chains under garlands of flowers.

"And with her of Phalera the proud city will soon be ablaze,
 And with her of Phalera, litter imperial they raise,
 And with her of Phalera, the force of the flame I may see,
 And with her of Phalera, of tigers to me I
 And with her of Phalera, will form a circus on which I may gaze,
 And with her of Phalera, which devour it with glee.

"And with her of Phalera the great master of Rome and the world,
 And with her of Phalera, commands that the lightning shall straightway

"To drive away darkness and care from the spirit within;
 But come, it grows dark, and the feast is about to begin,
 The fire like a hydra uplifts its dark wing,
 And dark out its ravening tongues, a fierce, venomous thing.

Ha ! do you see ? do you see ? how it rolls on its prey,
 Caressing within every coil as it holds on its way,
 Each building and wall, while it kisses the stone it would kill,
 Palaces melt and evaporate—Ah, with what skill
 Like the wanton embracing the victim she would destroy,
 The thoughts of such kisses are beautiful and joyous.

List to those sounds as the sulphurous vapours rise,
 Enveloping men who are wand'ring through the smoke and fire,
 The silence of death deepens round us, the darkness grows,
 The columns of bronze crumble down, and the towers fall,
 Great billows of brass rolling onward in foam and spray,
 The shuddering Tiber will swallow the burning city away.

Every thing perishes, jasper, and marble, and gold,
 The statues, despite of their names, and the names of the old,
 The scourge flies triumphant, obedient, and full of power,
 Invading, devouring, and slaying, and burning all about,
 As the north wind 's merriment drives the leaves from the trees,
 A tempest of fires, dancing hill unto hill, and down the steep.

Farewell, proud Capitol ! Lo ! at the hour of thy doom,
 The great work of Scylla a bridge of brass, and the tower of doom,
 Nero has will'd it ! Each tower, and each temple, and shrine,
 Must vanish, while everywhere wars the fire and the flame,
 Queen of the world thou shalt thank thy conqueror, Nero,
 How grand is the crown that to-night thou shalt wear.

The voice of the sibyl proclaimed, I was the first to hear,
 That Rome was a city immortal, its name should live for ever,
 To the heavens unconquered should stand, and the world should tremble,
 At last vanquished should die, while the smoke of its ruins
 My friends ! tell me now how much longer the world should tremble,
 Eternity, think you, will last in its prime.

Oh, what a grand conflagration ! Magnificent sight !
 Erestratus, himself, would have envied my glory to-night !

Where are my boys so gaily, in their light palaces gay,
 And where my fierce Tamarot bands, so fast in the fray;
 My dauntless khans, my spahis brave, and all the hosts of war;
 My sunburnt Bedouins, trooping from the desert's far
 Who laughed to see the labouring hind, and all the tribes of men
 And urged their desert horses on amid the stormy rain
 These horses with their fiery eyes, their manes and tails
 That flew along the fields of corn like green and golden sails
 What! to behold again no more, loud charging
 Then squadrons, in the hostile shot directed
 Burst grandly on the heavy squares, like
 storms,

Enveloped in lightning fires the dark
 Oh! they are dead! their housings bright
 - all -

Dark blood is on their manes and sides, and
 All vainly now the spur would strike these
 To wake them to their wonted speed and
 Here the bold riders stand and stark upon the
 Who in their friendly shadows slept through
 Oh, Allah! who will give me back my
 See where it straggles 'long the fields for
 Like riches from a spendthrift's hand, and
 Lo! stood and rider, - Tartar chiefs and
 Their turbans and their cruel courses

ones,
 Seem now as if a troubled dream had
 My valiant warriors and their steeds
 bleed!

Their voices rouse no echo now, their
 They sleep, and have forgot at last the
 You vale, with all the corpses heaped, and
 Long shall the evil omen rest upon this
 To-night, the taint of solemn blood; to-morrow, of the dead.
 Alas! 'tis but a shallow now, that noble
 How terribly they strove, and struck from morn to eve unspent,
 Amid the fatal fiery ring, enamoured of the fight!

On the horizon's bounding hills, where distant vision fails,
 All stealthily, with eyes on earth, and shrinking from the sight,
 As a nocturnal robber holds his dark and breathless flight,
 And thinks he sees the gibbet spread its arms in solemn wrath,
 In every tree that dimly throws its shadow on the path.

Thus, after his defeat, pale Reschke lay
 Among the dead we mourned & the living
 Lone from the field the Pasha had slain
 And, musing, wiped his reeking scimitar
 His two dead steeds upon the sands were lying
 And on their sides their empty saddles hung

W. D. Howells

POLAND.

Alone, beneath the tower whence Darius fell
 The inmates of the Tyrant of the East
 Poland's sad genius kneels, absorbed in grief
 Bound, vanquished, pallid with her hair
 Alas! the crucifix is all that's left
 To her, of freedom and her sons' fate
 And on her royal robe foul markings show
 Where Russian Hectors' scornful hands have been
 Anon she hears the clank of mingling steel
 The swordsmen come once more to meet
 And while she weeps against the prison wall
 And waves her bleeding arm until it falls
 To France she hopeless turns her glowing eyes
 And sues her sister's succour ere she dies

G. W. M. REYNOLDS.

THE EMPEROR'S RETURN.

Back to thy capital thou shalt come back,
 Without the battle's tocsin and wild stir ;
 Beneath the arch, drawn by eight steeds coal black,
 Drawn like an Emperor.

Thou shalt come postal, God accompanying,
 Thou shalt come upon the car of state ;
 Thou shalt come, a high ensainted king,
 Thou shalt come, vondrous great.

Thou shalt come, never to be vanquish'd never,
 Thou shalt come, a radiant bird shall shine anon ;
 Thou shalt come, all thy bees ashiver
 Round thy crown in the sun.

Thou shalt come up all her high and hundred
 Thou shalt come, speak out with all her tones sublime ;
 Thou shalt come, all thy drums shall all be thunder'd
 Round thy crown in the sun.

Thou shalt come, come, with steps that falter,
 Thou shalt come, come, by one attraction drawn,
 Thou shalt come, different before the altar,
 Thou shalt come, come, drawn,—

Thou shalt come, come, lay all laws e'er sung
 Thou shalt come, lay thy feet—aye floating on,
 Thou shalt come, come, Bonaparte the young
 Thou shalt come, come.

Then a new army, burning for the advance,
 In aspect terrible, round thy car shall cry
 Amain, "Vive L'Empereur !" and "Vive La France !"
 And seeing thee pass by,

Chief of the mighty Empire! down shall fall
 People and troops—but thou before their view
 Shall not be able to stoop down at all
 With—"I am pleased with you."

An acclamation, tender, lofty, sweet,
 A heart-song high as ecstasy can be,
 Shall fill, O Captain mine! the city's street,
 But thou shall never hear it.

Stern Grenadiers, the veterans we admire,
 Mute thy steed's steps shall kiss—albeit
 A sight pathetic, beautiful, yet dire!
 Your majesty shall not see it.

While round thy form gigantic sleep is cast,
 France and the world awake in thy name,
 Here in thy Paris ever, world without end,
 Thou shalt lie fast asleep—

Ay, fast asleep with that same soldier's dream,
 Those fadeless dreams that on his cheek are seen,
 The Barbarossa, sitting out that summer
 Of centuries now six.

Thy sword beside thee, and thine eagle plume,
 Thy hand yet moved by Barbarossa's dream,
 Upon the bed whence sleeper thou art come,
 Thou shalt be stretched full length—

Like to those soldiers marching bold and true,
 So often after thee to field or town,
 Who by the wind of battle tossed and blown,
 Suddenly laid them down.

Like sleepers, not like those whose race is run,
 With grave, proud attitude of armed men—
 But them that voice of dawn, the morning gun,
 Shall never wake again

Yea, so much like, that seeing thee all ice,
 Like a mute god permitting adoration,
 They who came smiling love-drunk, in a trice
 Shall raise a lamentation.

None ! at that moment thou, for kingdom meet,
 Shall have all beating hearts to be thine own.
 Nations shall make thy phantom take a seat,
 A nation's throne.

From velvet, upon their knees in dust,
 Shall call thee far diviner than of old,
 And give thee altar, stain'd by hands unjust,
 With a million gold.

The world shall pass away from thy great glory ;
 The world shall leave it for aye shall come ;
 The world shall tell o'er all our story,
 The world shall come.

The world shall be to all a presence solemn,
 The world shall be great—to France an exile high
 And to the world a Colossus on thy column'd
 The world shall be thy eye.

The world shall be the sacred pomp shall lead
 The world shall be at times hath never heard,
 The world shall seem to see indeed
 The world shall be stirr'd ;

The world shall hear (hard by the wondrous dome
 Whence shadows keep the great names that men mark
 The world shall see the old guns growling home
 The world shall be with a bark ;

The world shall be without a peer shall soar,
 Marvellous, beautiful to Heav'n, ah ! thou
 Shalt in the darkness feel for evermore
 The grave-worm on thy brow.

BR. ALEXANDER.

MENTANA.

(VICTOR HUGO TO GABRIELLA.)

L.

Young soldiers of the noble Latin blood,
 How many are ye—Boys? Four thousand odd.
 How many are there dead? Six hundred—dead.
 Their limbs lie strewn about the fatal mead.
 Blackened and torn, eyes gummed with blood,
 Out from their ribs, to give the wolves of the wood
 A red feast; nothing of them left but these
 Pierced relics, underneath the olive trees.
 Show where the gin was sprung—the ambush laid,
 Which brought those hero-lads their last day's maid.
 See how they fell in swathes—like barley-mead.
 Their crime? to claim Rome and her glories dead.
 To fight for Right and Honour;—foolish words!
 Come—Mothers of the soil! Italian darts!
 Turn the dead over!—try your battle-blast!
 (Bearded or smooth, to her that gave him birth
 The man is always child)—Stay, here's a death
 Split by the Zouaves' bullets! This one, now
 With the bright curly hair soaked in his blood,
 Was yours, *ma donna*!—sweet and fair and good.
 The spirit sat upon his fearless face
 Before they murdered it, in all the prime
 Of manhood's dawn. Sisters, here's your son for aye,
 Over whose bloom the bloody death-tour came.
 Lisped house-songs after you, and said your name
 In loving prattle once. That hand, the same
 Which lies so cold over the eyelids shut,
 Was once a small pink baby-fist, and wet
 With milk beads from thy yearning breasts.

Take thou

Thine eldest,—thou, thy youngest born. Oh, flow
 Of tears never to cease ! Oh, Hope quite gone,
 Dead like the dead !—yet could they live alone—
 Without their Father and their Rome ? and be
 Young not Italian—and not also free ?
 They hoped to see the ancient eagle try
 His lonely wings in a modern sky.
 They bent down on himself—the insults laid
 On the poor human head : of naught afraid,
 Safe of one finding force enough to dare
 For truth—his gallant, free, and rare
 For the defence of a sacred cause—Adieu !
 He dies with more of love—for you !
 He dies with more of love in the star-lit glades
 Of the forest than the Italian maids ;

II.

How beautiful now, the Italian boys
 Take to dying—take to dying—take
 To dying—“the pure and high ;”—God’s sake !
 The death is terrible ! One sees quite clear
 The death is terrible—must shake with fear,
 And when the father calls on us to act
 We must be taken in the fact.
 It is not death in the dark, there’s guilt in that :
 What is that then a lantern to a bat ?

III.

Your Gambaldi missed the mark ! You see
 The end of life’s to cheat, and not to be
 Cheated : The knave is nobler than the fool !
 Get all you can and keep it ! Life’s a pool,

The best luck wins ; if Virtue starves in rage,
 I laugh at Virtue ; here's my money-bag
 Here's righteous metal ! We have kings, I say,
 To keep cash going, and the game is play ;
 There's why a king wants money—
 Without a fertilizing civil list.

The question with a steady moral eye
 The colonel strives to be a brigadier,
 The marshal, constable. Call the game off
 And pay your winners ! Show the truth,
 A renegade's a rascal—till the day
 They make him Pasha : is he rascal then ?
 What with these sequins ? Bah ! you speak
 And Men want money—power—honor—
 Those take who can : we could, and let them take
 For those who live content with honest gain
 They're public pests ; knock we 'em down
 They set a vile example ! Quick—
 That Fool, who ruled and failed to live his rule
 Just hit a bell, you'll see the clapper ring
 Meddle with Priests, you'll find the barrel swing
 Ah ! Princes know the People's rights
 March 'em sometimes to be shot and to be tried
 Then they'll wear easier. So let them preach
 The righteousness of howitzers ; and march
 At the fug end of prayer : " Now, all the power
 My holy Zouaves ! my good yellow
 We like to see the Holy Father and
 Powder and steel and lead without an end
 To feed Death fat ; and broken battles
 So they !

IV.

But thou, our Hero, baffled, foiled,
 The Glorious Chief who vainly bled and toiled.

The trust of all the Peoples—Freedom's Knight !
 The Paladin unstained—the Sword of Right !
 What wilt thou do, whose land finds thee but gaols !
 The banished claim the banished ! deign to cheer
 The refuge of the homeless—enter here,
 And light upon our households dark will fall
 Even as thou art lost. Oh, Brother, all,
 Each one of us hurt with thy sorrows' proof,
 Will make a doorway for thee of his roof.
 Come, as with those who live as exiles learn :
 Come ! Those whom kings could conquer but not yet turn.
 We'll talk of "Palermo"—"the Thousand" true,
 We'll read the tears of blood of France to you ;
 Then at the own great Sea we'll read, together,
 Old Homer in the quiet summer weather,
 And when thou shalt go to thy desire,
 What thou hast seen of Justice grows to fire.

V.

Oh, Rome ! I call your Deliverer,
 Oh, Rome ! almost he gave Rome to her !
 Strong, unshaken, prophetic heart had all but come
 To win the day, and to make it "Rome."
 Ours, of the antique grandeur, ripe to be
 Raised with the noblest of her history.
 He would have Romanised your Rome—controlled
 Her gods, her legends, gods, in a new mould.
 Her spirit, her power would have melted in
 The European cities with her ; made a twin
 Veauville and the Capitol ; and blended
 Strong Juvenal's with the soul, tender and splendid,
 Of Dante—melted old with new alloy—
 Stormed at the Titans' road full of bold joy
 Whereby men storm Olympus. Italy,
 Weep !—This man could have made one Rome of thee !

VI.

But the crime's wrought ! Who wrought it ?

None ! None !

First Pius ! No ! Each does but what he can.

Yonder's the criminal ! The warlike knight

Who hides behind the ranks of France to fight

Great Simon's blood crossed thick with his own

The traitor who with smile which true men

I put a living pledge—hand grasping the knight's

Waged French liberty, and took her life

Keen, he is of you a fit companion ! One

When dry by day the lightning looks upon

Keen, while the sentenced man trips, he is

And trembles, for his hour approaches soon

You ask me "when ?" I say soon ! None

You uttering in the skies above the storm

Make no coming shadow, Kings & the storm

Of a great storm driving the thunder-rod

Hark ! Like the thief-catcher who pulls the thief

God's thunder asks to speak to one within

VII.

And meanwhile this death-odour—this

Which makes the priestly incense redolent

Of rotting men, and the Te Deum stink

Reeks through the forests—past the river's

Over wood and plain and mountain, till it

Far Paris in her pleasures ; then it

A deadly stench, to Crete, to Mexico,

To Poland—where-soe'er kings' armies go ;

And hath one living tree of bitter sadness

Of a great loss—mine of a bloody madness

That cuts out by thousands—slain men by the ton !

Earth quite corpse-cumbered, though the half not

They lie, stretched out, where the blood-puddles seak,
 Their black lips gaping with the last cry spoke.
 "Harvested," say I *sown broadcast*; yes, the word is "sown."
 The fallow, Liberty—the harsh wind blown
 Over the furrows, Fate; and these stark dead
 Are grain seedlings from Death's cold fingers shed
 To make the Abyss conceive; the Future bear
 Here noble harvest! Swell, oh, Corpses dear!
 Bequeath to the green blade of Freedom! Death!
 Bequeath will with them! They without breath,
 Seared, scorched, ragged, festering, slashed and blue,
 They bequeathed the arms French shot tore through
 And left for Freedom, Death! for Him and You!

viii.

Thou art asleep, people! sleeping unabashed!
 Thou art asleep when it was lashed?
 Thou art asleep, thy own blood fouling both thy hands,
 And thou art asleep the rust of iron bands,
 And thou art asleep where the cut where cords went deep.
 Thou art asleep, dumb thy soul, that thou didst sleep?
 And thou art asleep a grown a cave for sleeping,
 Where the night than Midnight holds in keeping,
 Where the light is lost—lost to life and fame—
 Where the stars start on thee, and pale for shame.
 Rise! rise, thou! Rise! if thou know'st not to rise;
 Rise, thou, thou slumbering sluggard! ope thine eyes!
 Shrink, thou, thou Giant! Sleep is foul and vile!
 Art thou, thou, thou art dumb? art blind this while?
 They lie who say so! Thou dost know and feel
 The things they do to thee and thine. The heel
 That stretched thy neck in passing—whose? Canst say?
 Yes, yes, 'twas *his*, and this is his *fête-day*.
 Oh, thou that wert of humankind—couched so—
 A beast of burden on this dunghill! oh!

Brawt' them, Mule! Oh, Bullock! bellow then!
 Since they have made thee blind, grope in thy den!
 D—nothing, Outcast One, that ~~wast in prison~~
 When was't thou putt'st forth thy poor ~~arms~~ hands
 There may be veng'ing weapon within reach
 Feel with both hands—with both huge arms—reach
 At the black wall of thy cellar. May
 There ~~be~~ some odd thing hidden away
 Wh—kn—ws—there *may*! Those ~~eyes~~
 come
 In course of ghostly fumble through the gloom
 Up on a cold *—a sword!* The hands ~~are~~
 Its hilt, must wield it with a Victor's ~~grasp~~

PATRIOTIC AND NATIONAL POEMS

THE POET IN REVOLUTION TIMES

What! die without emptying my quiver, without ~~being~~
without trampling under foot, without kneeling to ~~any~~
executioners, vilifiers of law!—ANDRÉ CHÉNIER

“—THE wind drives far before it from the tree
The acorn fallen from the verdant tree
The mountain oak unto its passion yields
It drives the tossing skiff across the sea
In youth thus we are onward scourged,
Be not by drunken folly urged,
The evils of the world to heap
On thine own sorrow. Let us keep
Guilty and victims, ruth for our own crimes
Our tears for our own griefs in sorrow stream

—What! are they overbold, these scoundrels?
And must we in these days of horror hide
Deaf to our brothers' cries, which round us ring?
And suffer but for self? for none beside?
Ah no! the poet, for their sakes
A willing exile, comfort makes
For sad and fettered human things
Into their frenzied midst he flings
Himself, armed only with his glorious lyre,
As Orpheus into Hell, regardless of Hell's fire

“—Your Orpheus for a moment ravished
The dead from torments of eternity;
But thou, thou singest o'er the sinner's head
Hymns of remorse. Ah! madman, what must be
The pride which carries thee away?
And why should'st thou, who in the fray

—“They say that poets in the days of old,
 Who sang of times still dim with Future’s tale,
 Could to the unquiet earth its fate unfold,
 Since from afar its destinies they wail;
 But for the world what can’st thou do?
 Its awful night enwraps thee too,
 The threatening heavens are clouded o’er,
 And poet prophets are no more.
 The muse is dumb and blind, nought knows
 Of the vast, solemn secrets of futurity.”

—The mortal consecrated by God’s King,
 Inflamed with zeal towards the future,
 It is by plunging into the abyss,
 Its depths he fathoms and its darkness knows.
 He girds himself for sacrifice;
 Well knows he that for joys of vice
 The innocent must ever atone,
 And pay for evil not his own,
 And on his dying day a prophet be,
 His scaffold is a shrine, his cell a sanctuary.

—“Didst thou not erst upon the bosom of
 Of Abbas and Cosroës see the light,
 Beneath the cloudless skies and balmy air,
 The myrtles and the aloes charmed thy sight,
 There deaf to all those ills which men
 Thy muse so troublons for their sake,
 The poet sees the morn arise
 With sun-kissed brow and smiling eyes,
 And the dove dear to wisdom hastes to greet
 Fair maidens where love whispers and the breeze
 sweet.”

Let others in inglorious ease remain,
 But heavenly martyrdom shall be my choice,

And glory be my end. None can attain
 To this who hearkens unto pleasure's voice.
 The balcyon when the ocean growls
 Will mar his sweet untroubled rest,
 When cradled in the wave's calm breast ;
 But for the vagiet son of storms his flight
 He takes across the clouds towards the great sun's light.

IDA LEMON.

ABOVE THE BATTLE.

How can the moment can the hero fall
 From the high throne of place high-throned o'er all
 When the crown of kings that shiver,
 And the scepter and might discrown'd, ay, even
 The starry spell which seemed a dower of heaven—
 All that his heart keeps over !

Then, when the blast of battle doth enfold
 The air, its light, its saure, scarlet, gold,
 And the glorious vallance,
 And the sanguined field lies scattered,
 The hero's shroud shred by glittering shred,
 All that a soldier's talons.

Of the battle ! O'er the ghastly strife that streams
 Higher and higher, wild with fire, smoke, screams,
 The calm and regal,
 High on the staff—last sight of warriors dying—
 Whence late the last proud purple rags were flying,
 Still stands the brazen eagle !

N. R. TYERMAN.

ART AND THE PEOPLE.

I.

Art, 'tis a glory, a delight,
 I' the tempest it holds fire-light,
 It irradiates the deep blue sky
 Art, splendour infinite,
 On the brow of the People
 As a star in God's heaven

Art, 'tis a broad-flowered plain,
 Where Peace holds beloved reign
 'Tis the passionate unison
 Of music the city hath made
 With the country, the man with
 All sweet songs made partner

Art, 'tis Humanity's thought,
 Which shatters chains century-long
 Art, 'tis the conqueror sword,
 Unto Art, each world-river,
 Slave People, 'tis Art makes free
 Free People, 'tis Art makes great

II.

O chivalrous France, without rest
 Chant loudly thy hymn of peace
 Chant, with eyes fixed on the sun
 Thy joyous voice and profound
 Through the slumbering world doth run
 O noble People, chant high!

True People, chant gladly the dawn!
 At even raise song as at morn!
 After labour sweet singing should be.

Laugh for the century o'erthrown !
Sing love in a tender tone,
And loudlier chant Liberty !

Chant Italy sacred and sweet,
Poland, Poland, slain sons at her feet,
Naples, whose heart-blood outpours,
Hungary, the Russian's base vaunt . . . —
Greece ! the People doth chant
Even as the lion roars !

N. R. TYERMAN.

THE EXILE'S CHOICE.

Dark the chambers in the abysm,
Dark the throne's crowned with despotism,
Dark all stout upright souls are smitten,
Dark all stout souls are bowed for shame,
Dark the wall in lines of flame
The country's dark dishonour's written ;

Dark the Republic of our sires,
Dark the filled with sacred fires,
Dark the free men's golden dome,
Dark the shades immortal thronged,
Dark the glory they have wronged,
Dark the "Empire" staining Freedom's home ;

Dark to my country each soul born
Is now ; since there are laughed to scorn
The true, the pure, the great, the brave,
The indignant eyes of history,
Honour, law, right, and liberty,
And those,—alas!—within the grave ;

Solitude, exile! I love them!
Sorrow, be thou my diadem!

Poverty love I,—for 'tis pride
My rugged home winds beat off;
And even that awful Statue wears
Aye seated silent by my side.

I love the woe that proves me true,
That shadow of fate which all pursue;
O ye to whom high hearts owe
Faith, Virtue veiled, stern Duty,
And thou, proud Exile, Liberty,
And, nobler yet, Devotion, true!

I love this islet lonely, bold,
Jersey, wherever England's old
Free banner doth the storm-wave
You darkling ocean's ebb and flow
Its vessels, each a wandering plume,
Whose mystic furrow is the wave.

I love thy gull, with snowy wing
In pearls to the wind blithe sailing;
O ocean vast, thy sunny spray,
Who darts beneath huge billows
Soon from those monstrous thunders
As a soul from sorrow flies away!

I love the rock—how solemn,
Thence harkening aye the plaintive
On the wild air around me shed,
Ever the sullen night outpours,
Of waves that sob on sombre shores
Of mothers mourning children dead!

N. R. TYRMAN.

THE IMPERIAL MANTLE¹

O ye whose labour is bliss alway,
 Blithe-winged ones who have for prey
 The fragrant breaths of azure skies,
 When will December come, far flee,
 And leave of sweetest blooms, O ye
 To men the honey prize,
 The dew of the morning dew,
 The south noon's amorous blue
 The glowing like a star,
 The May's flowerets bright,
 The daughters of the light,
 That foul mantle flit afar!
 O ye warriors, rush upon that man!
 O ye, noble clan,
 O ye, and virtue audacious,
 O ye, wings, keen darts of flame,
 O ye, that dull foul thing of shame,
 For what hast taken us?
 We are the honey bees!
 We are the pride of cottages,
 We are the loveliest flowers our sweetest sips!
 O ye, what time warm June discloses
 His loveliest roses,
 O ye, to alight on Plato's lips!
 O ye, pure of mire to mire's inclined
 O ye, the hair Tiberius find,
 O ye, his balcony upon.
 O ye, Hymettus' bees scarce grace
 Your purple, there behoves you place
 The black foul swarm of Montfaucon!

¹ Referring to Napoleon III's taking the bee as a badge.

And all together sting him there,—

O tiny warriors of the air,

Sting blind this traitor scullion,

Upon him swarm from far and near

And, since the men of France have fled

Let bees of France the monster sting!

SEA-SONG OF THE EXILES.

Dear land, farewell!

Waves surge and swell!

Dear land, farewell!

Blue sky!

Farewell, white Cot, whence the steep

Gold blooms that bask on the sunny

Dear land, farewell!

Plain, valley, and hill!

Dear land, farewell!

Blue sky!

Dear land, farewell!

Waves surge and swell!

Dear land, farewell!

Blue sky!

Farewell, Betrothed with the pine

'Neath sombre heaven dark billows

Dear land, farewell!

In thee our loves dwell!

Dear land, farewell!

Blue sky!

Dear land, farewell!

Waves surge and swell!

Dear land, farewell!

Blue sky!

A hirst The scant water-drop burns !
 An hunger ! —black bread ! work, work, ye accurs !
 At each stroke of the pick wild laughter within
 I catched, I, from the soil Death's dark arms
 And I man's arms, and to sleep I went

Let us suffer ! The crime

What matters it ! Nothing can
 Us we are tortured and we are
 And we thank high God toward Whom
 Our I am I knoweth, that unto us suffer
 When all they that endure not suffering

Let us suffer ! The crime

Live the Republic world-great !
 Leave to the vast mysterious even
 Peace to the dead sweet slumber
 I am I knoweth, that blends
 America's wail with Cayenne's wail of

Let us suffer ! The crime
 Birds passing,—our cottages
 Winds passing,—on weary
 Mothers, sisters, weep
 Winds, tell them our
 But, bear our heart's

AN EXILE'S DEATH

Of what does this poor exile
 His garden plot, his dewy
 Perchance his tools, perchance his
 But ever of murdered France indeed !
 Her memory makes his sad heart bleed

While those that slew her clutch their pay,
 The exile pleads with bitter cry :
One cannot live with bread away ;
After from bread, one's fain—how fain !—to die.

The workman sees his workshop still,
 And the poor peasant his loved cot ;
 The flowers bloom on the window-sill,
 The birds sing on the hearth (when flowers bloom not)
 The sun shines on all things unforget,—
 The moon shines on that nook whence aye
 The exile's heart had erst met his eye.
One cannot live with bread away ;
After from bread, one's fain—how fain !—to die.

The bee swarms the honey-bees ;
 The hawk is quick heaven's gifts to share,
 The eagle sees the barley-crop one sees ;
 The eagle knows no thought or care
 Though they eagles were.
 The hawk is keen, ivied, gray,
 The eagle sees the farm-stead anigh : •
One cannot live with bread away ;
After from bread, one's fain—how fain !—to die.

One cannot live as one can live
 With wife and youngsters bright ;
 From dawn till faintest dawn till eve,
 One cannot find true delight.
 One cannot have life and light !
 One cannot labor till wearied, they
 Can smile or sigh with a smile or sigh.
One cannot live with bread away ;
After from bread, one's fain—how fain !—to die.

On holidays the artisan,
 His tools and cares all cheerily stowing,
 Singing brave songs which bless or ban,

Cap jaunty on brow, blouse loosely flowing,
 Loath to some festal haunt is going,
 One cuts a rabbit (so they say),
 And quaffs sour wine of Hungary;
*One cannot live with bread away;
 Afar from home, one's fain—how fain!*

On Sundays aye the peasant strident
 Sings out for Jeanne or Jacqueline;
 "Now, sweetheart, quickly come to me,
 I want me, with ribbons blue—
 To dance on the hill till stars appear;
 The subot hath a trickay way
 Of making music in July."
*One cannot live with bread away;
 Afar from home, one's fain—how fain!*

Mournfully as the exiles mood,
 With spirit alas! nigh broken,
 Still they regard the darkling year,
 That on green peaceful graves they stand,
 One dreams of Germany, and one
 Of poor bruised Poland, hapless one
 And one of beauteous Italy;
*One cannot live with bread away;
 Afar from home, one's fain—how fain!*

An exile, tired of hopeless pain,
 Lay dying, calm, scarce and serene;
 "Why die?" I gently asked him;
 He answered: "Is life sweet to you?
 Then smiled: "I shall at length be free
 Farewell, I die O France, for aye
Thou shalt the tyrant cruelly!
*One cannot live with bread away;
 Afar from home, one's fain—how fain!—to die*

All life seems foul, with vice intoxicate,
 Aye thus to be —
 Sudden a clarion unto all winds sent,
 Peals *Liberty* !

And the dull world, whose spirit is so stale,
 Is like to one
 Drunken all night, upstaggered by the dawn,
 O' the risen sun !

LUX.

L.

O FUTURE ! Fair vision of light,
 The nations win free of the night,
 The desert is all passed over,
 After the sand-drifts, the plain,
 And earth is a bride in love and joy,
 'Tis man they are suffering to-day.

Even now the uplifted eye
 Sees clearly fair dreams long ago,
 Which one day shall shine as the sun,
 For God will cast off the chains of sin,
 For the past hath a fell name,
 But the name of the future is Love.

Even now through our darkness
 The birds blush of the People's power,
 'Mid our sombre branches take wing
 —Like a hornet, glad dawn awakes
 Progress, the bee ; and the bees
 Yield honey for them that shall sing.

Oh, behold ! the deep night is drunk up.
 O'er the world which hath shattered the cup
 Impoisoned, of Cæsars, of kings,—
 O'er vast, proud nations made bright
 For everlight, in azure light
 Her wings, her vast, steadfast wings.

Arise, arisen at last !
 Arise, arisen with the past !
 Arise, for the sorrowful hours !
 Arise, for the loved labour stirs,
 Arise, for the heaven smiles, and one hears
 The song-notes from hawthorn bowers !

Arise, for the stern arms of old war,
 Arise, for the thunderous roar,
 Arise, for the battle, scarce so much remains
 As a cup to fill
 With the bright eager bill
 Of the sparkling feast of clear runs.

Arise, for here no part ;
 Arise, for heart-thought, every heart,
 Arise, for every heart hath, the same word,
 Arise, for consummate sheaf—
 Arise, for bind this with a wreath
 Of the golden tocsin the cord.

Arise, for the heavens a star
 Arise, for the glory afar,
 Arise, for the bright station hath won !
 Arise, for the great mother of all,
 Arise, for but a spark so small,
 Soon, soon, thou'lt out-dazzle the sun !

O exiles ! True men whom fate tries,
 My comrades so valiant and true,
 Ofttimes, near the fountains that rise,
 I have chanted this song unto you.

Ofttimes, having hearkened my voice,
 You have said to me : "Take heed,
 We are they that endure the worst of woes,
 More black than the thunders of God."

"What may it teach us, this night,
 That the just bears the chastisement,
 That virtue is roused, and her light
 On the God of yon heaven is seen ?"

"God knows, and the darkness is deep,
 Ais' and foul crime is enthrall'd,
 She, seeing whom heaven holds dear,
 Whom smites, hath loud praise for all."

"To us all unknown are His ways,
 How may this God of the nations
 Gather such manifold praise
 From such manifold desolation ?"

"His workings seem not at our sight,
 With the hope that once shown to the just,
 But who then, my brothers, hath seen
 The secret of Him in the night ?"

Who then hath traversed wide regions,
 The water, the air, fire, the land,
 And the region where spirits are seen,
 Who can say : "I have seen Jehovah !"

"I have seen Jehovah ! His name
 I know, He hath filled me with awe,
 I know how He fashioned man's frame,
 And all breathing things He inspires."

"I have seen that vast Hand unknown
 Which opens and leaves winter free,
 With the thunders deep in the cloud-zone,
 And the tempest upon the loud sea,
 "Search and flow the vast, livid night ;
 "What is life an immortal soul ;
 "Search in the Void the fixed night
 "On the star-burthebed uttermost pole ;
 "Find out the fateful hour ;
 "To the feast of the rose-crowned king
 "Death, without flower,
 "Bring, without welcome, bring ;
 "Enter the spider's net,
 "Paint the fruit, paint the flower,
 "Paint the stars of the star-worlds, and yet
 "At the twilight hour ;
 "Wave the drenched wave at the shore ;
 "Make June beautiful ;
 "Pour the water, outpour
 "The country's urns ever full ;
 "With its every star,
 "With its mightiness
 "Heaven afar,
 "With a shepherd's tent with wind-stress ;
 "To bright light in the skies
 "To endless invisible chains . . .
 "I have seen with mine eyes,
 "To me nothing remains !"
 "Will you say that ? Not one.
 "In our soul night, night in our eyes !
 "A vain breath is man, soon done—
 "God communes alone in His skies.

O doubt not ! Have faith ! Not yet is the close.
 Let us wait—Of kings, as of panthers, God knows
 How to shatter the wild-beastfang.
 He but proves us, my friends ! Haste, haste, be ye calm,
 And be strong ! O desert, cool spread of the palm,
 Though to snarl with the dire night-hound,

Because He doth not his whole work in the day,
 To the just He gives Jesus, gives Rome, gives the day,
 Of the priest, the good to the ill,
 We should therefore despair ! Of His hand, of His will,
 No, no ! He alone hath the harvest in store,
 Who alone hath the seed-time at eve.

Oh, is not He steadfast ! Oh, is not He true !
 This world, whate'er our blind souls see,
 Doth He fill not from depth to height,
 What we call wisdom is vanity ;
 Before His face all the shadows shall flee—
 His countenance veiled with light.

Doth He see not huge snakes on their coils entwined,
 Seans He not even to their deepest den,
 The caves of the highest height !
 Doth He know not the hour when the tiger comes,
 And, O tiger, thy crouching,—O tiger, thy roar,
 And, O lion, thy lair in the night !

Answer, O swallow,—gold eagle, swift-winged,
 In the rush of thy wings, by His power thou art sped,
 Are ye not ? Stag, art fleet Him to trace,
 Shy fox, see you not His bright eyes in the dark,
 In a wolf, when you feel in the dark a paw,
 Do you tremble not, saying—"The Lord !"

Since He knoweth all this ; since o'er all He hath power ;
 Since effect from each cause, as the fruit from the flower,
 His fingers resistless ye draw ;

Since the worm He hath set in the bark of the tree,
 Since He makes in the night-wind proud columns to be
 As feeble as wisps of dry straw ;

Since He makes ocean vast like a bellowing beast ;
 Since He is the sea, while man ne'er hath ceased
 To grope in the darkness, stone-blind ;
 Since His soul is earth's pillar, and since in fire-flight
 The stars are like the flickers, as even in midnight
 A lamp is blown out by the wind ;

Since He has made His knowledge,—ay ! since the dense shade
 Has not dimmed the beautiful star He hath made,—
 How can we doubt that He sees !

How can we turn, in our agony proud,
 From the frown of the fowl tyrant-crowd,
 And not bow down on our knees !

How can we stand, Full bitter our days ;
 How can we lift our hands through the dark we upraise,
 How can we stand, succouring, strong ?
 How can we stand down in this martyrshade,
 How can we stand, all one behind us Who said :
 " The night is long, the night is not long."

O God, O God, the People's ! Peace, light,
 And peace, and light, as on chariots fire-bright
 To go, and through the path of the skies :
 What is the darkness if smoke, and but seems ;
 I know, I know, I the dreamer who dreams
 That I have seen heaven with lifted eyes.

There are kings, and prouder they are prouder, these kings ;
 There are the rich ! " In their nostrils my rings
 I will put, and my bit 'twixt loud lips ;
 I will smite them, in tameness or strife,—
 Them and their chariots, their players o' the fife,—
 In the shadow, my death-eclipse !"

God speaks, and the rock where they planted their throne
Crumbles, and lo! is a breath they are strown.

With less sound than leaves torn from the tree
O wind, wild wind! that art rattling o'er me
Say, is it thou that dost bear them—
Is the sorry burthen of these?

O Tides, so fair is earth's destiny
The waves of night borne backward
By the billows resistless of day
No foam shall remain of them, none
Shall storm with their bitterness
I bid be they forever and aye

Not only o'er France shall the Gleam
But on all the nations, not one shall
In the fetters of slavery.
Released for aye from his darkness
Driven out erst by night, to his home
'Neath the dawn star, Human

Like meteors fire-fed with the breath of God
All tyrants shall perish at birth of day
And lo! in their stead, fair far
In heaven which cloudless o'er arches
Two suns shall we see—man's best
And the brotherhood of Christ

Yes, to all I repeat it, to all I declare
—O claxon of song bear this truth
All strife upon earth shall cease
For war is a scourge only brandished
And Kings are no more; while Freedom
And one is called Love, one Peace

O'er all earth to the uttermost tale of the sea
Lo! the sacred boughs of life's loveliest tree,
Progress, outspread to the light!

Boon heaven fosters its branches alway,
 Fulfilled with the shining of doves all day,
 With the burning of stars all night.

And we shall be dead—dead, haply, as now !
 O brothers, O martyrs, then shall we not know
 If our feet on earth no slave !
 If our lives' trees towers above us with flower and fruit,
 And we take not to set one faint kiss on its root
 That give us life from us even in the grave !

N. R. TYERMAN.

THE REGIMENT OF BARON MADRUCE.

Marched the regiment of the halberdiers
 Proudly marching by,
 The noise of the mountain screams
 Came out his stormy sky ;
 And beneath to the precipice,
 And to the chasm sheer ;
 And over the thrones of kings,
 And o'er the caitiffs' fear.
 The peak and glacier,
 The cold, white scalps,
 He held his head, at that close tread,
 The angle of the Alps.

O shame ! those men that march below !
 In ignominious dire !
 Are the sons of my free mountains
 Sold for imperial hire ?
 Ah ! the vilest in the dungeon,
 Ah ! the slave upon the seas
 Is great, is pure, is glorious,
 Is grand, compared with these,

Who, born amid my holy rocks
In solemn places high,
Where the tall pines bend like sentinels,
When the storm goes striding by,
Yet give the strength of foot and hand
By perilous path and steep descent,
And from their blue-eyed mountains
The old, mysterious legends tell
The daring that the good souls do
Into their nostrils blow,
And the proud swelling of the heart
With each pure breath they draw,
The graces of the mountain glades
With flowers in summer gay,
And all the glories of the hills
To earn a lackey's pay,
Their country fies and joyous
She of the rugged sides,
She of the rough peaks arrogant,
Whereon the tempest rides,
Mother of the unconquer'd throne
And of the savage form;
Who brings out of her sturdy breast
The hero and the sturn,
Who giveth freedom unto man,
And life unto the beast;
Who hears her silver torrents fall
Like joy-bells at a feast,
Who hath her caves for palaces,
And where her châteaux stand,
The proud old archer of Alton,
With his good bow in his hand,
Is she to suckle jailers?
Shall shame and glory rest
Amid her lakes and mountains,
Like twins upon her breast?

Shall the two-headed eagle,
 Marked with her double blow,
 Drink of her milk through all those hearts
 Whose blood he bids to flow ?

* * * * *

Was it pomp ye needed,
 And all the proud array
 (Of uniforms and high parade)
 To pass a gala day ?
 We have not my valleys
 Their torrents white with foam,
 Nor lines of silver bullion
 On the green hills of home ?
 Sweet May embroider
 My rocks with pearls and flow'rs,
 And trace a richer lace
 Than yours in all my bowers ?

My old peaks gilded
 When the sun rises proud,
 When one shakes a white mist plume
 From the thunder-cloud ?
 When the bear of the golden sky,
 From the mountain sod,
 Shows a base king's colours
 In the livery of God ?
 O despair ! to see my Alps
 Their giant shadows fling
 Into the very waiting-room
 Of tyrant and of king !

O thou deep heaven, unsullied yet,
 Into thy gulfs sublime,
 Up azure tracts of flaming light—
 Let my free spirit climb ;

Till from my sight, in that clear light,
 Earth and her crimes be past;
 The men who act the evil deeds,
 The caitiffs who look on,
 Far, far into that space immense
 Beyond the vast white yawn
 Where distant stars come out at night,
 And the great sun grows pale.

THE SORTIE.

THE chill dawn glimmered, war for night;
 A troop defiled in order through the street;
 I followed, by that rumour vast drawn on,
 Of men's feet trampling in strong onset.
 Citizens were they marching for the fight,
 Pure Warriors ! In the ranks, less so to sight,
 But by the heart compeer, the child with sword
 Held by the hand his father, by whose side
 Bearing her husband's rifle, marched the wife.
 Still, as of yore, our Gallic girls in strife
 Are proud their warriors' glittering arms to see.
 If one beard Cæsar, or brave Attila,
 What next ? The child laughs ; there her mother,
 Mother, are dry. Paris defeat and fire,
 But all her children are on this side.
 That, save by shame, no people's shame is
 That their dead sires will blush not to see
 So Paris die that France may live her own,
 Honour we keep ; for the rest we care not.
 So forward ! On pale brows incarnate fire,
 'Bove eyes aflame, Faith, Courage, and Desire,
 Onward these warriors of a glorious nation
 March, 'neath her banner, torn, but undaunted ;
 With the battalion mingle wife and child.

Haply a dream yet sweeter, that yields yet more delight,
 Is of a radiant girl, who, betwixt joy and tears,
 The mirth of Love, not knowing, beneath God's smile, low-bright,
 In eye—a tear !

Another vision which doth lend my spirit wings
 Is, Marguerite and Jeanne, like birds of song,
 Flitting across the lawn, across the shadowed glades,
 Each foot—a wing !

But of all dreams whereon I gaze with longing eyes
 This to my poet soul most pleasure doth arise,
 A tyrant stretched beneath God's awful frown,
 In heart—a sword !

A sword, but never a dagger ! For, as I see
 Is, north the broad blue sky, a falcon's eye
 Where, face to face, and foot to foot, with
 To breast, thou stand'st—and leaving to
 Thou Justice' champion (*he, the victor*)
 In the sun's eye cross falchions, and
 Thy sword clash ringing true as ever
 So, if yet once again Right fall 'neath
 Right's warrior, mingling with death's
 Lind Bayard and the Cid with out-

RELIGIOUS POETRY

THANKSGIVING

My bark thou bring'st to port, safe from the storm,
My branches well nigh dead have burst from the storm,
I bless and thank Thee, Lord, for that lightning
Which kindled up the flame so nearly quenched,
An eagle in its nest, on me the tempest broke,
A helpless fledgling then I fell from thy nest,
One sorrow's law from earliest years, I knew,
As sailing in my cot o'er stormy seas I flew,
For me life's lessons hard were learnt in sorrow,
Though lightning's flash from heaven will never come again,
A child without defence is heaven's especial care,
The bitterness of tears it ne'er should have to share,
Youth promised me with smiles, but never came,
A future full of love, of glory, and of pain,
But when my heart pursued these dreams of youth,
I woke to find myself encoffined in dark night,
From home and brethren then an exile I went,
Calm, for my sorrow deep on no remorse I bent,
I followed then from far each sad funeral train,
Thinking the orphan's cry might wake the dead again,
Turning my eyes to heaven, I crossed the dark abyss,
Grieving to think that cruel fate had stolen from me this,
From out my inmost thought the flame burst forth no more,
And settled on my brow in burning tongues of fire,
Of Patmos' isle in ecstasy I learned the fear and dread,
Which now before, and now, behind, over my spirit spread.

My soul in truth was sad, my songs, once my delight,
 Resembled now the voice of those that weep by night.

I saw with grief's sigh my happiness depart,
 O Lord, I was condemned to weariness of heart.
 Along my weary path, I wandered all forlorn,
 And never turned the day when I was born.

Thou art the truth which now to all the world I tell
 Because of this I longed that I in heaven might dwell
 From that time when the sheep, the lamb comes straightway

I call thee my Lord, and lo, my Lord is come

To me, O Lord, thou can never heavy be
 To those who in thy ways dost follow faithfully
 Among the nations, soon a bright robe thou shalt wear,
 And none shall stain thee from stain in innocency there

My life I give thee, O Lord, I offer not to thee,
 But thou shalt see, O Lord, thou shalt see
 Of thy own people, O Lord, the pure and brilliant day,
 Brighter than the sun, O Lord, unto the perfect day "

Thou art the truth which now to all the world I tell
 Because of this I longed that I in heaven might dwell
 From that time when the sheep, the lamb comes straightway
 I call thee my Lord, and lo, my Lord is come

CHARLES MATTHEW, M.A.

PRAYER.

Thou art my child! and O, be thy first prayer
 For me who, many nights, with anxious care,
 Rocked thy first cradle; who took thy infant soul
 From heaven and gave it to the world; then life
 With love, still drank herself the gall of life,
 And left for thy young lips, the honied bowl.

And then—I need it more—then pray for me!
For she is gentle, artless, true like thee!

She has a guileless heart, bro't from the East;
Pity she has for all, envy for none;
Gentle and wise, she patiently lives and waits.

And she endures, nor knows what thou hast known.

In culling flowers, her novice hand has been
Touched e'en the outer rind of roses' thorn.

With smiling show has lured her on the way,
On her the past has left no staining stain;
Nor knows she aught of those dark days of pain.

Like shade on waters, o'er the earth she glides.

She knows not—nor mayst thou—the world's vain race,
In which our spirits mingle: vain the chase.

Remorse, soul gnawing care, Pleasure's vain quest,
Passions which float upon the heart's unrest,
Bitter remembrances which o'er our senses rest.

And Shame's red spot spread on her cheek and breast.

I know life bitter! when thou'rt sick and sore,
I'll tell thee—it is needful to be poor.

Of the pursuit of wealth—art, power, and fame,
That it is folly, nothingness: that the vain game
For glory is oft thrown us in the game.

Of Fortune; chances where she leads us on.

The soul will change. Although we roam and stray,
The cause and end be clear, yet vain the way.

We roam through life (of vice and folly full),
We wander as we go; we feel the heart's unrest,
Of doubt, and to the briars upon the path.

Man leaves his virtue, as the stream his bed.

Then go, go pray for me! And as the prayer
Gushes in words, be this the form they bear:—

“Lord, Lord, our Father! God, my prayer attend;

Pardon! Thou art good! Pardon—Thou art great! '—
 Let them go freely forth, fear not their fate!

For their soul sends them, thitherward they tend

Nothing here below which does not find
 its way. O'er plains the rivers wind,
 the bee, by instinct driven,
 the bee, the forest flowers, the eagle flies
 the sun; the vulture, where death lies,
 the prayer to Heaven!

And now my voice is raised to God for me,
 for him the slave whom in the vale we see
 bowed beneath his heavy load laid by,
 the load of faults and woe
 that drag with me as I go,
 the joyous spirit bears off rejoicingly!

That his dreams be bright
 with angel forms of light,
 that his soul burn as incense flaming wide
 to all his dark sins efface,
 to be like that holy place,
 to be each eve purified!

C, Tail's Magazine

THE SHELLOW OF GREATNESS.

Behold, before! the future's range
 is God alone the power,
 the shellow but augurs change,
 with every passing hour
 Future! mighty mystery!

All the earthly goods that be,
 Fortune, glory, war's renown,
 King or Kaiser's sparkling crown,

Victory, with her burning wings,
Proud ambition's covetings, —

These may our grasp no more restrain
Than the free bird who doth fly
Upon our roof, and takes his flight
High into air again.

Nor smile, nor tear, nor haughtiness
Avails t' unclasp the cold and stony

Thy voice to disenthral
Dumb phantom, shadow evermore,
Veiled spectre, journeying where we

Whom men "To-morrow" call
Oh, to-morrow ! who may deem
Its realities to scan !

God to-morrow brings to bear

What to-day is sown by care

'Tis the lightning in its storm

'Tis the star-concealing cloud

Traitor, as his purpose shewing

Engine, lofty tow'rs o'erthrowing

Wand'ring star, its region showing

"Lady of kingdoms," ever ready

To-morrow ! 'Tis the rude

Of the throne's framework, showing

That, rich with velvet, bright with gold

Dazzles the eye to-day

To-morrow ! 'tis the foaming

To-morrow ! thy victorious

'Tis the red fires from Moscow

'Tis thine Old Guard strewn

'Tis the lone island in the

To-morrow ! 'tis the grave

Into capitals subdued

Thou mayst ride with gallant

Cut the knots of civil feud

With the trenchant steel in twain ;

With thine edicts barricade
 Haughty Thames' o'er-frighted tide,
 Thine Victory's self enthral,
 Responsive to thy trumpet call,
 Burst the stoutest gates asunder,
 Leave the names of brightest wonder,
 Sale and sin, behind thee far,
 And to exhaustless armies yield
 The glowing spur,—o'er Europe's field
 A glory-vending star.
 If thy inspiration, if lends space to thee,
 Thy voice may range mundane immensity,
 No mortal human head can rise sublime,
 Thy voice comes from the stamp of Chulernagnc,
 Thy voice is stern and stern; but never gain
 Thy voice the Morrow from the Lord of Time!

Fraser's Magazine

TRUST IN GOD.

God is awake to-day, trust! And to-morrow have faith,
 The darkness grows less
 When first gleams the dawn breath,
 God is wakeful to bless!
 God hath occasioned our pain
 Stay a brief while on thy knees,
 And then, God may deign
 To look even on night and on us!

N. R. LERMAN

CHARITY.

"Lo! I am Charity," she cries,
 "Who waketh up before the day,
 While yet asleep all nature lies,
 God bids me rise and go my way"

How far her glorious features shine,
Whereon the hand of God hath set
An angel's attributes divine,
With all a woman's sweetest art

Above the old man's couch of state,
She bows her forehead, pure and true,
There's nothing fairer here to see,
There's nothing grander to be seen

Than when caressingly she stoops
(The cold hearts wakening to her touch)
And holds within her holy arms
The little children's naked flesh

To every den of want and cold
She goes, and leaves the poverty
Leaves wine and bread, and peace and love,
And hopes that blossom in the soil

And fire, too, beautiful bright
That mocks the glowing stars of night,
Where, having set the blind man free,
He dreams he's sitting in the sun

Then, over all the earth she goes,
And seeks in the cold winter air
Those poor forsaken little ones
Who droop and weary in the snow

Ah, most her heart is stirred for those
Whose foreheads, wrapped in swaddling clothes,
Still wear a triple diadem—
The young, the innocent, the poor

And they are better far than we,
And she bestows a worthier name
For, with the loaf of charity,
She gives the kiss that children need.

She gives, and while they wondering eat
 The tear-steeped bread by love supplied,
 She stretches round them in the street
 Her arms that passers push aside.
 With raised head and step alert,
 She sees the rich man stalking by,
 She touches his embroidered skirt,
 And softly shows him where they lie.
 She hears the cries of careless crowd
 Of wretched slaves and narrow hearts,
 She hears the wailing cry aloud,
 Then like the ebb-tide and departs.
 She hears the wailing cry
 Whose numbers fall
 Like the great wind that brings
 Down the child beneath his wall.
 O woe, that sad and fatal thing,
 That in the rich man's gorgeous hall,
 Doth fling the hearth doth fling
 The great festival,
 The great smile in state,
 The crown with myrtle crowned,
 The gate
 To wrap Him round.

Dublin University Magazine.

THE ROSE AND THE GRAVE.

The Rose said to the Rose:
 "Of the dews of dawn,
 What end is theirs?"
 "And what of spirits flown,
 The soul wherewith doth close
 The tomb's mouth unawares?"
 The Rose said to the Grave.

The Rose said : " In the shade
From the dawn's tears is made
A perfume faint and strange
Amber and honey sweet."
" And all the spirits here
Do suffer a sky-change,
More strangely than the dew
To God's own angels new."
The Grave said to the Rose

ST. JOHN.

ONE day, the sombre soul, the Prophet came
At Patmos who aye dreamed,
And tremblingly perused, without the veil of time,
Words that with hell-fire gleamed.
Said to his eagle : " Bird, spread wings and soar—
Needs must I see His Face!"
The eagle soared. At length, far bared and bare,
Lo ! the all-sacred Place !
And John beheld the Way whereof no man
The name, nor there hath trod,
And, lo ! the Place fulfilled with shadows dim
Because of very God.

WRITTEN AT THE FOOT OF A CRUCIFIX.

ALL ye that weep come unto One—He weeps
All ye that suffer come to One—He suffers
All trembling hearts, be still—He stays them
All passers-by, oh ! tarry—He endures

N. B. TYRMAN.

R

THE POET'S FAITH.

"Where goest thou?" I cannot tell,
I shall still go on. If but the way be straight,
I cannot go amiss! before me lies
The Day and the Day; the Night behind me; that
I break the bounds; I see,
I believe more; *believe*, and nothing less.
My doubts are not one of my concerns.

EDW. DOWDEN.

DRAMATIC POEMS THE FAY AND THE FAIRY

THE FAIRY

BEAUTIFUL spirit, come with me
Over the blue enchanted sea
Morning and evening thou shalt see
In my garden, where the breeze
Waves through the fruity trees
No shadow falls upon the grass
There thy mother's arms await
Her cherished infant at the gate
Of Paradise the loveliest far
My sisters, near the morning star
In ever youthful bloom abide
But pale their lustre by my side
A silken turban wreathes my head
Pubes on my arms are spread
While sailing slowly through the air
By the uplooker's dazzled eye
As seen my wings of purple hue
Glistening with Elysian dew
Whiter than a far-off sail
My form of beauty glows
Far as on a summer night
Downs the sleep-star's gentle light
And fragrant as the early rose
That scents the green Arabian zone
Soothing the pilgrim as he goes

THE FAY.

Beautiful infant (said the Fay),
In the region of the sun

I dwell, where in a rich array
 The clouds encircle the king of day,
 His radiant journey done.
 My wings, pure golden, of radiant sheen
 (Painted as amorous poet's strain),
 Flutter at night, when meadows green
 Gush with the perfumed rain
 Which the sun's gone to come again.
 My song, my hand, as stream that flows;
 My voice, my breath as air of May;
 And my ivory shoulders stray
 As clouds of sunshine;—tunes still play
 From my delicious lips of rose.

I have caves
 Beneath the azure waves,
 Where I am woven pleasantly
 In the glades of Faëry.
 My charmed child, with me,
 Shall lead thee to the bowers
 Where flowers are painted o'er like flowers,
 And into thy charmed ear
 Shall come what mortal may not hear;
 And thy sweet and ripe
 Shall hear the shepherd's pipe
 Which leads into Arcadian glen,
 And to the busy haunts of men.

THE PERI.

I dwell in the bright Orient,
 Like an old king, in his orange tent,
 Immortal for ever in gorgeous pride—
 And waiting thee, princess of rich countree,
 To the soft flute's lush melody,
 My golden vessel will gently glide,
 Kindling the water 'long the side.

Vast cities are in no of power and delight,
 Lahore laid in lilies, Golconda, Cashmere,
 And Ispahan, dear to the pilgrim's feet,
 And Bagdad, whose towers are like minarets,
 Alep, that pours on the sea her waters,
 From its restless masts the smoke of war,
 As of ocean hammering at night.

Mysore is a queen on her steep hill,
 Thy white domes, Modlin, thy towers,
 Thy radiant kiosques with their flags
 Shooting 'er their golden domes
 Into the flashing sky,
 Like a forest of spears that stand
 Of the enemy with the vivid light.

Come there, beautiful child, come here,
 Come to the arcades of Araby,
 To the land of the date and the olive,
 Where perfume her rosy wreath,
 And gladness shall be always there,
 Singing at sunset next thy bed,
 Strewing flowers under thy head.

Beneath a verdant roof of leaves
 Arching a flow'ry carpet o'er,
 Thine minstrel list to lutes on summer days,
 Their lutes of rustic freshness,
 While upon the grassy floor
 Light footsteps, in the hour of dawn,
 Kiddle the shadow of the palm.

THE FAT,

Come to the radiant home of the Fat,
 Where meadows like fountain in light are drest,
 And the grottoes of verdure never decay,
 And the glow of the August dies not away.

Where the autumn winds never can sweep,
 And the streams of the woodland steep thee in sleep,
 And the fond sister charming the eyes of a brother,
 And the babe lulled on the breast of her mother.
 Hasten to me !
 Thy wings shall be ;
 Thy forehead shall twine,
 Thy crown that sets not shall shine.

I listened to the strain,
 And there its thoughts were driven—
 And the Peri waited in vain,
 And the Peri waited above such a sensual gain—
 To Heaven.

Asiatic Journal.

THE VEIL.

"Hast thou prayed to-night, Desdemona?"

THE SISTER.

Hast thou prayed, my brothers? Your spirits to-day
 Are in narrow damps :
 Look on your brow. What has happened? Oh, say,
 What has happened? Glare out with a sinister ray
 The light of funeral lamps.
 And your poniards are half unsheathed
 And ye frown on me !
 There's a pang unbreathed
 In your bosom, my brothers three !

ELDEST BROTHER.

Hast thou, make answer! Hast thou, since the dawn,
 To the eye of a stranger thy veil withdrawn?

THE SISTER.

As I came, oh, my brother! at noon—
 As I came—it was noon, my brother!

And your sister had then, as she heard
 Drawn her veil close around her, new

Is beset by these foreign hordes
 But the weight of the noonday's sun

Near the mosque was a moment the
 That—forgetting a moment the

I yielded to th' heat excessive

SECOND BROTHER.

Gulnara, make answer! Whom
 In a turban of white and a caftan of

THE SISTER.

Nay, he might have been there;
 He could scarcely have seen my

But why to you sister thus dark
 What words to yourselves do you

Of "blood" and "an intriguer"
 Oh! ye cannot of murder bring down

On your souls, my brothers, turn
 Though I fear—from the hands that

And the hints you give obscure

THIRD BROTHER.

Gulnara, this evening when sank
 Didst thou mark how like blood in

THE SISTER.

Mercy! Allah! have pity! oh, spare
 See! I cling to your knees repenting

Kind brothers, forgive me! for mercy, have
 Be appeased at the cry of a sister's despair,

For our mother's sake relenting.

O God! must I die? They are deaf to my cries!
 For sister's life-blood she lding;
 They stabbed me each one—I faint—o'er my eyes
 The shadow of Death is spreading!

THE BROTHERS

Thou art a veil; 'tis the gift
 That thou wilt never lift!
 "I am Proud" (FRANÇOIS MARC)

LOVE AND AVARICE.

On a summer day,
 They strolled abroad
 In the shade of the abode
 Of a rich or fool who lived that way—
 Perhaps—I cannot say—
 A horse heeding where it tended,
 A bulky silence wended,
 These two charming creatures,
 Of form and features,
 As they went
 Their eyes,
 Their eyes almost double bent,
 That fatal box,
 Ever on the watch
 To catch
 Directed to its locks;
 Too, no doubt with silent winking
 Her green, greedy orbs, no single minute
 Withdrawn from it, was hard a thinking
 Of all the shining dollars in it

The only words that Avarice could utter,
 Her constant doom, in a low, frightened mutter,
 "There's not enough, enough, not a penny more!"
 While I lay, as she scanned the gleaming floor,
 Gloomed as she gushed her yellow hoard,
 "She's more than I, more, more than I!"
 It is each in her own fashion, each her own,
 Upon the efts precious contents
 Which silently, to their surprise,
 The Good Desire stood before
 Desires, that courteous deity who grants
 All wishes, prayers, and wants;
 Such he to the two sisters: "Behold,
 As I in gentlemen, my task and goal
 To be the slave of your bosoms;
 Choose then the one at your own sweet will,
 Her ours or treasure!
 Or in one word, whatever you desire,
 But, let us understand each other;
 Who speaks the first, her prayer shall be
 Received—the other, the same shall be
 Imagine how our amiable pair,
 At this proposal, all so frank and fair,
 Were mutually troubled!
 Misers and envious, of our human race,
 Say, what would you have done in such a case?
 Each of the sisters murmured sad and slow,
 "What boots it, oh, Desire, to bestow
 Crowns, treasures, all the goods that
 On power divine bestow,
 Since still another must have always more,
 So each lest she should speak before
 The other, hesitating slow and long,
 Till the god lost all patience, held her tongue;
 He was enraged, in such a way,
 To be kept waiting there all day,

With two such beauties in the public road,
 Scarce able to be civil even,
 He wished them both—well, not in heaven
 At last the alliance broke,
 And smiling, with malignant sneer,
 To her sister dear,
 In expectation by,
 And cruel, spoke
 "Blinded of one eye!"

Amen au Kozike

MISCELLANEOUS

THE LAST SONG

AND thou, throw down thy arms,
What, though the golden age
Care mortals grow and deem
They scorn the increasing years
Break then this power of youth,
Resign the steedless reins

O! the joys of the poet are pure, when he lives on in hope, braving death,
For his glory returns with the oncoming years
In the far future years from the present
He bends himself listening to mankind
And his name, like a stone through the ages
Re-echoes in depths of the future

Not mine that joy divine
The ages are not mine,
Nor poet's high renown
My muse, by tempests blown
Falls level with the world
Like flower by stream, but mine

Yet my innocent muse is both gentle and strong
And Bethlehem's sweet star shines on her song
I have followed that star like the sheep of the flock
My God has endowed me with gift of tongue
For a cowardly sleep doth His people bring
And whether my harp may weep, thrills, or sing
My songs upward fly, as the eagle's flight

My soul from kindling source
Runs on from course to course,

As precious brooklet flies,
Where travellers slake their thirst ;
Brooks into rivers burst,
And thence to sea and skies.

How barren without perfume, O fires that are dead,
How vain is wasting my wings to outspread !
How small is mortal, your world is too small.
How vain like vapors like vague sounds of the night ;
How vain to drink and I drink of the gall.
How vain to fight your loves, and your battles go fight '—
How vain to grasp at the whole light of heaven would enthral.
How vain to speak my small weak voice ;
How vain to make no noise.
How vain to fight with cords of steel
How vain to tread o'er these vile souls,
How vain to tread when traffic rolls
How vain to turn the force and wheel.

How vain to be smitten with God's vengeful darts,
How vain to pray, to bend their hard hearts,
How vain to pierce through penitent tears.
How vain to pierce the thundering heavens of fire,
How vain to pierce the mid silence or jeers.
How vain to be propitious and sometimes in ire,
How vain to be angry and the next day uprears.

How vain is all folks' gate !
How vain to fight in vain 'gainst fate,
How vain to fight Time bears away.
How vain to fight the waking blast,
How vain to wake from sleep at last,
How vain to fight the battle's fray.

How vain to fight to save your souls who forget,
How vain to fight to live for all of us yet.
How vain to pass on to peace 'neath the dark heavens' frown,
How vain to pass in frail dwellings the sweets and the flowers.
When their lot to Eternity's depths is cast down
The madmen in vain will then grasp at the hours,
As grasp at the wreckage the sailors who drown.

For well, lamenting lute,
 For exanimate be mute,
 Avoid the crowd who gaze,
 Hush the immortal stage,
 And close the veiled face,
 Let shadows shroud the face,
 O I will bring to Thee challenge,
 The sword and the lance, with thy spear,
 I have hitherto attained that for which
 I have oft been the plaything of fate,
 The eaglets cease flight in their glances,
 And seek for the earth which they gaze,
 And the lightning returns without flame.

THE GIRL OF OTAN

For I forget the scent of
 Of breezes, sighing of thee, in
 The storm, waking from a dream,
 The sudden thrill to find thee
 Of huts were desolate, and
 I heard thee calling me through
 No one had seen thee pass
 Trembling I came. Alas,
 Can I forget?

Once I was beautiful; my maidenhood
 I left with the grief that from
 Ah! we my traveller! rest in my
 Let there be no regrets and no
 Here of thy mother sweet, who
 Here of thy fatherland we
 Here music, praise, and prayer
 Filled the glad summer air.
 Can I forget?

Forget! My dear old home must I forget?
 And wander forth and hear my people weep,
 In the woods where, when the sun has set,
 I creep to thy arms weary to thy arms I creep;
 For the low dews and the palm-tree's moan
 Tell me not live. Here let me rest alone!
 I must follow nigh,
 For I am doomed to die,
 Never forget!

CLEMENT SCOTT.

THE HAPPY MAN.

Forget me! Youthful though I still be,
 I wish for everything I wish for,
 I wish to gratify each whim, and
 To be surrounded with favours?
 I am learning to receive it,
 I am learning to pour out their abundance,
 I am learning to drink from Calpe, or the distant
 Mountains of Leander.
 I am learning to hear and music in the distance;
 I am learning to sit on a soft couch painted with vermilion,
 I am learning to have slaves fanning my burning brow,
 I am learning to have slaves for my slumbers.
 I am learning to lead at my banquets,
 I am learning to leave them what I leave them;
 I am learning to have my appetite, ev'n fish disdaining,
 I am learning to be satisfied on slaves' blood.
 I have along the banks of Tiber,
 I have along the heights above Pompeii,
 Over my land driving wearily I gaze on
 Slaves without number.

Cæsar smiles blandly, but the great men fear me ;
 Clients and supphants crowd around my chariot ;
 Baths lined with porphyry, stairways of white marble,
 Vie with each other.

Sick of the forum, weary of the senate,
 Vainly I ask of every one, What's to be done ?
 I en Cato's line of throwing flames
 Fools to amuse me.

I cannot western beauty catch and keep,
 Wealthiness lurking e'en in a golden cup,
 Yet the poor beggar, weeping in his street,
 Envies my fortune.

Favours I want not ceaselessly pour'd on me,
 Still in my prime, like flowers I see
 Gods, all your gifts I'll give back to you,
 Happiness grant none to me.

Thus spoke indolent Cæsus, within the palace,
 Languidly stretched on his couch, he gaz'd
 At fate, -

Thus he blasphemed his gods; while blood
 Flow'd a mutely lying dying, before that instant

On the

THE LAY OF THE LAIGESS.

LAIGESS, most gallant chevalier,

Give laigess to the king's banner,

Whether in mimic fight you lead,

You wield, or in real war,

Knights who on shield the wyvern bear,

The wyvern green with spiral curls,

O, you who Agra's mantle wear,

Its sable hue relieved by pearls.

Some place the lilies on their crest,
Whilst others knightly surtout don,
On which shines out in 'broidered gold
The naughty cross of Amazon.

Now the lists are thrown open,
The heralds ride round,
And the green and white banners
From each tower are found.

Now the crowd shouts the loudest,
The light pennons dance,
As the Lord of the tourney
Proudly advance.

Now he hangs on his surtout,
And hid in its folds,
The white griffin, the badge
Of the office he holds.

Now the point is crowded ;
Now the bell
Of the gray minster echoes
The resonant swell.

Now the beauty and splendour,
And the glory the eye
Of the monarch who sits
On his throne raised on high.

Now the queen, too, has given,
With her generous hand,
The ransom has ransomed
The pagan's dark land.

Now the knights of blood royal,
And the rules attend,
And to what the law orders
Attentive ears lend.

He who uses his weapon
Her trumpets' shrill blast,
Is a felon, that weapon
Is banned and outcast.

'Twas the law of our fathers,
Long ages ago,
And which God sent for guidance
To brave knights before
First we'll make with each other
The universe ring
The Evangelists practice
And Jesus our king
Then invoke brave Saint George
The patron of France
Who will look to your honour
Tho' feeble your lance
And as truly as you give
Your sword to the King
Trust your soul to your king
Whose praises you sing
You must next on the roll
Of martyrs aver
That no foul tarnish comes
The gold of your spirit
'That no serf in your defence
In darkness and gloom
Sits awaiting the headman's
By your cruel doom
That you always are ready
The widow to aid
And to succour the orphan
With heart and with hand
Knights who cherish your name
Recall bygone years
And the valorous deeds of
King Charlemagne's peers
And of chivalrous Arthur
So widely renowned
With his bold Cavaliers
The famed Table Round.

Shaune on the false warrior
Who uses foul spell ;
And who fights loyal foe
With the magic of hell.
From a gibbet raised high on
The battlements grey,
That the knight's bleeding body
Shall quiver and sway ;
That shall suffer long anguish,
And a painful death
Shall pass off in sad triumph
With his fleeting breath.
The enchanters and wizards,
The comrades in crime,
For his bones shall low murmur
The magical rhyme.
I will hail to the knight who
Keeps true to his fame.
Who serves the fair ladies
And bears his name.
His glory and honour
From earth cannot fade,
For the troubadours sing of
The valorous blade.
The king and queen shall watch o'er
His resting-place,
And his trophies of valour
The altar shall grace.
I will pray for knights and fair ladies,
And I will pray,
For the rules and the laws of
The courts of to-day.
The Lord of the tourney is
Sovereign supreme,
And may punish each knight
If a felon may deem ;

And if anyone ventures
His words to deride,
He may call on the ladies
The cause to decide.

I guess, most gallant chevaliers,
Give I guess to the king's wars,
Whether in mimic fight year after year,
You wield, or in real wars,
Knights who on shield the wyvern
The wyvern green with spine,
Or you who Agra's mantle wear,
Its sable hue relieved by pearls,
Some place the lilies on their crests,
Whilst others knightly surcoat
On which shines out in boldness
The haughty Cross of Amazon.

REGRET.

Yet Happiness hath left no room,
As 't we all pursue its steps,
We've sunk to rest within its arms,
Like the Phœnix virgin, wake,
Ourselves alone again.

Then, through the distant future,
We seek the lost companion of our youth,
"Return, return!" we cry, and in vain,
Pleasure attracts! but not to fill the place
Of that we mourn always.

I, should I all yed Pleasure woo, nor care
Will to the winton sorceress say, "I care not."
Respect the cypress on my mournful bank,
Lost Happiness hath left regret—but thou
Leavest remorse, alone."

Yet, haply lest I check the mounting fire,
 To friends, that in your revelry appears !
 That you I'll breathe the air which ye respire,
 And smiling, hide my melancholy lyre
 When it is wet with tears.

Each in his secret heart perchance doth own
 Some pent regret, neath passing smiles concealed ;—
 And meet we, together and alone
 To hide, for many a grief to others known,
 Our hearts un-revealed !

And we, our tears and simple pains,
 And our sweet recollections, cherished long,
 And our sad grails, which no compunction stains,
 And all that we are, if we wore these earthly chains
 In secret and song !

But those dear hours have fled without a trace :
 And I improve their parting to delay ;
 And you have beamed, then left a cheerless space,
 And your beloved smile, that on the face
 Of life, and fades away.

Fraser's Magazine.

THE JOURNEY.

As the horse moves onward, rings,
 And the wheels mark from the rough pavement flings,
 While I must go, drive from your heart all cares.
 And you alone, think of me in your prayers.
 As you drive off, I go, and you remain ;
 As my feelings seize me, I cannot explain.

Long time to catch the echoes bend your ear,
 Till with sad heart the sound no more you hear.

The cluster of thine hair soon dies away ;
 Even now my form grows indistinct and grey.
 Alas ! your snowy gown I cannot trace,
 Nor yet the wheels that roll in rapid race.
 What, no more sign of you ? I'm all alone,
 And weary - hence claims me for its own.
 Each step I drive, the deeper grows the gloom,
 Peopled with fiends and spectres from the tomb.
 My soul becomes a hell of bitter pain,
 In which I sink, nor can I rise again.
 What shall I do with every vagrant thought,
 When turn I run to seek your long forgot
 What cure I for the things I hear and see,
 Knowing that you are far away from me.
 What use my eyes except to gaze in vain,
 What use your voice except to answer mine.
 Thrice happy is the man whose peace of mind
 Is set in truth and vale and humble land.
 Where he was born he makes his home and grave,
 And nothing knows of earth save his grave and grave.

TEARS IN SOLITUDE.

Oh ! why in solitude art fain to weep,
 From dreamy eyes what bids the bright
 Falling, what shadow of sorrow
 Regret for the dear dead past, or sorrow
 Of what the future bringeth, is't that
 If to over thy traits control ?
 Love with his charms already seest thou,
 Life's bright illusions, all those sisters sweet
 Who, ere dawn well awoken,
 From out our gates, in springtide's loveliest hour,
 Dance hand in hand, flower crowned ; but, ere night lower,
 Drop dead by the way, forsaken ?

Or doth some shadowy form, of old loved well,
 From out the quiet grave steal forth to tell
 How few life's fleeting hours?
 Marking that mark, when thou in tears dost pray
 For some lonely cross at death of day,
 How rare the votive flowers!
 For e'en for these things scarce thy tears could flow.
 For e'en for weep one needs but know
 That e'en beneath sombre heaven;
 That e'en that fall would fly, and hath not wings,
 That e'en that as fair, life's sweetest things,
 That e'en that are not are given!
 For e'en in sunbeams we behold
 That e'en in pinnons, purple, sapphire, gold,
 That e'en our hearts beat higher—
 That e'en that glittering wing "Good-bye,"
 That e'en the cold hath caught the butterfly,
 That e'en his soul's desire!
 For e'en that wake sweeter melodies
 That e'en that laughter, and those tender eyes
 That e'en that for pity's dew.
 For e'en that showers green fields are surer,
 That e'en that more glorious heaven doth bare her
 That e'en that spirit of blue.
 For e'en that Sarah, weep; for lo!
 For e'en that thy heart, and tears o'erflow,
 For e'en that sorrow as they.
 For e'en that them that weep for others' woes,
 For e'en that with more love and pity those
 For e'en that mourn than those that pray.
 For e'en that thy spirit be made strong.
 For e'en that, after bitterness and wrong,
 Our shattered strengths renew:

Often the soul, that feels through pain's dark night
 Ho! e's gently-bleaming dawn, for dear delight
 Pours forth its thanks in dew.

Weep, but as now thou dost, in sorrow's night
 Build thee a bower for grief, where none can sight
 None, in thine heart of heart!
 In which on the world thou scatter'st light
 The richest fountain of thy soul's delight
 Springs sweetest thus, apart!

The flower, which wakens bathed in dew,
 We at time the glowing smiles of dawn
 Gold petals doth unfurl:
 But 'neath their glory, all day, from dawn to dusk
 Down in its chalice hummed with bees
 Hides oft one liquid pearl!

THE DANCE OF DEMONS.

SEE, before the dark walls of this blackened hall
 The moon veils her face with a mystic pall
 The spirit of night hovers, fear spreading
 And twelve from the belfry in solemn tread
 In the air the sound vibrates and thrills
 As if neath the bell were imprisoned
 The silence returns with the shadowy
 Whence utter those cries? whence those howls?
 The vaults, and the gates, and the towers
 All seem to be covered with network of
 And we hear in the porch the blast
 To boil and to bubble, its stone font
 Our souls to our patrons in Heaven we commend
 Amid the blue rays which with red flames contend
 With cries and with howls, and with sighings profound,
 See from waters and mountains, and woods all around,

The spectres, the dragons, the vamps, the ghouls,
 Monsters such as in nightmares of hell one beholds !
 The specter flying from fresh emptied tomb,
 The specter which hisses through midnight of gloom ;
 The sorcerer arrayed in their mystic attire,
 The sorcerer with words of sorcery written in fire ;
 The grim and evil demons and mischievous gnomes,
 All the evil spirits of old ruined domes,
 All the evil spirits that pour into the fane,
 All the evil spirits that swell the mad train !
 Under the banner of their Prince Lucifer stands,
 His crown of thorns concealed 'neath the crown's iron bands ;
 His robes are made of his diaphanous wings,
 His crown is the crown of sacrilegious he springs.
 He is the King of those who shout in this place,
 He is the King of the light of God's face.
 He is the King of the hands, and with leap and with bound,
 He is the King of the destructive wild dance goes round,
 He is the King of the longer its movements discern.
 He is the King of the appears in its turn,
 He is the King of the Hell is let loose in the night.
 He is the King of the dread zodiac is light,
 He is the King of the swift-circling feet,
 He is the King of the time with his crosser's beat,
 He is the King of the arches colossal and high,
 He is the King of the dead in their tombs close by
 He is the King of the forced to unite
 He is the King of the eddying ring
 He is the King of the altar they swing,
 He is the King of the Satan their King,
 He is the King of the sandish delight.
 It is a moment of dread ;
 A flame seems to spread
 On his wings, like the red
 Of a King's raiment bright ;
 And their steps shake the arches colossal and high,
 Disturbing the dead in their tombs close by

Yes, in triumph we leap !
 Come, brothers, draw near,
 From all points of the north,
 From the grave and the tomb,
 And tombs dark and deep,
 From the cave's gloom,
 Come, our armies to lead,
 See ! escorted by hell,
 The cars, griffin-drawn,

And their steps shake the arches of heaven,
 Disturbing the dead in their tombs of olden days.

Come, banish all dread,
 Come, dwarfs with gnomes,
 Ghouls and vampires rampant,
 With unsanctified mud,
 With the blood of the dead,
 Women, lost and cold,
 Press forward, contend,
 Your steeds eager head
 The bridleless head.

And their steps shake the arches of heaven,
 Disturbing the dead in their tombs of olden days.

Jews, under God's blight,
 Gypsies, vagrants accursed,
 Ghosts from Hades out of their graves,
 Maniacs who have burned,
 Their bonds in the night,
 And the crest they bear
 Of the walls, on whose
 They fly up and alight.

And their steps shake the arches of heaven,
 Disturbing the dead in their tombs of olden days.

Come, he-goats profane,
 Come, lizards and snails,
 Come, serpents with scales,
 So fragile and frail,

Burst into the fane !
 Let discord take wing,
 With melodious swing,
 Come, enter the ring,
 And repeat the refrain.

Shake the arches colossal and high,
 And bid in their tombs close by.

At the moment of dread
 The monks stem
 The gleam,
 The beards stream
 The blood of the dead.

Every one throw
 To the glow,
 The bones of the foe
 Their furious tread.
 Shake the arches colossal and high,
 And bid in their tombs close by.

The sneering voice,
 The steps of the shrine,
 The hand jeering whine,
 The psalm-tunes divine,
 The martyrs rejoice !

The chapel we see,
 The decree,
 The spelling with glee
 Of God's choice.

Shake the arches colossal and high,
 And bid in their tombs close by.

From his tomb with sad moans
 The monk to his stall
 Glides, concealed in his pall,
 That robe fatal to all,
 Which burns into his bones.

Now a black priest draws nigh,
 With a flame he doth fire,
 On the altar on high,
 He the curst fire enthralls,
 And their steps shake the arches of heaven,
 Disturbing the dead in their tombs.

Satan sees you, ah !
 With your coarse hands
 In the midst of the dance,
 Write then, with his pen,
 A head ibia !
 Fly, foul birds of dream,
 With moulting wings
 Through the alooves of
 Sustaining Smarra,
 And their steps shake the arches of heaven,
 Disturbing the dead in their tombs.

See, the signal appears,
 And hell urges our flight,
 May each soul in its path
 One day have no light,
 But this dim beacon fire
 May our carnival send
 Through the shadows of
 And the whole world
 In an impious sphere,
 He dawns whitens the arches of heaven,
 And drives all the devilish revellers
 The blind monks retire to their graves
 And veil their cold faces behind their

SONGS OF YOUTH.

Ever yet my youthful songs beloved,
 Tender and true, keen pangs had proved

Of the bare world's ingratitude,
 Far from the bitter blasts of reason,
 They remained they in how bright a season,
 In the sweetest scent and rays endured !
 From the singing branches of life's tree,
 With a sweet melody,
 When the winter winds come, they're riven
 And scattered ; then, they're whaled and scatter'd !
 They're whaled and scatter'd, despattered,
 They're whaled and scatter'd or driven
 From the world's sweet melody, methought, should be
 A perpetual melody
 They're whaled and scatter'd, despattered,
 They're whaled and scatter'd or driven
 From the world's sweet melody, methought, should be
 A perpetual melody
 They're whaled and scatter'd, despattered,
 They're whaled and scatter'd or driven
 From the world's sweet melody, methought, should be
 A perpetual melody

N. R. T. H. A. N.

THE CLOUDS OF GLORY

My dear Jeanne,—that is ever my dream !
 In the heaven full often I seem
 To see thee, and made for heavenly eyes,
 Nor can tell where it is
 Of the future, awaiting new life,
 From all trouble and strife
 They are cradled on high,
 All them unthanking they lie—
 Each in eternity's womb
 On that side a tomb
 Differing widely from ours,
 With its slumbering powers
 Like a swarm from a bee-hive, in joyous surprise,
 A wave of young souls upo their wondering eyes

Then I turn to my Jeanne with God's light on her face—
 A cheer from the window, my boy's in a race,
 I see in beholding life's happiest hours,
 All these embryo lovers, all these unborn flowers.

INVOCATION

SAY, Lord ! for Thou art here,
 Where links the good and true,
 Amidst the depths of gloom,
 That seem, alas ! so dark and drear,
 Oppressive to a mighty host,
 Contentions, feuds, the strife of war,
 But who dare question Thee,
 Has ordered to move,
 Haply the earthquake might,
 The resting-place of power,
 And only surges up haters,
 The pearls that were their tears.

INSULT NOT THE FALLEN

I tell you, hush ! no word of scorn
 Hush ! fallen, but God knows her worth,
 Poor girl ! too many like her only born
 To love one day—to sin—and die,
 What know you of her struggles here,
 Or what wild storms of want and fear,
 Tore down her soul from home and love,
 From autumn branches, or a flower
 That hung in frailest splendour,
 Bright, glowing in the sunlight of a day—
 So had she clung to virtue once. But now—
 See Heaven's clear pearl polluted with earth's clay !
 The sin is yours—with your accursed gold—

Where is he gone? Into the dark —
 O sad, and ever-plaining woe!
 Whence art thou? From the dark —
 And why thy moans and sighs so low?

THE BLACK HUNTSMAN.

"WHAT art thou, wanderer?"
 The far rooks fly, and their flight
 Near rides the rack!
 "I am he that hunts through dark
 The Huntsman Black!"

The faint forest-leaves, by the
 Shriek . . . one had said
 That a witch's revel, with wild
 Through the wood was sped
 In a clear cloud way, with pale
 The moon smiles dread.

Cleave to the buck, cleave to the
 Scour the dark woods, scour woe
 With eve's wan track.
 Cleave to the Czar, cleave to the
 O Huntsman Black!

The faint forest-leaves

Girth thy garb, let thy blast ring
 Cleave to the deer that wanders
 On the rich grass track.
 Cleave to the king, cleave to the
 O Huntsman Black!

The faint forest-leaves

It thunders, the rain blinds, the river floods rise!
 No rest for the fearful fox under the skies,—

Thou'rt still on his track !
 Cleave to the judge, cleave to the spies,
 O Huntsman Black !

The first forest-leaves

Thou'rt still on his track !
 The wind aye keep,
 The wind aye keep, thee not back—
 The wind aye keep, goad him from sleep,
 O Huntsman Black !

The first forest-leaves

Thou'rt still on his track !
 Thy hounds in full cry !
 Thy hounds in full cry, no shelter shall die :
 Thy hounds in full cry, thy pack !
 Thy hounds in full cry, to the mired Lie,
 O Huntsman Black !

The first forest-leaves

Thou'rt still on his track !
 Thy following has turned,
 Thy following has turned for the death he hath earned,
 Thy following has turned, thy pack !
 Thy following has turned, that all pity hath spurned,
 O Huntsman Black !

Thou'rt still on his track !
 By the sharp wind rifted,
 By the sharp wind rifted, the wind aye said
 By the sharp wind rifted, with hoarse cries drifted
 By the sharp wind rifted, the wood was sped ;
 The wood was sped, through the cloud is uplifted,—
 The wood was sped, the wood is spread !

Thou'rt still on his track !
 Its old-world might ;
 Its France, its France that of yore brake might
 In splendid attack ;
 Our fair Archangel clothed round with light,
 O Huntsman Black !

The faint forest-leaves, by the sharp wind rifted,
 Fall . . . one had said

That the darkling revel with hoarse cries drifted

Through the wood was sped ;

The clarion of dawn through the cloud is diffused—

Sweet sunlight's spread !

N. R. TYERMAN.

THE FOUNTAIN.

ANIGH a desert-spring a lion dwelt ; an eagle

Drank from the same clear flow.

One morn it chanced two warrior-chiefs of ancient renown

Often fate suffers so—

Drew nigh this spring which with its broad and steady flow

Allures the traveller,

And, recognizing each his foe, flashed sudden wrath.

Fought, - and fell bleeding there.

Then, while they breathed their last, the eagle, hovering

O'er lowly heads, shrilled loud

“ Ye found the whole wide earth for you too small a thing

That are less than a little cloud !

“ O Princes ! and your bones, strong yesternight with youth

Will be, to-morrow morn,

Stones mingled with the stones o' the track, but none in reach

By travellers' footing worn.

“ Ye fools ! for what great end was this bright flashing strife,

Your duel fierce and rude !

I, th' Eagle, and yon lion, lead a peaceful life

In this vast solitude.

“ Both come to quench our thirst at the same crystal fount,

Kings in the same dominions ;

He roams in lordly wise the prairie, forest, mount—

The air's swept by my pinions ! ”

N. R. TYERMAN.

SONG OF THE PROW GILDERS

We are the gilders of the prows
 Wheel-like awirl, strong winds arouse
 The verdant sea's rotundity,
 Mingling the shadows and the gleams,
 And 'mid the folds of sombre streamers
 Drawing slant vessels steadfastly.

The shrilling squall close enclinging flies,
 The tortuous winds deep gulfs devise,
 The Archer black in his horn doth blow,
 These sounds bode death's dark mystery,
 And through these prodigies 'tis we
 That make the golden spectres go

For the ship's prow is like a ghost,
 Still wave-engirdled, tempest tossed,
 Proudly from our bazaars she sails
 To serve the lightnings with a mark,
 And midst the hazards of the dark
 To be the wave that never fails

Along with the plane trees pleasure there,
 Smiling to the Sultanas see,
 And hide beneath long veils the grace
 Of myriad girls with names untold,
 Who yesternorn stark bare were sold
 By auction on the market place

What cares the wave? What cares the air?
 This girl is dark and that is fair,
 Of Halep she, or Ispahan;
 Before thy face they all may quake;
 What heed thereof forsooth should take
 The vast mysterious ocean!

Ye have each one your revelry.
 Be thou the prince, the tempest he
 He lightning hath, the yataghan

Thou, to christen your multitudes,
Beneath its lid the people broods,
The wave beneath the hurricane.

For one and the other do we strive,
This durable task is ours alive;—
And thus we sing O stern Emir,
In eaves of steel, thy heart of ice
Keep n— the little swallow's eye
From trustful sleep when night is nigh

For haly Nature is eterne
And triumpful living souls that yearn
Gleeth beneath beneath His wing,
Amid the alstern sweet shade,
With hearts forever undismayed
By spectral terrors, do we sing.

To our lords we leave the palm
And st— laurel! We are calm
And steadfast while within their hands
The have not ta'en the minished hands,
And the swift flight of the cloud-cats,
Depends not on a king's command.

The meadows, the flowers bloom bright,
Still as buds tip the bosoms white;
On the one lugs, the craftsmen still
Sing and the priests still sigh and sleep;
Light shadow fawns through copse deep
Hearing, make greyhounds strain and thrill.

If soothly, Sultan, thou hadst quaffed
All pleasures, the sweet draught
Would surely quench thy reason thee;
In rest and reign,—thy life is sweet.
Calm on the road the roebuck fleet
In to slumbers dreamfully.

Who mounts aloft must needs descend,
 The hours are flame, dust is their end,
 The tomb saith unto man "Behold!"
 Times change, blithe birds not always sing,
 Waves leap, and straight are thundering,
 While aye around are omens rolled

The hour is sultry; women bare
 Love lovely limbs nigh blooms less fair,
 All lightest sorrows now repose,
 One blue transevered lakes white clouds are driven
 With the most golden star of heaven
 Crowneth itself earth's relliest rose.

Thy galley, we have gold unraved,
 By many pair of oars is swayed
 Whence from Lepanto, 'mid the surge,
 Subduing the tempest and the tide,
 And each of which is hotly plied
 By four slaves shackled, 'neath the scourge

N. R. ILLMAN

SOUL STRESS

A terror swift on march his rumours hush, his floods,
 His shock and makes profoundly quake earth's multitud's
 Moving the world around him as ever he walks right on
 One who is made not bright with joy, nor fear is win,
 Man like an ever-changing cloud still travelling
 Not one, how small so'er, escapes that mighty breath,
 The humblest, while he speaks, thrill through their inmost being
 Thus when the strong North-wind from out the horizon flies
 Hastening on venturesome quest athwart the sea and land,
 Thick rain and lightning twists, even as a girl the band
 That girds her slender frame with archest smile unbinds —
 When the vast blast deep muttering passeth, shelter finds
 No blade of grass in valley's depth from the awful might
 And fiery speed of the hurricane's formidable flint

N. R. ILLMAN

LONGUS.

On our bare bosomed dazzles the dim woods ;
 She richly smiles, bright innocence being her garb ;
 Naked she is, and loves it ; lovely, not known.
 To all die-ens most adored she is most like
 The new world sees her and is not vexed
 No one thinks she's Venus, Psyche, the rest is vain
 A tender and fearful mystery is Spring !
 About in the air some sweet unwitting being
 One feels, which, to soft sounds of wind and water
 In the soul delights, as in thrilled woods the wind
 / *Hymn* ! Springtide comes,—by sweetest winds
 Takes nature,—the divine adventure begins
 Close to the woods, to flowers, to heaven's breath
 Hymn a web fingered from the fountain springs
 In the tree the dryad, and the faint hymn
 The winged kiss at every mouth seeks mine
 N. H. T.

ORDER OF DAY FOR FLORENT

Victory, friends ! I give wing
 In haste, in the full-breathed moment
 Te strophes that gleefully sing
 The night by the light o'erborne
 I blow a blast on the hills,
 A blast of rapturous night !
 Know all, that the fair spring hills
 With hills the footprints of night.
 Jane slippers her soft white feet,
 Her feet that no longer are frail
 Lo how the sun's pulses beat,
 Fulfilling yon heaven's blue vale !

The plumed birds sing, lambs bleat ;
 May, mocking with cries night powers,
 Puts winter in full retreat
 With a mitrailleuse of flowers.

N. R. TYRMAN

BRUTE WAR.

Torn at sad eyes, dull-brained Penelope,
 Cradler of chaos, powerless to create,
 War, whom the clash of iron fires to glee,
 The furious blast of clarions makes clare,—
 Quaffer of blood, foul hag that to thy feast
 Lures men and madden'st them with vile delight,—
 Cloud, swollen with thunder North, South, West and East,
 Fulfilled with rays darker than darkest night,—
 Vast Madness, that for swords keen lightnings wieldeth,
 What is thy use, dire birth of hellish race,
 If while thou rulest sin, *crimes* thou upbuideth,
 Setting the monster of the beast's pride of place,
 If with this awful darkness thou dost smother
 One Emperor, but to yield earth then another?

N. R. TYRMAN

WHAT DICTATES THE BOOK.

My soul seems, in this frightful season of time
 Thronged by the monstrous justling the sublime,
 A plain given up to every wandering fiend,
 Ceaselessly trampled by deeds of evil and dread.
 This book of mine's dictated day by day
 By the hour that roars, then moans its life away.
 The weeks of the *Awful Year* are hydras due,
 Hell-born of fire to be consumed by fire.
 Onward with blazing eyes they all must roll,
 Leaving their burning gap upon my soul,

Upon my verse, wan, wild for pity or wrath,
 Th' imprint one sees upon a serpent's path.
 Should one regard my spirit now, he'd see
 Dark signs thereon engraven countless
 Of all these days of horror, doubt, defiance,—
 As 'twere a desert trampled o'er by lions.

H. R. TYRMAN.

THE CONTENTED EXILE.

I.

THE solitude and silence tempt me forth
 To desert places. There the soul is calm
 And sternly satisfied ; one knows not there
 What is that shadow which he shall illumine.
 I go into the forests seeking there
 Vague awe ; the tangled thickness of the boughs
 Informs me with a joy and terror dim ;
 And there I find oblivion akin
 To that within the silence of the tomb,
 But I am not extinguished ; one can be
 A torch in darkness, and beneath the sky,
 Beneath the sacred crypt, alone, remain
 To shiver in the deep and windy breath
 Of the empyrean. Nought is lost to man
 For having sounded duty's depths obscure,
 Who looks from high sees well ; who looks from far
 Sees rightly. Conscience knows a sacred faith
 Is possible for her, and goes to high
 And lonely places, there to shine and grow,
 Remote from the forgetful, callous world.
 And therefore I too go forth to the waste,
 But do not quit the world which I forsake.

Because a dreamer comes, in forests' depths,
 Or on the craggy cliffs, to sit and muse

In silence on the vastness of the night ;
He does not isolate himself from earth
And earth's inhabitants. And think you not
That, having seen the throng of men, one needs
To flee beneath the thick and shady trees,
And that the thirst for truth, for peace, for right,
For justice, and for light, grows in the soul,
After so many false and lying things ?
My brothers have for ever all my heart,
And far from them in body, I am near
In spirit, looking at and judging fate ;
And to complete the rough-hewn human soul,
I hold above the people, downward bent,
The urn of pity : ceaselessly I pour,
Yet constantly refill it. But I take
For cover the pine woods—with heavy shades.
Oh I have seen the wretched crowds so near,
Have known the cries, the blows, the insults heaped
On venerable heads, and cowards grown
To power through civil broils, and judges fit
For others' judgment only, and vile priests
Serving God and defiling, preaching for
And witnessing against Him. I have seen
The want of beauty that our beauty shows ;
The evil in our good, and in our truth
The falsehood, and have watched mere nothingness,
Beneath the proud, triumphal arches pass.
Ah, I have seen enough him who corrodes,
And him who flies, and him who yields, till now,
Old, spent, and conquered, I have this for joy,
To dream in quietude in some dark spot.
There while I bleed, I muse ; and if perchance
A god should offer me, youth, glory, love,
Strength, victory—would I return to towns,
Yet do I find it good to have a lair
Within the forests, for by no means sure
Am I, that even then I would consent.

II.

What is this earth of ours? A storm of souls.
 In this gloom where we wandering pilots reach
 No shore but rocks mistaking them for ports;
 And the tempest of desires, of cries,
 Of transports, loves, vows, sorrows,—heaps of clouds,—
 The fleeting kisses of those prostitutes
 We call ambition fortune and success;
 Perse the suffering Job's: "What do I know?"
 The troubling Pisals: "What then shall I know?"
 In the treacherous and fierce expense
 Of the kings of kings of Cæsars, Satan-made;
 In presence of the fate which turns and turns
 His cup from which ever flow—and hence
 The tears of the poor philosophers—
 The same ways and the same catastrophes;
 In this corroding nothingness, and false
 And living chaos, what at last man sees
 Clear is the light above our sorrows, false
 And failures due, the reign of innocence,
 And severity of innocent things and pain,
 Pungent to the human heart, the human mind,
 Our yesterday in gloom, our morrow dark;
 All the disasters, all the hatreds, wars,
 Our progress checked by heavy, dragging chains,
 All round us, even among the best, remorse,
 And all the thing of living things overwhelmed
 By winds, which blow from out the skies in tears.
 In truth 'tis salutary for the mind
 And glad among the interwoven boughs,
 So many and so black, to contemplate
 Some mists athwart the ills which seem to spread
 Betwixt the heavens and us like veils, a peace
 Deep and profound and made of shining stars;
 It is of this God thought, what time He placed
 The poets near the cradles made for sleep

IDA J. LEWIS

THE SPOIL-SPORT.

The pretty girls are all in flight,
 And, trembling, know not where to cower.
 Blue-eyed as morn, black-eyed as night,
 They danced a-near the old church tower.

One sang to keep the footing true :
 The lads, with faces brightening
 For joy of the sound of dancing, flew,
 Their caps aflower with blooms of spring.

Laughing and flushed with summer-glee,
 They tripped beneath the steeple-clock.
 "I love Jane !" quoth the old oak-tree ;
 " Ah, Susan, I ! " sighed the amorous rock.

But the black fiend o' the sombre tower
 Yelled loud to them : " Wretches ! Away ! "
 His harsh breath brake the sweet dance-bower,
 Scattering the tiny feet from play.

Black eyes, blue eyes, all are fled ;
 Even as at dawn beneath the rain
 A flock of birds plies wing o'erhead,
 Of the fickle April sunshine vain.

And this fell rout hath made, alas !
 The mighty wood-lords dumb with care ;
 For maidens tripping on green grass
 Make carol birds in the blue air.

" Who is this black man ? " murmur they.
 No note is heard ; for that harsh cry
 Hath scared the pretty ones far away,
 And farther yet bird-melody.

" Who is this black man ? "—" I care not,"
 A sparrow chirps, light-hearted thief.
 They weep as dawn to weep has taught ;
 But a white daisy whispereth :

"I am about to explain these things.

You mark not how the dull world goes :

Butterflies love all blossoming,

But the owls love not even the rose !"

N. B. TYERNAN.

THE SOULS THAT HAVE GONE.

Those souls to memory dear,

Do ne'er return again,

But in some blissful sphere

For aye, alas ! remain.

In those bright worlds above,

Of azure and of light,

Far, far from those they love,

Is theirs contentment quite.

We look, with arbours round,

A dwelling near Saint Leon,

How fair the flower-decked ground !

The sky above how blue !

Amid the fallen leaves,

We'd rove the forest o'er,

And oft on summer eve

Old ruined walls explore.

Our laughter was as gay

As rang through Eden's glade,

With something still to say

That had before been said.

We fairy tales reheard,

And happy were, God knows !

At sight of passing bird

Our joyous voices rose.

DAVID TOLMIE.

HERNANI.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HERNANI.
DON CARLOS.
DON RUY GOMEZ DE SILVA.
DUKE OF GOTH.
DON SANCHEZ.
DON MATTHIAS.
DON RICARDO.
DON GARCIA SUAREZ.
DON FRANCISCO.

A Mountaineer.
First Conspirator.
Second Conspirator.
Third Conspirator.
DONNA SOL, his sister.
DONNA JOSEFA, her maid.
German and Spanish Conspirators.
Lords, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE—*Stretches during the First, Second and Third Acts, the environs of Sadagossa during the Third; and at Madrid, Chapelle in the Fourth.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—DUENNA, DON CARLOS—*Bedroom. A lamp on the table. Night. Duenna shuts the crimson window curtains, and arranges several arm-chairs. A knock is heard at a door on the right. She listens. A second knock is heard—then a third.*

Duenna. That step upon the secret stair is heard
So soon! *(A faint knock.)*
I come. Good-morrow, cavalier. *(She opens the door.)*

Enter DON CARLOS.

Duenna. Not you, Hernani! Murder! raise the cry
Of thieves, of fire!

Don Carlos (seizing her arm).

Two words more and you die.

Is this the house of Donna Sol, the dame
Who, yielding to an amorous uncle's flame,
Jealous and old, accepts Pastrana's name
And ducal honours? If report speaks truth,
The affianced lady loves a beardless youth,
And secs by night, whose shades such meetings cover,

To her old lover's beard, her beardless lover ;
Is't true ? *(She is silent, he shakes her arm.)*

You'll have the goodness to reply.

Duenna. Two words, and then I thought I was to die.

Don Carlos. I want but one. Yes—No. Choose from the two.
Is this the house ?

Duenna. Yes. Why ?

Don Carlos. What's that to you ?
From her old lover's presence is she free ?

Duenna. Yes.

Don Carlos. And she waits the young ?

Duenna. Yes.

Don Carlos. Death to me.

Duenna. Yes.

Don Carlos. Is this room the place where met the two ?

Duenna. Yes.

Don Carlos. Hide me.

Duenna. You ?

Don Carlos. Me.

Duenna.

Why ?

Don Carlos. What's that to you ?

Duenna. Hide you !

Don Carlos. Here.

Duenna. Never.

Don Carlos (drawing a dagger and showing a purse).

Deign, if you refuse,

Between this weapon and this purse to choose.

Duenna (taking the purse). The devil !

Don Carlos. I am.

Duenna. Then enter and be still.

(Opens a recess in the wall.)

Don Carlos (looking into the recess). This box ?

Duenna. Oh, if you will not, hence.

Don Carlos (looking back as he enters). I will.

Is this, by chance, the stable where you hide
The broomstick which at night you love to ride ? *(Gets in.)*

Duenna (clapping her hands). A man !

Don Carlos. Your mistress doubtless waits to hear
A female footstep?

Duenna. Hers salutes my ear.
Quick, shut the door. I hear the lady's tread.

Don Carlos (from within). Duenna—hark!—one word and you
are dead!

Duenna. Who can this man be? If for help I call
Through the whole house, they slumber one and all.
Well, one is near to whom belongs alone
The affair. Who wears a sword can keep his own.

(*Watching the money.*)

The stranger was no robber after all.

Enter DONNA SOL.

Donna Sol. Josefa!

Duenna. Yes.

Donna Sol. I fear lest ill befall.

Hernani should be here. He mounts the stairs.
Ope ere he knocks. Quick, to your post repair!

(*Josefa opens the lateral door.*)

Enter HERNANI.

Hernani!

Hernani. 'Tis your form which meets my eye
At last. Your accents which to mine reply.
Ah, why must fate my days from yours divide?
I need you, to forget the world beside.

Donna Sol. Alas! your cloak is drenched. It rains to-night.

Hernani. I know not.

Donna Sol. You are frozen.

Hernani. For my plight

I care not.

Donna Sol. Quit this mantle.

Hernani. Dearest, say,

When slumber wiles your hours of night away,
When calm, and pure, and innocent, it bids
Half-ope that mouth and close those drooping lids,
Does not some angel in thy dreaming ear
Whisper, to tell thee how intensely dear,

How madly prized, to one those charms must be—
The wretch, the exile, and the outcast—me?

Donna Sol. Oh, you are late to-night. But tell me true,
Are you not chilled?

Hernani. I burn when near to you.
Alas! when jealous passion fires the brain,
And swells the bosom with its stormy train,
What can the feeble tempests of the sky
To aid that storm of heart and brain supply?

Donna Sol (*undoing his cloak*). I'll take this cloak and swol

Hernani. The first you may
The last, my second friend, in many a fray
Tried and found faithful, none may take away.
Your uncle, brother, he of the ducal line,
Is absent.

Donna Sol. Yet, this hour is love's and thine.

Hernani. One hour alone. Yet all that hour can give,
For which the wise could die, or wish to live;
The rest is but to die, or to forget
That e'er we parted, or that e'er we met.

Donna Sol. Hernani!

Hernani (*looking*). He is absent, thanks to fate.
Like a thief, tramping at a miser's gate,
I enter—I behold you—I beguile
The detail of your accents and your smile,
And I am blessed; and he will grudge the hour
Of bliss, and kill me—when he has the power

Donna Sol. Be calm. Josefa, take this cloak away.

(*To HERNANI*). Approach.

Hernani (*not hearing her*). The Duke is really absent? Say.

Donna Sol. How tall you are!

Hernani. Where is he?

Donna Sol. Dearest, choose
Some other subject.

Hernani. I cannot refuse
To think of him. He loves you, for his bliss
Would wed you, and has snatched a privileged kiss.

Some other subject!

Donna Sol And that kiss inspires
Mistrust! An uncle's kiss! almost a sire's!

He nani Alvers's husbands, of your liberty,
And you the jealous lord that is to be.

The father's son whose palied head must bend
In devoting weakness to his journey's end,

The father's frozen life blood, by his side,
Senseless old man! must place a youthful bride;

And so not bath in pale array prepare
The father's palied hand to claim and share.

The father's many joys, the mediator's need—
The father's self to the grave to which you speed—

What makes this monstrous marriage? Force, I think.

Donna Sol They tell me 'tis the King.

He nani His father do med of old my sire to die
The truth is death! Though years have glided by,

Still to his rec'd sl—his wife, his son,
My hate is fresh as if the account begun.

This man I wore it with my infant breath
His death should quit me for my father's death.

King of Cattle I bought thee for and wide;
Our debt of hate is still unsatisfied;

For thirty years the parent's strife endured:
Could that long contest by their death be cured?

In vain the fathers died, the sons survive.
Peace is unborn but hate and vengeance thrive;

Thine, Carlos, is the deed! 'Tis well that when
I tracked thee, thou hast sought me in my den.

Donna Sol You fright me

He nani I must speak, and you must hear,
Things which almost induce myself to fear.

Listen—Long since, they pledged your youthful charms
To your proud uncle, Ray de Silva's arms.

Pistina's duke, Castile's grandee, he weighs
In gold and ink against his length of days:

Pearls from the deep, and red gold from the mine,
 Shall be thy dower; no royal brow shall shine
 In Europe's courts more starred with gems than thine;
 For blood, for wealth, for titles, and for pride,
 Such as his wife may boast of, queens have sighed—
 Such is Pastrana. I am poor, and own
 Woods where I wandered barefoot and unknown—
 These are my heritage. I might make good
 Perhaps a scutcheon, now defaced with blood—
 Some sights, perhaps, to be one day revealed,
 Beneath a scaffold cloth's dark folds concealed,
 Which yet may be displayed, if fate accord,
 And issue from the scabbard with my sword;
 But Heaven avouches, while I wait my hour,
 Nought but its light, its air, man's common dower.
 Such are my toils. I come to set you free
 From one. Now choose—wed him or follow me.

Donna Sol. I follow you.

Hernani. To my associate band,
 Whose names already in the hangman's hand
 Are written I, mine, of iron mood and blade,
 Each with some deed of vengeance unpaid—
 Such will you ride! Till now you knew me not—
 Wed me, to wed a bandit is your lot;
 Hunted from plain to rock, from rock to plain.
 Alone in all impenetrable Spain,
 Where nought but eagles eye me from their nest,
 Old Catalonia took me to her breast.
 Amid her mountain-sons, poor, grave, and free,
 I flourished—and to-morrow thousands three,
 If thrice this horn I sound, obey the strain
 And me. You tremble, Lady. Think again.—
 To follow me o'er mountains, woods, and streams;
 My comrades like the demons of your dreams;
 All to suspect, eye, voice, and step and sound—
 Quaff the rough torrent—sleep upon the ground—
 E'en while allaying infant hunger's call,

Start to the music of the whistling ball.
All this endured, to see the traitor's death
Close, as I saw my sire's, the outlaw's, breath.

Donna Sol. I follow you.

Hernani. The Duke has wealth and fame—
No spot upon his lineage or his name.
His power : can offer with his hand and heart
Wealth, titles, rank.

Donna Sol. To-morrow we depart.

Hernani, thank me not, alas ! too bold ;
Demon or angel, to whichever I'm sold,
Whichever thou art, I am thy slave. Away !
Go where thou wilt, —I follow. Stay, —I stay.
Why do I this ? I know not, guess in vain ;
I pine to see you, and to see again,
Early and late to see you. When your tread
Dies on my ear, my heart's pulse, too, seems dead.
When you are absent I am absent too ;
But when the soul ! I long for wakes and
Your step, back to myself that sound can give
Myself, and I remember that I live.

Hernani. Angel !

Donna Sol. To-morrow, mid night, bring your hand
Beneath my window ; firm my faith shall stand.
Three strokes the signal.

Hernani.

Will not you reflect ?

Donna Sol. On what ? I follow, and can you suspect ?

Hernani. No, feeble woman ! since you choose to share
My fate, my fortunes, I must now declare
My utmost destiny to one so true.
Know that the bandit is an exile too.

Don Carlos (bursting from the recess.)

I cannot listen till this tale be done,
And in a clothes-press ! Has it long to run ?

(*HERNANI steps back in astonishment. DONNA SOL takes refuge
in his arms, fixing her eyes on DON CARLOS.*)

Hernani (his hands on his sword). What man is this ?

Donna Sol. Help ! mercy !

Hernani. Check that cry,
Twill wake the glance of many a jealous eye.
When I am near you, *deign*, what'er befall,
Upon no other aid than mine to call.
Your business ?

(*To CARLOS.*)

Don Carlos. Not my leisure to amuse,
By walking in the woods without my shoes.

Hernani. The man who joins an insult to a jest
Bids fair to make his heirs laugh with the rest.

Don Carlos. Each in his turn, fair sir. To speak my mind—
You love this lady, and your pastime find
To come each evening and admire alone,
Reflected in her dark black eyes, your own.
'Tis well. I will love her, and would know
Who by the window enters, while below
I at the door watch my self.

Hernani. I doubt
By where I stand, you will soon go out.

Don Carlos. That we shall see. I offer her my flame.
Say, shall we dance ? In that gentle dame
Such store of love and kindness I discover,
She surely has too much for one poor lover.
This evening then, alone, and in disguise,
Taken for you, I enter by surprise ;
Hide, listen, but in such a stifling nest
I heard but little, though I did my best.
Besides, I tore a vest and doublet new
From France. So out I come.

Hernani. This blade, like you,
Dislikes its sheath's confinement.

Don Carlos (*bowing*). As you will.

Hernani (*draws his sword*). On guard then !

Donna Sol. Madmen !

Don Carlos. Lady, pray be still.

Hernani. Tell me your name.

Don Carlos. Disclose me first your own.

Hernani I stole that secret up for one alone—
For him who one day in his heart shall feel,
Borne to the ground beneath my knee, the steel,
And, with n^o in his agony, shall hear
That name of vengeance thunder'd in his ear.

Don Carlos That other's name, then?

Hernani Close we the debate.

On guard! I find myself

(*They cross swords. DONNA SOL falls into a chair.
Knells are heard at the door.*)

Donna Sol (rises up) The gate! the gate!

Hernani Who knocks thus?

Duenna (entering). One we little looked to see—
The Duke!

Donna Sol The Duke here! Ruin and disaster
With him!

Duenna (looking around her). My God! the Duke! I wea-
p us blue!

They have crossed swords! fine doings, I should think!

You (without) Open the door this instant!

Hernani (sings up the Duenna). Let none door.

Duenna (sings up at her heels). St. James, our patron, be our
aid to day.

(*Knelling again*)

Hernani Quick, let us hide.

Don Carlos Where?

Hernani Where you hid before;

'I will tell us

Don Carlos Thanks, perhaps it may, and some.

Hernani I'll fly this way.

Don Carlos Good evening. I stay here.

Hernani Death of my body! you shall pay this dear.

(*To DONNA SOL*)

What, if I fight it?

Don Carlos (to Duenna). Open and stand by.

Hernani What says he?

Don Carlos (to Duenna) Open, do you hear?

Donna Sol.

I die.

Enter DON RUY GOMEZ DE SILVA, and valets with torches.

Don Ruy. Men with my-niece, and at this hour of night !
Draw near ! This case is one for noise and light.

(To DONNA SOL.)

St. John of Avila ! your guests are three,
Just two too many, madam, counting me.

(To the young men.)

What business brings you here, young cavaliers ?
Men like the Cid, the knights of bye-gone years,
Rode out the battle of the weak to wage,
Protecting beauty and revering age :
Their armour sat on them, strong men as true,
Much lighter than your velvet sits on you :
Not in a leather coat for stealth they knelt ;
In church, by day, they spoke the love they felt.
They kept their honour bright from rust,
They told no secrets, and betrayed no trust :
And if a wife they married, bold and gay,
With lance or sword, by night and by day,
Bravely they won the wife for her. As for those
Who walk the streets when honest men repose,
With eyes turned to the ground, and in night's shade,
The rights of trusting husbands to invade ;
I say the Cid would have such knaves as these
To beg the city's pardon on their knees.
And with the fat of his all-conquering blade
Their rank matted, and scutcheon, would degrade.
Thus would the man of former days, I say,
Treat the degenerate minions of to-day.
Why came ye here ! with fools of younger birth,
Of reverend age and me to make your mirth ?
Yes, they will mock my age, and at the sight
These grey hairs forget Zamora's fight.

Donna Sol. But you shall not laugh.

Her name.

Duke—

Don Ruy.

You must hear ;

You have the sword, the ring, the tilting spear,
 The feast, the chase, the jennet, hawk, and hound,
 And nightly music's serenading sound,
 The silken doublet and the dancing plume—
 Day without care, and night without its gloom—
 Sated with these, to novelty you fly
 For some fresh plaything. That new toy
 'Tis broken now.

Hernani.

Sir Duke.

Don Ruy.

Who dares speak?

Follow me, gentlemen. You'll find at last
 My name a sorry subject for a jest,
 How now! There is a treasure in the place—
 A lady's honour—that of all her race—
 That lady is my niece—will be my bride—
 I love her—in her honour place my pride—
 I think her chaste, and pure from stain and shame—
 One hour I leave her; I, who bear the name
 Of Ruy de Silva, must return to find
 A robber of the pledge I leave behind.
 Are these your exploits? Hence! your noble name
 Would call up blushes in a bastard's cheek.
 Is there aught else to trample? See, I leave
 The Golden Fleece.

(Throws down the Golden Fleece.)

Tread on it, scies and toes.

These white locks, to the vile dust bear them down,
 And boast to-morrow, through the listening town,
 That never brawlers fixed disgrace and shame
 On whiter hairs, or on a nobler name.

Donna Sol. My Lord! my Lord!

Don Ruy.

My squires come to my aid.

Fetch me my poniard, my Toledo blade.

(To the young men.)

You follow me.

Don Carlos. Duke, we have nought to do
 With all you speak of, or with following you.
 The emperor's dead.

(Takes off his hat and cloak.)

Don Ruy. Young men, you mock me still.
The King!

Donna Sol. The King here!

Hernando. Carlos of Castile!

Don Carlos. You speak my name, sir. Gomez, are you mad?
I learnt the news this evening. Good or bad,
At least 'tis true. I come in haste to tell
The tidings to a subject loved so well,
By night, disguised, the matter to debate.
The affair is simple, but the noise is great.

(*DON RUY dismisses his attendants.*)

Don Ruy. But why delay so long to let me in?

Don Carlos. First question, when you come with such a din?
I come to speak the secrets of the crown,
And must your footmen talk them through the town?

Don Ruy. Your reason, sir, the appearance—

Don Carlos. Say no more.

The Emperor's death.

Don Ruy. Your Highness must deplore
A kinship.

Don Carlos. I must grieve to lose a friend.

Don Ruy. What claims the vacant sceptre?

Don Carlos. Two contend;
France and a Spaniard.

Don Ruy. If we look around,
Could not a third more fit than these be found?
Might not our King, whom Heaven defend, aspire
To that succession?

Don Carlos. 'Tis that King's desire.

Don Ruy. Archdiocesan rank your royal father held
In Austria; and the electors, uncompell'd,
Will make the title of your lineage good,
And ratify in you the tie of blood.

Don Carlos. A burgess, too, of Ghent.

Don Ruy. While others die,
Sole witness I remain of years gone by.
I knew your uncle once; but since we met,

Like Maximilian, many a sun has set.

Don Carlos Rome is for me

Don Ruy In truth, that head became
The old German body's powerful frame.

Don Carlos This Francis is a galliard, and will lose
No instant of his time before he woo.

The countess His he not his own domains?

Ah! but the price is great and worth the pains

And yet what chance? The golden bull denies

Posterity like himself, the glorious prize.

Don Ruy Might not that rule exclude a king of Spain?

Don Carlos Burgess of Ghent! my friend.

Don Ruy The last campaign

His make King Francis soar

Don Carlos My eagle crest

My spread its wings to soar above the rest.

For I hinder I depart I go a king,

Return in emperor Trust me, France will bring

All efforts to her aid, and I must strain

My own best nerve the foremost step to gain.

Don Ruy To distant regions you transfer your reign
And leave your Arizona the bandit's prey?

Don Carlos De Arco's has charge to root them from his land.

Don Ruy And will then chief obey that same northern hand?

Don Carlos That chief, who is he?

Don Ruy No one knows his name.

But my sturdy exploit stamps his fame.

Don Carlos Galicia holds him now; small force will drive
A swarm of hornets from their northern hive.

Don Ruy Then the reports were false which spoke him near
His place?

Don Carlos They were To show how much I fear,
I am your guest to night, sir.

Don Ruy On my knee

I think your Highness

Don Carlos (aside to HERNANI) Midnight; signals three.

Hernani (aside to her) Yes, without fail, and with my band.

Don Carlos (aside).

His band !

(*To DONNA SOL.*

Madam, permit me to propose my hand.

Don Carlos conducts DONNA SOL to the door ; she goes out. As he returns (aside).

My friend here looks amazed. (*Taking HERNANI apart.*)

That blade will shine,

Not without honour, which was crossed with mine.

Sir, I suspect you—might command your stay

But kings may be betrayed—cannot betray.

Hence I will sanction and protect your flight.

(*To Don Ruy who looks inquiringly.*)

One of my suite : he leaves this place to-night.

(*Exeunt—Don Ruy, DON CARLOS, and attendants.*)

Hernani (alone). One of thy suite, King CARLOS! you speak true.

By day, by night, your footsteps I pursue ;

My hand upon this band on thy trace

My eye, my ear, my soul pursues thy race.

My rival too! One instant of debate,

Dubious I balanced between love and hate

My heart, not quite capacious for the two,

Forgot in love for ever its hate of you.

But if you shun me, if you come to whet

My blunted sword, I shall not forget.

To make the balance on one side prevail,

Love throws its influence into hatred's scale.

Yes, I am of thy caste! Thine was the word ;

And never minion, courtier, squire, or lord,

Groom, page, or chamberlain—the tribe that run,

Crawl, creep, or flatter in the royal sun ;

No palace spaniel, trained to crouch, shall be

Audacious on the royal path like me.

Some hollow title or some plaything still,

Is what they seek, these grandees of Castile—

Some bauble hanging from the neck their joy ;

I risk no neck of mine for such a toy.

Thy spirit's breath, the blood-drops from thy veins,

Are all I ask—the rest my soul disdains.
 Away ! I follow. Vengeance, ever near,
 Speaks busy words of warning in my ear ;
 Noiseless my step, no sound betrays the wrath
 Which follows close on thy devoted path.
 Carlos ! by day thou shalt not turn thy head,
 But mine shalt meet thy gaze, pale as the dead.
 Carlos ! thou shalt not raise thy eyes by night,
 But mine shall blast them with their lurid light.

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *An open court. On the left, the walls of the Palace of Silva with a balcony ; on the right, houses and streets. Light and there an occasional light in the windows.*

Enter DON CARLOS, DON SANCHEZ, DON MATHEUS, and DON RICARDO, wrapped in long cloaks.

Don Carlos. This is the place. My heart beats high. No light
 Yet in her lattice— all beside are bright.
 All but the one in which I wish, in vain,
 To see her taper.

Don Sanchez. Let us speak again
 Of that same traitor who deserved to die.
 And yet your Highness suffered him to fly,
 And then by cheat the hangman.

Don Carlos. As you say.

Don Mathias. Maybe the bandit's chief ?

Don Carlos. Perhaps he may.

Their chief or not, no leader e'er was seen,
 No king, of prouder gait or lordlier mien.

Don Sanchez. His name ?

Don Carlos. Er—er— some name which ends in i.

Don Sanchez. Perhaps Hernani ?

Don Carlos. Yes.

Don Sanchez.

"Tis he!

Don Mathias.

"Tis he!

Don Sanchez. And can your Highness what he said recall?

Don Carlos (still looking up at the window). How in that closet could I? Not at all.

Don Sanchez. But why release him, with such power to strike?

Don Carlos. Sir Count, you question me, which I dislike:

And this is not the point which makes the strife;

I want the gallant's mistress—not his life.

Two windows dark. With what a lingering gait

Old Time can shuffle on to those who wait!

The moment we enjoy, his step is fleet.

(The last light is extinguished.)

The last is out, and darkness rules the street.

(Turning to DONNA SOL's window.)

Accursed lattice, when will you be bright?

Shine out, fair star, and dissipate the night.

Has it struck, perchance?

Don Sanchez.

"Twill soon.

Don Carlos.

We must proceed

To work, or else our day prevent the deed.

(A light appears in DONNA SOL's window.)

Look, see, her shadow crossed the glass but now.

Day never dawned upon the mountain's brow

More gladly welcome. Let us make her hear

The expected signal. Yet the fair may fear

Our numbers. Gentlemen, retire aside,

And watch the other. Thus shall we divide

The lovers. Yours the robber, mine the bride.

Don Ricardo. A fair arrangement!

Don Carlos.

If he comes, one thrust;—

Lunge out and lay the hero in the dust.

While he lies bleeding, I shall seize the fair,

And carry off. Thus we dispose the pair.

And yet the man is brave: so thrust with skill,

Give him enough to quiet, not to kill.

(*The Lords disperse. When they are gone DON CARLOS claps his hands three times. At the third time the window opens, and DONNA SOL appears at the balcony.*)

Donna Sol (on the balcony). Hernani!

Don Carlos. I am lost if I reply

Donna Sol. I come.

(*She shuts the window, and presently comes out of the door, with a lamp in her hand. DON CARLOS advances precipitately towards her; DONNA SOL drops her lamp.*)

Oh Heavens! another's step; I fly.

Don Carlos (detaining her). Lady—

Donna Sol. That voice too—

Don Carlos. Can that voice speak

Less amorous than the one you wish to hear?

That voice is but a lover's and a king's.

Donna Sol. The King.

Don Carlos. Command him. At your feet he bows

His wealth, his crown, his power to smite and sever

The King commands, I—Carlos is your slave

Donna Sol. Hernani, help!

Don Carlos. How justly she complains

The hand is not a bandit's who detains!

Donna Sol. The bandit is yourself. That royal hand

Does it not blush as mine for you does now?

Are these the exploits which enhance your name,

At midnight to invade a lady's fame?

Yield to the bandit, king; if men were graded

Not as their birth, but as their virtues placed

Their separate rank—if honour drew the line—

His were the sceptre, and the poniard thine.

Don Carlos. Madam—

Donna Sol. My father's lineage you forget;

He was a count.

Don Carlos. He was; and I can set

On that fair brow a ducal coronet.

Donna Sol. Hence, Carlos! There is nought between us two—

My aged father shed his blood for you,

And jealous of that blood, his daughter's pride
The favourite scorns—aspires not to the bride.

Don Carlos. Come, bright attraction, then, my throne to share
—My queen, my empress.

Donna Sol. No. I see the snare.
Besides, to speak the truth, were you apart,
Another is the sovereign of my heart.
Hernani reigns there; gladly I withdraw
With him far from the world and the world's law,
To share his destiny where'er he goes—
Privation, hunger, thirst, pursuit of foes;
Preferring, while I cling to him alone,
His love, his ills, his miseries, to a throne.

Don Carlos. I envy him.

Donna Sol. Him, whom your law through Spain pursues?

Don Carlos. He loves and is beloved again.
I am alone. An angel shares his lot.
You hate the man?

Donna Sol. My lord, I love you not.

Don Carlos (raising her with violence). What matters, then?

Donna Sol. My Lord, my Lord, beware!
Reflect on what I am, and what you are.
Think that confiding beauty swells the throng
Which through great palace chambers files along;
Whate'er their rank, their title, or their name,
When the King weds, they find a mutual flame.
What has my love, my exile, got from Heaven?
To you Castile and Aragon were given,
With Murcia, Leon, and ten kingdoms more;
Flanders' rich fields, the Indies' golden shore—
An empire so extensive, on its breast
The sun descending never sinks to rest.
Having all this, you fain would tear his bride,
His one possession, from Hernani's side.

[Throws herself on her knees before him.]

Don Carlos. I'll hear no more. Forego to strive in vain,
My Indies are all yours. I'll give my Spain

To win that hand !

[Still keeping his hold of her.]

Donna Sol (snatches the dagger from his belt).—Of all you have to grant,

This poniard is the only gift I want.

Advance one step, I kill myself and you.

Help !

Don Carlos.

Silence !

Donna Sol.

Help ! the deed is done !

Don Carlos.

You trifle with my weakness !

I have three friends can force you to obey.

Enter HERNANI suddenly.

Hernani (appearing behind the King).—One you have, and one who will pursue

Your steps much closer than these three can do.

(The King turns round and discovers Hernani with the dagger raised him. DONNA SOL rushes into his arms.)

Donna Sol.

Hernani, save me from him.

Hernani.

Ne'er fear.

Don Carlos.

Monterey !—Are my friends so weak ?

How could they let this chief of gipsies betray
Sanchez ! my friend !

Hernani.

All at my mercy lie.

Expect no succour from their powerless swords.

With sixty handits I can match your loric.

Each of the sixty worth the three and you.

The quarrel now remains between us two.

With violent hand to force a lady's will.

Was not a wise man's deed, King of Castile,

It was a coward's !

Don Carlos.

Can I stoop so low

A bandit's taunt to answer ?

Hernani.

Well I know

My rank ; but insult joined to injury brings

The subjects to a level with their king's.

Know ye the man before whose haughty brow

Your own must quail, whose grasp detains ye now

My father earned a traitor's doom from thine—
 I hate ye. You disgraced my name and line—
 I hate ye—In my love you cross my path—
 I hate ye—Hate ye with a rival's wrath :
 And yet this evening hate had found repose—
 I sought but her, and would have fled my foes.
 Don Carlos 'tis in vain to rail or fret,
 I hold ye in the very snare you set :
 Powerless to stir, surrounded and at bay,
 What will you do?

Don Carlos. You question me? Away!

Hernando. None of ignoble rank will raise the sword
 To smother the task of vengeance from their Lord ;
 No blade but mine that royal blood shall spill.
 Defend yourself! (Draws his sword.)

Don Carlos. I am your sovereign ; kill,
 Strike, but not flinch.

Hernando. If I think aright,
 That blade was crossed with mine but yesternight.

Don Carlos. It was. Your name I knew not, and my own
 You guessed not. But at present both are known.
 I know the robber, and the King, to-day.

Hernando. Perhaps—

Don Carlos. No duel ; murder me, you may.

Hernando. With men like us, can names be sacred made?
 Defend yourself!

Don Carlos. Assassin, to your trade!

(Hernando retreats, DON CARLOS eyeing him.)

You think, then, bandits, that your cut-throat bands
 Can spread, unchecked, their rapine o'er my lands ;
 And stained, with murder, be allowed to start
 On a new course, the generous victor's part ?
 That we, betrayed, will deign to save our lives,
 With our good swords to cross your butcher knives ?
 Your crimes pursue ye, fly them how ye will.
 Duels with you ! Assassins ! strike, and kill.

(*Hernani gloomily fingers the hilt of his sword for a moment ; then turning suddenly towards the King, shivers the blade against the pavement.*)

Hernani. Depart. We meet upon a future day
On fairer terms.

Don Carlos. 'Tis well—I must away.
The judge, the fiscal, and the hangman here
Ere night return, may have their work to do.
Then shall you feel my vengeance for this blow.

Hernani. Vengeance is lame; but she is true.

Don Carlos. Oh, that such waist a sword should cut!

Hernani. Remember, thou art in the path of fate.
The future Caesar of a subject land
Is small and weak, and trembling in his seat.
And I can crush, if close that hand be pressed,
The eagle's egg in its imperial nest.

Don Carlos. Do so.

Hernani. Away ! And for your sword
From rovers of my band, this mantle take.

(*He throws his cloak over the King.*)

No vengeance shall anticipate my own.
Away ! I keep thee for myself alone.

Donna Sol. Now let us fly.

Hernani. The task befits thee well.
To gather firmness as the tempests swell
Around me still, companion, wife, and friend,
To cling in fond endurance to the end.
'Tis worthy of that firm and trusting heart
But, heaven above ! for me to play that part
To drag her on, without regret or fear !
My time is past, the scaffold frowns too near.

Donna Sol. How say you ?

Hernani. This great monarch, whom I braved,
Will seek his life by whom his own was saved ;
He flies. Already at his palace-gates
He calls around the minions of his state—
His guards, his lords, his hangmen.

Donna Sol. *

Thou wilt die.

Despatch! despatch! Together let us fly.

Hernani. Together? No! that hour is past for flight.
Dearest, when first thy beauty met my sight,
I offered, for the love which bade me live,
Wretch that I was, what misery had to give—

My wood, my stream, my mountain. Bolder grown,
By thy compassion to an outlaw shown,
The outlaw's nest beneath the forest shade,
The outlaw's couch far in the greenwood glade,
I offered. Thought to both that couch be free,
I keep the scaffold's couch reserved for me.

Donna Sol. And yet you promised!

Hernani (*falling on his knees*). Angel! in this hour,
Pursued by vengeance, and oppressed by power—
Even in this hour, when death prepares to close
In shame and pain a destiny of woes—

Yes, I, who from the world proscribed and cast,
Have nursed one dark remembrance of the past,
Ev'n from my birth in sorrow's garment clad,
Have cause to grieve and reason to be glad:
For you have loved the outlaw, and have shed
Your whispered blessings on his forfeit head.

Donna Sol. I will go with you.

Hernani. No: I will not bend

From its fair stem the flower as I descend.

Go—I have smelt its perfume. Go—resume

All that this grasp has brushed away of bloom.

Woe the old man,—believe that ne'er we met;

I seek my shade—be happy, and forget!

Donna Sol. No—I go with you. What can e'er atone
For your destruction!

Hernani. Let me fly alone.

Donna Sol (*despairingly on the threshold*). You fly me? Was
it then for this I cast

All at your feet, to be repulsed at last?

Can he for whom I braved my fate, deny

All that remains,—the bliss with him to die!

Hernani. Banished—proscribed—contagious.

Donna Sol.

Rather say,

Ungrateful, thankless!

Hernani.

No—not that. I stay—

You wish it. Let me seek these arms again.

And till these arms release me, I remain.

Forget our fortune and our foes to-night;

Set on this stone above me, bend thy sight

On mine, and flood me with its dazzling light.

Speak, and enchant me. Dearest, is't not sweet

To love, and see the loved one at thy feet?

Thus to be two where not a third is nigh?

To the night air, while others sleep, to sigh?

Here on thy breast, let my repose be found.

My love, my beauty! [*The sound of the distant trumpet is heard.*]

Donna Sol. (rising).

'Tis the battle sound.

Hear'st thou the tocsin?

Hernani.

'Tis our marriage bell.

And these are notes of bridal joy, which swell

On the night breeze.

Donna Sol.

Rise! fly! the town is won!

Like sudden day.

Hernani.

The marriage-tomb!

Come to these arms.

[*Enter a MOUNTAINMAN, armed to hand.*]

Mountainman. My lord! my lord! the foe

Masters his force; whole squadrons make a show

Aloof in the place.

Hernani. (rising).

What cause to fear?

[*Shouts without.*]

Death to the chief!

Hernani. Thy sword! the chief is here. [*To DONNA SOL.*]

Adieu, then!

Donna Sol.

By the open wicket fly.

Adieu! Remember, if you fall, I die.

Hernani. One kiss.

Donna Sol. Be quick, then, ere your time be past.
Donna Sol. (to her forehead). Alas ! it is my first.

Perhaps your last.

Donna Sol. *DONNA SOL falls upon a bench*

ACT III.

Scene. A room in Aragon. A gallery of portraits
 hung up between each portrait.
 DON RUY standing by a table. DON RUY
 in an arm-chair.

Donna Sol. That name with one supplies
 And dearer ties.
 Too much to blame
 The blush of shame :
 I erred
 Unheard.
 Most unfair.
 A goodly pair—
 Disbelieved
 Quickly grieved.
 Fair? You harp upon this strain.
 The oldest blood of Spain,
 Channels pure.
 And been secure.
 He seen, my Lord, that mine
 A line

That warms that soul
 Not control.
 When an heart affects,
 It suspects :
 Jealous of others, of ourselves ashamed,
 The form for grace, the face for beauty famed,

To us are hideous. Oh, that this desire,
Which fills the heart of frozen age, which
This love which re-invigorates the soul,
Should leave the body cold and dull.
When, as I muse my garden glades,
Some shepherd youth disturbs me with his pipe,
Whose sound from the green fields comes,
Thus I apostrophise my crumbling walls,
My ducal donjon keep, my loop-holes,
My woods, my harvests—I would I were
Would give the fields my swarms of bees,
Would give my flocks upon a thousand hills,
Would give the ancestors, who wait in vain,
Chiding my slowness, for a son's return,
Among them, and expect him even now,
For that same peasant's hut and yew-tree,
For round that brow unscored by age,
The dark locks cluster, and beneath
An eye like thine; and thou may'st say,
And say, that man is young, and fair,
Thus to myself I speak, and speak to thee,
All, to be young and fair and gay as thou,
All would I give. I dream! I young
Who to the tomb am doomed to last!

Donna Sol. Who knows?

Don Ruy.

Yet trust not that

Can feel the constant love their words express,
Let but a lady listen and believe,
They laugh to see her die, or live to grieve.
These birds of anorous note and gay
Can moult their passions like their plumage;
The old, whose notes are tuneless, whose
Are steadier to their nest and in their nest,
Time on our furrowed brow the graver's hand
May play—he writes no wrinkles on the heart.
Give to the old the mercy which they need—
The heart is always young enough to bleed.

With all a bridegroom's love, a father's pride,
 I love thee, and a hundred ways beside :
 I love thee as we love the flowers—the skies—
 Earth's breathing perfumes, heaven's enchanting dyes ;
 And when thy step, so graceful yet so free,
 The aspect of that stainless brow, I see,
 That heaven seems opening as I gaze on thee.

Donna Sol. Alas !

Don Ray. And mark the reasoning world approves,
 When towards an honoured grave an old man moves,
 If woman deem the useless age to tend,
 And smooth his progress to his journey's end.
 It is an angel's task, and thou shalt be
 That angel, in a woman's form, to me.

Donna Sol. You may survive, and I the example give
 To die. Earth has no privilege to live.

Don Ray. Prone to such dark discussions ! I must chide
 My child. This day is one of joy and pride ;
 Even to this altar now this hour invites,
 And you are ready for the sacred rites.
 I count the golden moments : quick, prepare
 Your marriage altar.

Donna Sol. There is time to spare.

Enter PAGE.

Don Ray. Donna Sol. (To the Page.) What now ?

Page. A stranger at your door
 Is waiting, your roof's shelter to implore ;
 A pilgrim.

Don Ray. Give him shelter, food and rest ;
 Good fortune ever enters with a guest.
 Bring us no news ! What say they of the band
 Of lawless robbers who infest the land
 With their rebellious crew ?

Page. Their end is near.

Donna Sol (aside). Heavens !

Don Ray. How say you ?

Page. They have fled.

The rumour has it that the chief is dead—
 If not, a thousand crowns are on his head ;
 The King himself pursues him if he flies.

Donna Sol (aside). And without me !

Don Roy.

'Tis well : the traitor dies.

We may rejoice, my fair one ; quick, array
 That form. A double festival to-day
 Invites us, and thy joy should be avowed
 In beaded white.

Donna Sol (aside). Say rather in my shrine. *[Exit.*

Don Roy (to the Page). Take her those jewels, I would see
 her shine .

Bright as Our Lady's image in its shrine. *[Re-entering himself.*
 The , thanks to her dark eyes, and thanks to these,
 Her charms shall force a pilgrim on his knees.
 A pilgrim !—that reminds me—I am slow—
 About him, quick !—the one that waits below.
 'Twas wrong.

Enter HERNANI disguised as a pilgrim.

Hernani. To all beneath this roof who rest,
 Welfare and peace !

Don Roy. The same attend my guests.

A pilgrim !

Hernani. Yes.

Don Roy. Then I presume your way

Led by Arnillas ?

Hernani. Rumour of a fray

Deterred me.

Don Roy. With the routed robber's band ?

Hernani. I know not.

Don Roy. He who holds their chief command,

Know'st thou his fate ? Hernani's ?

Hernani. Whor is he ?

Don Roy. Then know'st him not ? For others then shall be
 The thousand crowns, his forfeit head shall bring
 This long unpunished rebel to his king ;
 And if towards Madrid your steps you bend,

You yet may see the hangman make his end.

Hernani. I do not go there.

Don Ruy. He is doomed to die.

He takes his head who chooses.

Hernani (aside). Let him try.

Don Ruy. What leads thy path?

Hernani. My Lord, it leads me now

To Desdemona's tomb.

Don Ruy. Perhaps a vow.

And to what end? Our Lady?

Hernani. To the last,

Our Lady of the Rocks.

Don Ruy. He is past

All hope of cure, of falset, or who faints,

Ere he can reach the pledges to the Saints.

Thy voice is all that thou no desire

But just to reach the altar and retire?

Hernani. I would see the altar torches shine

Around the Virgin's image in her shrine;

The golden lamps which light with fitful flame

The virgin's shrine.

Don Ruy. Well, my friend. Your name?

Ruy de Sola, my friend, you may spare

The pains of death you would not declare;

None in the Church shall claim the right

To drag a man from death into light.

You ask a name?

Hernani. Yes, my friend.

Don Ruy. No thanks from you:

To him who trusts, mine are due.

Rest, and be welcome: I would do the same

For Sola, if God sent him here by name.

(*Enter Desdemona in bridal array, with Pages, Valets and Ladies; before her is borne, on a cushion, a casket of diamonds, which is then deposited on the table. HERNANI, thunderstruck, gazes on Desdemona.*)

Don Ruy. Come, kneel to my Madonna; for to-day

She sheds good fortune round on all who pray.

No ring, my careless bride? No marriage crown?

Hernani (in a voice of thunder). A crown! Who wants a thousand crowns paid down?

(He tears off his pilgrim's gown, and appears in his original costume.)

I am Hernani!

Donna Sol.

Heavens! Alive!

Hernani.

'Tis true!

I am the man your bloodhounds all pursue.

I own no common title, but am proud

To speak Hernani's dreaded name aloud—

The convict! Take this forfeit head;

More than your marriage feast shall cost to wed.

Bind me!—But no, 'twere useless; for a shroud

Is round me which I cannot break.

Don Ruy.

'Tis plain.

My guest is mad.

Hernani.

A price is on his head.

Donna Sol. Oh! heed him not.

Hernani.

What I have said, is true.

Don Ruy.

A thousand crowns! My friend, be not so great:

My people may be tempted.

Hernani.

Why debate?

Yield me.

Don Ruy.

Be silent.

Donna Sol (aside to HERNANI).

For my sake.

This madness.

Hernani.

I must join the bridal train.

A bride, Lord Duke, waits me, as well as you.

Not quite so fair as yours, but quite as true.

Death! Do none stir?

Donna Sol.

Hernani! for my sake.

Hernani.

A thousand crowns, my masters. Come and take

A thousand crowns! Come, gain it while you can;

Remember, riches make the slave a man.

You shrink!

Don Ruy.

Some cause for shrinking may be shown;

For he who touched your head would risk his own.
 Wert thou Hernani—wert thou, in his stead,
 The insensate fiend—if empires for thy head
 Were offered, in the place of paltry gold—
 If for such price as this thy life were sold,
 Hast thou wert safe as in the court of Heaven,
 By which the charge to guard thee has been given :
 And for me, worthy of the hand of power
 Shall haughtiness fall of yours ! Within an hour
 My men will carry me to your room ! I go
 To close my doors against a foe.

[Exit.

(Down she goes, and the door as if to follow her attendants ;

When the Duke has disappeared, returns anxiously to

Hernani. I accept my compliments on your array ;
 Your arms become me more than I can say—
 No fault to find here—all fair and brave.

[Examining the casket.

He dare not leave you thus, so near his grave.
 Necklaces—ear-rings—everything—
 The golden ring—the golden ring !
 How like thy lover—so faithful, deep and true—
 This casket seems.

(Drawing out a dagger from the casket).

You have not searched it through.
 Behold the dagger which I chose alone
 Of all the gifts, among the rest, a throne—
 Which the King offered, which for you I spurned—
 You my accuser !

(Drawing out her hair). Reason has returned.

Oh, let me wipe these bitter tears away—
 Tears which my folly caused, my blood shall pay !

Donna Sol. Hernani ! Still I love you ; and forgive,
 Because I love you.

Hernani. That pardon bids me live ;
 But e'en thy love and thy forgiveness bring
 No balm to soothe my self-reproaches' sting.

Oh, I could watch thee, were it but to trace
The spot thy footstep pressed, and kiss the place.

Donna Sol. To think the memory of my love so frail,
That force could bend, or misery make me quail,
And narrow this free bosom to a coil,
Where any image but thine own might dwell!

Hernani. Oh! I blasphemed and raved—
The object of a madman's blasphemy,
I should discard the wretch, whose passion stains
Its life and spirit from the wounds it makes.

Donna Sol. Oh, you have ceased to love.

Hernani. My soul, thy heart
Are thine. Then blame me not that I depart.
'Tis for thy sake alone I wish to fly.

Donna Sol. I shall not blame thee—I shall still love thee.

Hernani. Die? and for me?

Donna Sol.

For whom?

Hernani. Again you weep—and who shall
Who cause those tears? You will forgive a man
And who my depth of anguish can explain,
To see the tear-drop dim that eye, whose glance
Is all on which I love, and live to gaze!

Oh! had I worlds, these worlds were all for thee.

Donna Sol. You are my master, generous, brave, and true.

Hernani. Could we but love too much, how soon I might
My fate to perish of that love's excess.

Donna Sol. Thine, and for ever. Heaven will be angry with you!

Hernani. Oh! that my poniard could but stab me now!

Donna Sol. Heaven will be angry with those who love at all.

Hernani. Let it unite, if it refuse to kill.
Come to these arms, I yield me to its will.

Enter Don Ruy Gomez.

Don Ruy. And this is hospitality's reward!
And this the guest whose life I went to guard!
Foolish old man! for this array thy power—
Up drawbridge, bolt the portal, man the tower
Select a harness fit for age to wear,

Such as the strength of sixty years can bear—
 Prepare to fight, to die, to starve, to burn—
 Brave all the worst, to meet with this return !
 Yes, I have walked for sixty years of time,
 No dull observer in a world of crime—
 Have seen men fly accused, and die unblessed,
 Sin unrestrained, and perish unconfessed—
 Slaves and lords alike, the world's disgrace,
 Have seen, not known, who now holds their place,
 But never saw the criminal who dared
 Insult the God whose very rights he shared ;—
 This is not of my time. We live to view
 Crimes which in former ages ever knew ;
 Moore and his kind, sprung this man from you ?

(Appealing to the portraits.)

Lords of the land, fathers of my race,
 Listen, and hear me : if my rage embrace
 Rust on my sword with vice's name I brand
 The sword of this great heart and hand,
 Forgive me.

Alas ! this face was ever given
 To meet with the glance of heaven ;
 If ever heart betrayed the noble line
 From which this strong that brow and heart are thine.

I stand a suppliant, with nought to say
 Or do, but to my judgment as I may.
 I shared the shelter of your roof—I tried
 To spoil your daughter—to seduce your bride.
 I have my blood to offer. When 'tis shed,
 Wipe that stain black, and think not of the dead.

Do Silva, Do Silva, hold ! The crime was mine alone.

Do Silva, Wait, lady, wait. This hour I claim my own.
 I would employ the moments which remain—
 My last—not to extenuate, but to explain :
 Believe a dying culprit. Be secure,
 Do Silva ; I am guilty, she is pure.

Donna Sol. Mine was the crime ; I love him.—Yes, 'twas I—

I love him.

Don Ruy (furious). Woman, you shall see him die!

(Trumpets without.)

Enter PAGE.

Don Ruy. What noise was that?

Page.

A herald of arms.

Admission for King Carlos and his bands
Within your gates.

Don Ruy. Obey the King's commands.

Donna Sol. He's lost.

(Don Ruy goes to one of the portraits (but does not see it); a secret spring, a concealed door is discovered.)

Don Ruy. You enter here.

Hernani.

I hold my life

At your disposal, and, to close our strife,
Strike when you will.

(He enters the secret door. DON RUY presumes to move the portrait resumes its natural position.)

Donna Sol. Oh, spare that life to-day.

PAGE, entering.

My Lord, the King.

(Enter DON CARLOS, followed by numerous attendants. DONNA SOL lowers her veil.)

Don Carlos. How comes it, cousin, pray,
That when your Sovereign seeks De Silva's aid
Your bolts are drawn, your archers on the wall
To hear my herald waste his breath beneath
I thought your sword was rusting in its sheath
And find 't ready from that sheath to start—
'Tis somewhat late to play this youthful part—
Wear I the turban?—Answer, do I spring
From Moorish race?—am I a Christian King,
Carlos? or do I bear a Pagan name,
Mahom, Boabdil, that I bear this shame?

Don Ruy. My Lord—

Don Carlos (to his attendants). Seize all the castle gates, and take

The keys. Is this the fashion you would wake
The ghost of dead rebellions, and renew
Old treasons ! Know the King is waking too,
Ready rebellion's progress to arrest,
And crush the leaders in their mountain nest.

Don Ray. None of De Silva's line was ever found
A traitor.

Don Carlos. Speak me out ! or to the ground
Each stone of your slaves' towers I raze.
There lives no spark of old rebellion's blaze—
The bandit chief survives ! Who hides him now ?
Who guards the rebel ? Rebel duke, 'tis thou !

Don Ray. It is

Don Carlos. 'Tis well. His head or thine must fall—
Or his, or thine, shall grace the castle wall.
Hear'st thou, my cousin ?

Don Ray. You shall be content,
My lord, if that be all.

Don Carlos. Oh, you repent ;
Produce the rebel.

Don Ray (leads the King to the most ancient of the portraits).
In that reverend face
Behold the father of De Silva's race,
Silvius : in Rome filled the consul's place
Three times. (Your patience for such honoured names.)
This second was grand master of St. James
And Calatrava, his strong limbs sustained
Armour which cure would sink beneath. He gained
Thirty pitched battles, and took, as legends tell,
Three hundred standards from the Infidel ;
And when the Moorish King Motril, in war
Won Antequera, Suez, and Nijar,
And there died poor. Next to him Juan stands,
His son ; his plighted hand was worth the hands
Of kings. Next Gaspar, of Mendoga's line—
Few noble stems but chose to join with mine :
Sandoval sometimes fears, and some woos

Our smiles ; Manriquez envies ; Lara sues ;
 And Alencastre hates. Our ranks we know
 Kings are but just above us—dukes below.
 Vasquez, who kept for sixty years his vow—
 Greater than he I pass. This reverend brow
 This was my sire's—the greatest though the late
 The Moors his friend had taken and made fast—
 Alvar Giron. What did my father then ?
 He went to seek him with three hundred men—
 He cut in stone an image of Alvar,
 Cunningly carved, and dragged it to the wall—
 He vowed a vow to yield no inch of ground
 Until that image of itself turned round :
 He reached Alvar—he saved him—and his line
 Was old De Silva's, and his name was mine,
 Ruy Gomez.

Don Carlos. Drag me from his lurking place
 The traitor !

*Don Ruy (leads the King to the portrait behind which Alencastre
 is concealed).*

Sir, your Highness does me grace ;
 This, the last portrait, bears my form and name,
 And you would write this motto on its frame :—

“ This last, sprung from the noblest and the best,
 “ Betrayed his plighted faith, and sold his guest.”

Don Carlos (retiring somewhat disconcerted).

I shall abate your house. Strongholds like these
 I hate.

Don Ruy. Your Highness can afford to please
 Your fancy.

Don Carlos. I shall raze its towers, and sow
 Their place with flax-seed.

Don Ruy. Better that should grow,
 And mark and stain the desolated spot,
 Than falsehood's stain should be De Silva's lot ;
 Is it not true, sirs ?—I appeal to you. *(Appealing to the portraits.)*

Don Carlos. His head is mine ; you promised—

Don Ray. One of two—

Take this.

Don Carlos. You wear my long indulgence out ;
Produce the wretch you shelter.

Don Ray. Can you doubt
My word ?

Don Carlos (to his men). Explore each tower, cave, and cell.

Don Ray. My lord, my dungeon keeps a secret well,
Like me ; and it may pass your power to bring
To light our captive.

Don Carlos. Save Your King.

Don Ray. What ! these towers are levelled to the plain,
Just as you the king, and their master slain,
Your Highness can learn nothing.

Don Carlos. All is vain,
Mennace and guile alike. Give me his head,
The head of our king.

Don Ray. I have said.

Don Carlos. Two heads instead of one, then. 'Tis my will.
Arrest the Duke here !

*Donna Sol, throwing off her veil, rushes between the King, the
Duke, and Carlos.* Carlos of Castile,
You are a wicked King !

Don Carlos. This lady here !

Donna Sol. You bear no Spanish heart.

Don Carlos. They are severe

Upon your country. 'Tis to you I owe
This rage—your faults the faults you censure flow,
Where'er your power extends, you rule our fate—
You make a demon of the man you hate ;

Had I not been kind anchantress, I were great.
The great now, whose angry roar can thrill
Your ear, had been the lion of Castile.

Yet I obey.—*(To the Duke)* My cousin, I respect
Your scruples, and permit you to protect
Your castle's inmate. Set yourself at rest—
Betray your sovereign, and defend your guest.

I take one hostage only from your hall—
Your niece.

Don Ruy. One only?

Donna Sol. Me!

Don Ruy. And this is all!

The generous victor! Boon without compare!
The heart to torture and the head to spare.
Great grace!

Don Carlos. The traitor or the king, I must have
One I must have.

Don Ruy. But one you can, I think, have
Your pleasure.

(*The King approaches DONNA SOL; she takes her hand, and Don Ruy.*)

Donna Sol. Save me!—Wretched, it must be
Me or my uncle. Let it fall on me.

I follow, sir.

Don Carlos. I triumph in the thought
This fair one to her senses must be brought.

(*DONNA SOL goes to the casket, and taking from it a jewel, hides it in her girdle.*)

What hides she there?

Donna Sol. A jewel which I prize.

Don Carlos. Shew it.

Donna Sol. Another time, sir.

(*DONNA SOL gives her hand to DON CARLOS, and pretends to follow him; DON RUY, having stood some moments agitated in grief, turns round suddenly.*)

Don Ruy. Earth and skies!

Since honour nor compassion can prevail—

Ye trophied chambers, walls hung round with mail—

Ye banners, seamed with tears of conflict, fall!

And crush the oppressor in my father's hall!

Leave me my child, my last, my only good.

Don Carlos. My prisoner then!

Don Ruy. Respect De Silva's blood.

(*Going towards the concealed door, he turns again to the portraits.*)

Hide me from these ! They stop me on my path !

(Again he advances towards the secret door, then turning to the King.)

You will !

Don Carlos. Yea.

(The Duke raises his trembling hand to the secret spring, then falls at the King's feet.)

Don Ruy. Let my life assuage your wrath.

Don Carlos. Your niece shall.

Don Ruy (rising). Take her ; let my honour live

Stainless

Don Carlos. Farewell.

Don Ruy. God keep you, and forgive.

(Exit the King with DONNA SOL and attendants. As soon as they are gone, Don Ruy takes two swords, measures them, and lays them on the table ; then goes to the portrait, presses the secret spring, and the door opens.)

Come forth.

[Enter HERNANI.]

Don Carlos is beyond my walls ;

Vengeance remains, and separation calls.

Choose—~~and choose~~ quickly. Can it be with fright

Your young hand shakes !

Hernani. Old man, we may not fight.

Don Ruy. Why ! Are you frightened ? Is your rank and grade
Too humble ! For a wrong received, my blade
Shall cross a slave's.

Hernani. Old man—

Don Ruy. You cannot fly,
Young man ; prepare to kill me, or to die.

Hernani. Granted—to die ! My life I owe to you ;
Spite of that you saved it—take your due.

Don Ruy. Blame but yourself alone then. Time runs fast—
Pronounce your prayer.

Hernani. To you I make my last.

Don Ruy. Make it to Heaven.

Hernani. To thee, to thee, old man.
Kill by what mode you please—strike how you can—

But do not, while the blow impends, deny
The last sole boon—to see her ere I die.

Don Ruy. To see her!

Hernani. Let me hear her voice's tone;
At least that voice but once, and once alone.
You shall be there; I will not speak nor move;
Then strike me as I listen.

Don Ruy. Saints above!
Is that retreat so deep that he has heard
Nothing of what was spoken?

Hernani. Not a word.

Don Ruy. To save your life I was compelled to bring
A hostage in my niece, to—

Hernani. Whom?

Don Ruy. The King.

Hernani. The King! He loves her! and obdurate by force
All she refused his prayer.

Don Ruy. My horse! my horse!
Gather my vassals for pursuit!

Hernani. Attend!

Slow vengeance is the surest to its end.
I am your property; but you may still
Employ the man you have a right to kill—
To grant my share of vengeance were but just,
For this one boon I bow me to the dust,
And kiss your feet. When he whom both pursue
Has died for us, then I will die for you.

Don Ruy. Will you submit as now your blood is shed?

Hernani. I swear it.

Don Ruy. By what oath?

Hernani. My father's head.

Don Ruy. Will you remember this some future day?

Hernani. Listen. Accept this horn. Betide what may,
Whene'er it please you to exert your power,
Whate'er the time or place, to name my hour—
Come and be welcome. Sound this horn, and then
'Tis done.

Don Ruy. Your hand. (*Addressing the portraits.*) Fear
witness, ancient men ! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE 1.—*The Tomb of CHARLEMAGNE, in Aix-la-Chapelle.*

Night.

DON CARLOS and DON RICARDO, wrapped in cloaks.

Don Ricardo (*with a lantern in his hand*). This is the place.

Don Carlos. 'Tis here the traitor-band
Meet, to be crushed at once beneath this hand.
My friend the Elector lends the appropriate stage
For treason's foul designs and faction's rage ;
Murder breathes freely in a catacomb,
And loves to whet her dagger on a tomb.
These gallants, still so ready with their knives,
Are playing somewhat high—they stake their lives,
Faith ! They do well in these sepulchral caves
To hatch their crimes ;—the journey to their graves
Will be the shorter. Do these caves extend
Far under the ground ?

Don Ricardo. My lord, before they end
They reach the last.

Don Carlos. Too distant to explore.
Read me the list of traitors' names once more.

Don Ricardo (*reads*). Gotha.

Don Carlos. The valiant Duke conspires alone
To place a German on the German throne.

Don Ricardo. Tellez Giron.

Don Carlos. Our Lady and Castile !
Revolts against his King ?

Don Ricardo. Your royal will
Made him a baron ; and 'tis said he found

Your sacred person on forbidden ground—
His lady's room.

Don Carlos. And must revenge on Spain

His private wrong.

Don Ricardo. Next in the traitor's train.

Vasquez, the bishop, comes.

Don Carlos. 'Tis rather hard :

At least, his reverence has no wife to guard
Or to revenge. The rest may well be missed—
Our time is short—I have them on my list.

Don Ricardo. There are two still remaining to be told—
New converts both—one young, the other old.

Don Carlos. Their names ?

(DON RICARDO shakes his head in silence.)

Their age ?

Don Ricardo. One twenty at the most ;

Sixty the next.

Don Carlos. Both useless for their post—

Too young and old. No matter. Am I sure ?

The College meets, but is their choice secure ?

And when it fixes the imperial crown,

What signal speaks the election to the town ?

Don Ricardo. The cannon's thunder : one for Savoy—

Two for the Frenchman—for your Highness three.

Don Carlos. This is the hour the traitors meet. Away !

Give me the key. Three cannon shots, you say.

(DON RICARDO bows and retires.)

Don Carlos (alone). Great Charlemagne's shade, the mighty
and the just !

I sue for pardon to thy hallowed dust,
That human aims and passion's voice presume
To pierce the sacred silence of the tomb.
Sure 'tis a sight to fill and fire the breast,
This Europe, thy creation and bequest ;
This edifice, upon whose dizzy height
Two mortals stand, to whose superior might
Submissive monarchs bend. From sire to son

In lazy stream all minor titles run ;
Thrones, duchies, fiefs, hereditary all,
By blood descend, on fix'd successors fall.
But chance and change affect these two alone,—
The Cæsar's sceptre, and the Papal throne.
Thus chance, and change, and motion, all redress
The balance, as they raise it or depress ;
Heaven over all asserts a watchful sway,
Controls the mass, and order springs to-day.
As the times need it, an idea we find,
Some nascent birth of man's mysterious mind ;
It grows, walks, runs, and as it grows imparts
Its secret influence to surrounding hearts ;
Kings gag or tremble, but in vain suppress't,
If once the Diet or the Conclave's guest,
Arm'd with their sanction the enfranchised slave
Confounds the powerful, and confronts the brave ;
Round his bold brow wreathes the tiara's band,
Or, with the globe imperial in his hand,
Steers his bold flight, and on unwearied wings
Looks down superior on the heads of kings.
Emperor and Pope ! Within those mighty sounds
A mystery dwells. On these the wide earth grounds
Her system and her concord. Heaven, which lends
To these her privilege, subdues and bends
People and kings to these. Their thrones below
A world lies marshall'd. One with fingers slow
Unravels all—the other cuts in twain :
Thus truth and force in them their rights maintain.
And when in equal pomp to sight displayed,
One in his purple, one in white arrayed,
Forth from the Temple's innermost recess
They pass, the nations, while to gaze they press,
The delegated powers of Heaven confess.
The Emperor—to attain that height—prevail
O'er rivals, foes, succeed. Perhaps to fail.
Thou dweller in this tomb, thy empire's sway

How blest, how great, how glorious in thy day !
 Wider than now ; and yet this tomb is thine.
 Is it to this such greatness must decline ?
 Prince, Emperor, King, those titles to combine ;
 Europe to measure with colossal stride ;
 To prove the German Empire not too wide
 To be thy statue's pedestal ; to run
 Before the Carthaginian and the Hun
 In warlike glory's race ; to wed the fame
 Of greatness to thine own baptismal name ;—
 Caesar and Charles the Great at once. Severs
 The doom which to such space confines thee here.
 Yes, seek the Empire ; but survey the cell
 Which holds an Emperor's dust. Bid nations swell
 Your train, and leave no barrier to be past,
 No space unmeasured ; here to end at last !
 What then ? The Cæsar's throne attracts me still ;
 Ambition whispers—reach and take : I will.
 Oh Heaven ! Upon that summit of command,
 That pinnacle, alone erect to stand,
 Keystone and centre of that arch, to see
 States ranged beneath in order and degree ;
 To feel my sandals press the heads of kings,
 Which still transmit the weight to humbler things
 To all the long gradations which exist
 In Europe's church, or on the temporal list
 Of her proud feudal titles, and to scan,
 Deep roll'd in shade beneath, the tide of man ;
 That sea, whose ever-ceaseless ebb and flow
 Chafes, murmurs, breaks upon the shore below
 With plaint and wailing, and at times a sound
 Of bitter laughter from the deep profound.
 Thou people ! Ocean, whose expansive breast
 Each thing that falls, or floats on, wakes from rest ;
 Mirror where kings survey their faults alone,
 Of power to rock a tomb, but dash a throne
 To fragments. It were well for one, whose ear

Is filled with thy deep music, to draw near
To trace the records of thy power, and tell
Thy trophies, wrecks of empire, which thy swell
Rolls over now; things which awhile were buoyed
Upon thy wave, chafed it, and were destroyed.

To rule all this, to heights like these to fly,
Yet feel the sense of weak humanity
Cling to us as we mount. Presumptuous thing!
An Emperor thou! Thou wast too great—a king!
'Tis sure he springs not of ignoble race,
Who with his greatness makes his soul keep pace:
But me—what guide or ruler can endow
My heart with wisdom?

Charlemagne, 'tis thou.
Shade of the wise and great, since Heaven has led
Me here to oral converse with the dead
Pour from that tomb thy wisdom Oh impart
Some of thy greatness to thy suppliant's heart;
In all its various aspects make me see
That world so great to others—small to thee:
Teach me the secret of thy rule, and tell
The mighty magic of thy sceptre's spell;
Speak, though the voice which gives thy counsel vent
Should burst the portals of thy monument,
And wheel me in its ruin. Silent still.
Here let me study then thy deeds, and fill
My soul with thy great memory, till I find,
E'en in the dust, thy spirit left behind—
Strength to the weak, and guidance to the blind.
Here let me enter.

(He places the key in the door of the tomb.)

Heavens! if he should rise,
And glare upon me with his lifeless eyes!—
If this sepulchral cell disclose the dead
Erect, and walking with a measured tread!—
If I should enter there—to reappear
The strong limb palsied, dark locks blanched with fear!

I brave it.

[*Noise of footsteps.*

Whence that noise? Who dare invade—
Who but myself, the rest of such a shade!

[*The noise approaches.*

I had forgot—my murderers seek their prey,

[*He enters the tomb, and closes the door after him.*

Enter several of the Conspirators, muffled in long cloaks and slouched hats; each takes the hand of his neighbour.

First Conspirator.—Who's there?

Second Con. A Friend.

Third Con. The saints direct our way.

First Con. 'Tis well; we all are gathered. But the night
Is round and o'er us—darkness waits the light.

[*The Conspirators seat themselves in a semi-circle; they then light their torches.*]

Duke of Gotha. Carlos of Spain, my friends, seeks to assume
The imperial purple.

First Con.

Carlos seeks his tomb.

Duke of Gotha [*throws down his torch and stamps upon it.*]

Quenched be his light, as I now quench this fire;
And as this torch expires let him expire.

First Con. How many daggers shall the sentence need?

Second Con. One arm, one blade, one blow to do the deed.

Third Con. Who strikes it?

All. I.

First Con.

All will—one only may.

Let us decide by lot, and pray—

[*The Conspirators write their names on their tablets, and having rolled up the paper, throw it into an urn.*]

May the elect have faith on high!

Strike a Gentile—like a Hebrew die!

Let him be fit to strive with fire and steel,

Sing at the stake, and laugh upon the wheel—

Resigned alike to perish and to kill. [*Draws a name from the urn.*]

All. What name?

First Con. Hernani!

Hernani [*appearing from the crowd.*] Fortune aids my will!

Aim of my soul, and object of my vow,
Pursued and won; Revenge! I hold thee now.

Don Ruy (aside to Hernani). Grant me this office.

Hernani. No, upon my life,
Fortune and I have been too long at strife;
'Tis the first time I learn her smiles to know.

Don Ruy. My lands, my fortune, for this single blow!

Hernani. I will not.

Duke of Gotha. Aged man! your arm might fail.

Don Ruy. Away! the soul and spirit may prevail
Where the flesh falters; judge not by the sheath,
Rusted and worn, the blade which lies beneath.

(TO HERNANI.)

Remember, thou art mine, whose wish you scorn;
Grant me but this, and I return the horn.

Hernani. My life! old man, and what have I to prize
In life! My father's blood for vengeance cries.
No; I prefer revenge! would'st thou restore
Her?

Don Ruy. Here take this horn.

Hernani. No more, no more;
My chace is done. Lord Duke, leave me my prey.

Don Ruy. Cursed be the man who bears the prize away.

First Con. Brother! this very evening it were well—

Hernani. Fear not. I know to do the work of hell
Without a tutor, sir.

First Con. Let treason fall
Upon the traitor. Counts and barons, all!
If this man perish ere he do the deed,
We swear in turn to die or to succeed?

All. We swear.

Duke of Gotha. On what?

Don Ruy (holds up the hilt of his sword).

The cross I hold on high.

All. Unshriven and unrepenting let him die.

(The distant sound of a cannon-shot is heard; all remain
silent. The door of the tomb opens and Don Carlos ap-

pears upon the threshold—a second shot is heard—and then a third.)

Don Carlos. Back, gentlemen! An Emperor's tomb is near!
Your words have reached a living Emperor's ear.

(The Conspirators extinguish their torches.)

Silence and night! How soon my voice can drive
The swarm to the recesses of its hive!
Strike, if you dare! an Emperor's blood shall flow—
Farewell! an Emperor's breast invites the blow;
But now your torches gleamed with bloody light;
My breath had quenched the murderous glare in night.
Yet let your failing eyes in fear confess
That I can kindle more than I suppress.

(He strikes the iron door with a key: on which signal the dark subterranean passages are immediately filled with soldiers bearing torches and arms.)

Mount now, my falcons; mount, and strike your prey;
Light up the cave, and drag the tribe to day;
Surround and seize, for treason to the State!

Hernani. 'Tis Charles the Fifth. I thought 'twas Charles the Great.

Alone he looked it; circled with that ring
Of guards, he stands an ordinary King.

(The Conspirators are surrounded and disarmed.)

Enter DONNA SOL.

The Emperor, soldiers! And are we two met,
Hernani!

Hernani. Well.

Don Ruy. I am not noticed yet.

(DONNA SOL approaches HERNANI; he retires.)

Hernani. Madam?

Donna Sol (showing the dagger). I have it still.

Hernani. My love, my bride.

Don Carlos. Be silent all the rest, and stand aside.

Gotha the Saxon, Lara of Castile,

What came ye here to practise? Good or ill

Hernani (stepping forward). A simple errand. To achieve
your fall ;

To write Belshazzar's sentence on the wall,
And give to Cæsar what was Cæsar's due.

Don Carlos. You traitor, Silva !

Don Ruy. Which, sir, of us two
Is traitor !

Hernani. Well, his proud ambition thrives ;
He has his wish—the empire and our lives.
He wears the purple in good time. Its train
Will drink the blood-drop in without a stain.

Don Carlos. Cousin De Silva, facts have been revealed
Which dim the ancient blazon on your shield :
Bethink thee, treason is a fearful thing.

Don Ruy. Crime follows crime. From Rodricks Julians spring.

Don Carlos. Strike all the nobles ! I would strike the crest.

(*The nobles step out from the cave, and are immediately sur-
rounded.*)

Donna Sol. He's safe.

Hernani (coming forward). I claim my rank among the rest ;
And since precedence to the scaffold leads,
The serf eludes the axe, the noble bleeds ;
And since the outlaw's head is now too low
To meet the blade, I lift it to the blow,
Duke of Segovia and Cordova too ;
The God who gives the crown and gave it you
Made me Count Albatara and De Gor,
Marquess Monroy, and many a title more,
Grand Master of Avis ; men call me John
The exile, the proscribed of Aragon.
Thy sire pronounced on mine the traitor's doom,
And wrapt the annals of our race in gloom ;
You have the scaffold, and the poniard we ;
Heaven made me Duke, but exile set me free
To roam the mountains with a bandit train :
Since I have sharpened there my blade in vain,
And bathed its temper in the mountain spring,

Thus I assume my rank. *(Puts on his hat.)*

Our heads, oh King,
E'en when about to fall, may claim their right
Thus to be covered in their sovereign's sight.
Grandees of Spain ! whate'er your name and race,
'Tis John of Aragon who claims his place ;
And if your scaffolds have not room for all,
Enlarge them, let our heads have space to fall.

Don Carlos. I heard this story once, but had forgot.

Hernani. Kings may forget ; but 'tis the sufferer's lot
To bear through life the dark offence in mind,
Which on the offenders leaves no trace behind.

Donna Sol *(kneeling to Carlos).* Oh ! pardon, gracious

Sire ! Forgive, or strike

Both with one blow, and punish both alike—
My love, my lord, my husband—I but live
In him—die with him. Pity and forgive.
Oh ! turn not with a dark design those eyes
Towards me.

Don Carlos. *Duchess of Segovia, rise.*
Countess of Albaterra. *(To HERNANI.)* You must string
Your other titles.

Hernani. Who speaks thus ? The King !

Don Carlos. No, 'tis the Emperor.

Donna Sol. Heavens !

Don Carlos *(to HERNANI).* Behold your bride !

Hernani. Just God !

Don Carlos *(to DON RUY).* Our cousin looks dissatisfied ;
But Aragon with Silva well may wed.

Don Ruy. It is not that.

Hernani. How all my hate has fled !

(Throws away his dagger.)

Donna Sol. My Lord !

Hernani. My bride ! This heart, with love untold,
Barns to thy beauty !

Don Carlos. Mine henceforth be cold.
Suffer the spirit you have vexed in vain

So long, to be itself once more, and reign—
 Thy love the empire, and thy mistress Spain.
 Don John, thy heart is worthy of the line
 From which it springs ; (To DONNA SOL.)
 And worthy too of thine.

(Placing the Order of the Golden Fleece round HERNANI'S neck.)

Receive this gift, to rank and virtue due ;
 Knight of the Fleece, be faithful, brave, and true :
 But round your neck a nobler chain you bear,
 Which Kings bestow not—which I cannot wear—
 The two arms of a loved and loving bride.
 Away ! Be thine the bliss to Kings denied.
 For your associates here I know them not ;
 Their crimes are pardoned, and their names forgot.
 I give this lesson from an infant throne.

Conspirators (speaking to him). Long may he live !

Don Rug. I stand condemned alone.

Don Carlos. And I !

Don Rug (aside). But I, like him, have not forgiven.

Hernani. Who thus can change our hearts ?

All. Protect him, Heaven !

Honour to Charles the Fifth !

Don Carlos (turning to the tomb). To Charles the Great !
 Leave alone with him. *(All retire : DON CARLOS alone.)*

Guide of my fate !

My great example ! wilt thou shed thy grace
 On him who seeks but to pursue thy trace ?
 I stood alone against an empire, tost
 On faction's wildest waves and almost lost ;
 The Dane to punish, and the Pope to pay—
 The Turk and Luther barred alike my way—
 The Dogs and Francis marked me for their prey,
 A thousand poniards, half-concealed in night,
 Devis'd to snare, and menace to affright ;
 For counsel and for aid to thee I cried,
 And not in vain—thy regal voice replied,

How I might brave the threat, avoid the snare,—
Thy word was mercy—thy advice, to spare.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Saragossa. A Terrace and Garden to the Palace, with a balustrade, and steps leading down into the Garden. Sound of music in the distance. Here and there Maids walking about.*

Night.

Enter DON SANCHEZ, DON MATHIAS, and DON RICARDO.

Don Ricardo. Joy to the happy pair who wed to-night!
Each casement in the town is thronged and bright.

Don Sanchez. 'Tis well; for never for a feast more gay
Did marriage-torches imitate the day;
And never yet did summer's midnight air
Play in the tresses of a bride more fair.

Don Mathias. How fares the ancient duke? Does he not bid
His last attendants nail his coffin lid?

Don Sanchez. Nay; jest not on that subject, nor decide
That stern old man—he doted on the bride:
His hairs, which sixty years had turned to gray,
Were blanched to snowy whiteness in a day.

Don Ricardo. He has not since been seen, as is reported,
In Saragossa.

Don Mathias. He may well be spared:
Pastrana, in his coffin and his shroud,
Would match but poorly with this gaudy crowd.

Don Ricardo. Marked ye, but now, amid the fair array
Of dress, and dancing plumes, and colours gay,
A spectre, which by yonder balustrade
Looked darkly down and marred the masquerade?

Don Sanchez. I saw it well.

Don Ricardo. What was it?

Don Sanchez. I could trace
Francisco's shape.

Don Ricardo. Not so. It hides its face,
Still with its mask.

Don Mathias. 'Twas Soma's frowning brow!

Don Sanchez. Not so; for Soma spoke to me but now.

Don Ricardo. It comes again! What can the spectre be?

(Enter a black Dominó, who slowly crosses the stage. All turn and look on him.)

If e'er the grave set its inmates free,
Such is their step.

Don Mathias (looking at the Mask). Fair Masquer— *(the Mask turns round.)* By my soul,
His eyes are kindled like a living coal!

Don Sanchez. He is the devil, or the devil's sire,
He meets a spectre. *(The Mask stops and looks fixedly on him.)*
His eyes are full of fire!

(The Mask slowly descends the staircase, followed by the eyes of the whole company.)

Don Sanchez. To death, the vision spreads a gloom around.

Don Mathias. That might fright us in a churchyard ground.

Don Sanchez. It comes obedient to some wizard's spell,
To see our souls and return to hell.

Don Mathias. Well, we shall know to-morrow.

Don Sanchez. Look, I pray,
It moves.

Don Ricardo. The gloomy phantom stalks away.

Don Mathias. Where glides it?

Don Sanchez. Through the portal down the stair.

'Tis strange!

Don Mathias. No more—here come the bridal pair.

(Enter HERNANI and DONNA SOL, hand in hand, followed by MASKS, LORDS and LADIES, PAGES, &c.)

Don Sanchez. 'Tis midnight; and 'tis fit that we pursue
The example of the ghost, and vanish too.

[Exeunt all but HERNANI and DONNA SOL]

Donna Sol. Dearest ! at length they leave us. By your moon
It should be late

Hernani And can it come too soon,
The hour that frees us from the listening crowd,
To breathe our sighs, so long suppressed, aloud !

Donna Sol The noise disturbed me. I must confess,
Rejoicing thus the sense of happiness !

Hernani 'Tis true, for happiness is his who
And writes its lessons slowly on the breast.
When busy pleasure strews its path with flowers,
Or breaks the silence of its quiet bowers,
It flies, and if it smile, its smile appears
Far less allied to laughter than to tears.

Donna Sol Yet in your eyes its smile is seen—
(*He motions for her to follow him.*)

Remain awhile

Hernani I am your slave—delay—
Do as thou wilt— all that thou dost is well ;
My soul is all obedience to thy spell.
It burns, yet bid the fierce volcano still
Its fires—they're sunk subservient to thy will.
Its gulfs shall close, its lavas check their tide,
And spring's young verdure clothe the crater's side.

Donna Sol Your kindness brings my woman's shame,
Hernani of my heart !

Hernani. Forbear that name !
O be that sound forbidden and forgot,
Which wakes the memory of an exile's lot !
I knew him once. Hernani ! 'twas a dream—
His eye glared fiercely, like a poniard's gleam—
Son of the mountain and the night ! a vow
Of blood and vengeance written on his brow—
Proscribed, I cannot recognise him now !
I mix in festivals—I join the king—
I walk with nobles—am a noble's son—
Thy love ' thy husband ! John of Aragon !—
Am blest !

Donna Sol.

And I !

Hernani.

Why should I bear in mind

The tattered garments that I leave behind ?
 In mourning for my palace I repair,
 An angel of the Lord awaits me there.
 I bid the fallen column's shaft aspire—
 On my ancestral hearth I light its fire—
 I open its casements to the wind which sports
 'Mid the rank herbage of its grass-grown courts—
 I weed that herbage from the creviced stone,
 And seat my house's honour on its throne :
 My king restores me to each ancient right—
 My seat in council, and my crest in fight.
 Come, then, to blushing beauty, come, my bride,
 Lay the sad memory of the past aside—
 That past is all unmet, unseen, undone ;
 I start afresh, a glorious course to run.
 I know not if his madness fires my breast—
 I love you—I possess you and am blest !

Donna Sol. How well, upon the glossy velvet's shade,
 This collar looks !

Hernani. The king was so arrayed.

Donna Sol. I thanked him not. 'Tis not the velvet's fold,
 'Tis you that give the lustre to the gold.
 Oh, you are fit to be the Order's chief !
 One moment less—I weep, but not with grief—
 One little moment, to indulge the sight
 With the rich beauty of the summer night.
 The harp is silent and the torch is dim—
 Night and ourselves together. To the brim
 The cup of our felicity is filled.
 Each sound is mute—each harsh sensation stilled.
 Dost thou not think, that e'en while Nature sleeps
 Some power its amorous vigils o'er us keeps ?
 No cloud in heaven ;—while all around repose,
 Come taste with me the fragrance of the rose,
 Which loads the night air with its musky breath,

While all around is still as Nature's death.
 E'en as you spoke—and gentle words were those
 Spoken by you—the silver moon uprose
 How that mysterious union of her ray,
 With your impassioned accents, made its way
 Straight to my heart ! I could have wished to die
 In that pale moonlight, and whilst thou wast alive.

Hernani. Thy words are music, and thy voice that tone
 Is borrowed from the choir of heaven above.

Donna Sol. Night is too silent, darkness too profound—
 Oh, for a star to shine, a voice to sound—
 To raise some sudden strain of music now,
 Suited to night.

Hernani. Capricious girl ! your vow
 Was poured for silence, and to be released
 From the thronged tumult of the marriage-feast.

Donna Sol. Yes ; but a bird to carol in the dark—
 A nightingale, in moss and shade concealed—
 A distant flute—for music's stream can roll
 To soothe the heart, and harmonise the soul—
 O 'twould be bliss to listen ! *(Sound of a horn in the distance.)*

I am heard !

Hernani (shuddering.) Oh, misery !

Donna Sol. Sure some angel caught my word—
 'Twas thy good angel !

Hernani (bitterly). Surely—Hark, again !

Donna Sol. That was your horn ! How well I know the strain !

Hernani. My horn ?

Donna Sol. Do you, then, share this serenade

Hernani. Share it ? I do.

Donna Sol. Thou music of the glads
 How I prefer the festal sound
 To which the dancers' giddy train goes round !
 Then 'tis your horn, whose voice, like yours, I know.

(Horn sounds again.)

Hernani. The tiger roaring for his prey below.

Donna Sol. Juan, that sound with rapture bids me glow.

Hernani. Call me Hernani ;—I must re-assume
That fatal name of vengeance and of gloom.

Donna Sol. How say you ?

Hernani. That old man.

Donna Sol. Why glares your eye ?

Hernani. How in the darkness he stands laughing by !
Dost thou not mark ?

Donna Sol. What is't you bid me see ?
What man ?

Hernani. The stern old man.

Donna Sol. Upon my knee,
To learn the secret of your soul, I pray.

Hernani. My oath.

Donna Sol. Your oath ?

Hernani. What can I do or say ?

Let me spare thee. 'Twas nothing, my beloved.

Donna Sol. And yet you spoke.

Hernani. My mind was strangely moved.

I am not well—'twill pass—Be not afraid.

Donna Sol. Shall I not bid my servant to your aid ?

[Horn sounds again.]

Hernani. He summons, and will have me ! Hark ! again—
I ought to strike—Alas !

Donna Sol. You writhe with pain.

Hernani. An ancient wound—I thought my strength restored.
It opens. (Aside.) She must leave me. My adored,
Listen. That cocket, which in days less blest,
I bore about me—

Donna Sol. I divine the rest :—
What would you with the cocket ?

Hernani. It contains
A phial which will serve to end my pains ;
Go seek it.

Donna Sol. I am gone.

[Exit.]

Hernani (alone). And what remains—
Of my young joys !—He comes to blast them all.
The fatal finger shines upon the wall.

How my fate mocks me with its bitter smile !
He comes not ;—were I but deceived the while !

Enter the Mask.

Mask (in a sepulchral tone). Whene'er it pleases you to exert
your power—

Whate'er the time and place, to name my hour—
Come, and be welcome—Sound this horn, and then
'Tis done. Remember that those ancient gods
Heard and attest the vow. Thy father's hand
The pledge thou gavest—thy witness the deed
Is't done ?

Hernani.

'Tis he.

Mask.

I seek thee in thy bowers.

Of bliss, to tell thee 'tis arrived—the hour
I find thee unabsolved.

Hernani.

What wouldst thou do ?

Mask. Dagger or poison, choose between the two—
I have them here. Together we will stray
On our long path.

Hernani.

So be it.

Mask.

Let us play.

Hernani. What matters ?

Mask. Which ?

Hernani.

The poison.

Mask (presenting a phial).

Reach and take ;

Drink and leave some for me.

Hernani.

For pity's sake,

To-morrow ! If thou play'st a human part—
If Heaven with human blood has warmed thy heart—
If, in its mercy, it delay e'en now
To write the words "For Ever" on thy brow—
If e'er on thee the bliss supreme was shed,
To love in youth, and her you loved to wed—
If ever woman trembled in thy arms—
If ever passion's voice, or beauty's charms,
To soothe thine ear, or glad thine eye, were known—
Wait till to-morrow—then demand thine own.

Mask. Wait till to-morrow ! Yes, you reason well—
This hour, this instant, sounds thy funeral knell.
How shall I speed who may not wait till morn ?
When I am vanished, who shall sound this horn ?
Alone to seek my place of refuge ? No.
Young man, together to the tomb we go.

Hernani. Demon, I free me from the bonds of hell ;
I will not follow.

Mask. So I thought. 'Tis well—
No living witness to thy vow. The dead
Alone record these pledges—thy father's head.
'Twas little recking—reckless youth may slight
A vow so trivial, and a pledge so light.

Hernani. My father ! How I tremble at that name !

Mask. The only treason, perjury and shame.

Hernani. Pardon me !

Mask. Since the elder sons of Spain
Can sport with oaths, and make their promise vain,
Farewell.

Hernani. Remorseless in thy wrath,
Thus at the gate of Heaven to cross my path !

[He takes the phial.]

(Dona Sol enters Sol without seeing the MASK.)

Donna Sol. I cannot find that casket.

Hernani (aside). Heaven above.

Now to return.

Donna Sol. My presence moves my love.
There's something in your hand arrests my eye—
Shines in your grasp. What is it ?—quick reply.

(The Donna unmask, and discovers DON RUY.)

'Tis poison ! some strange secret unrevealed ;—
I am deceived.

Hernani. Oh ! were it still concealed.
My life is his who saved it. 'Twas my vow ;
And Silva comes to claim the forfeit now.

Donna Sol. To me and not to Silva you belong. *(To DON RUY.)*
Your compact binds not ; passion makes me strong—

I will defend him 'gainst the powers of man.

Don Ruy. Against his oath defend him if you can.

Donna Sol. What oath ?

Hernani. I swore it.

Donna Sol. No, it cannot be.

'Twas crime—'twas treason—madness—you are free.

Don Ruy. Away. (*DONNA SOL. exits to DONNA HERNANI.*)

Hernani. My father heard, and will attest
The oath he claims. Then leave me to my rest.

Donna Sol. (*To DON RUY.*) Tear him from me! Oh you had
better wring

Their young from tigers crouching for their prey.
You know me not. For long the part I tried
Of maiden shame, and innocence, and pride;
And pity for your impotence and age
Restrained me. Dread me now inspired with rage—
See'st thou this poniard? Dread, old man, the steel—
What the eye threatens, know the heart shall feel.
Dread me!

(*She throws away the dagger.*)

Ah, no, misfortune makes me wild.
Hear me, Don Ruy, thy niece, almost thy child—
Oh! Spare her husband! Pity and forgive;
Grant me his life, and suffer both to live.
I am a woman, feeble, weak, and frail—
The spirit rises, but the flesh will fail.

Don Ruy. Lady—

Donna Sol. Forgive us both. You once were kind—
You cannot take him, and leave me behind.
I perish when on him you deal the blow—
I love him so!

Don Ruy. Too much.

Hernani. Your eyes o'erflow.

Donna Sol. You shall not perish. Grant him but a day,
And I will love you too.

Don Ruy. Perhaps you may;
And after him!

(HERNANI raises the phial to his lips—she throws herself on his arm.)

Donna Sol. O hear me ! yet delay.

Don Ray. The grave is yawning, and his hour will strike—
I cannot wait.

Donna Sol. Have I deserved to die ?

Hernani. Oh ! She distracts my senses with that cry !

Donna Sol. Thou know'st I have a thousand things to say—
When I have said them, then—

Don Ray. I cannot stay.

(She seizes the phial.)

Donna Sol. I have it !

Don Ray. These two women here I find,
I must go hence to seek for men, in mind
As well as outward form. You speak us fair.
When by the blood from which you spring you swear ;—
I go to tell your sire how well you keep
Your compact.

Hernani (to *Donna Sol.*). Stay. Alas ! would'st thou not weep
Tears of more burning anguish e'en than now,
To see dishonour written on my brow ;
To see me through the world a traitor driven,
By its just scorn ! By all our hopes of heaven,
Restore that darklixir !

Donna Sol. (drinks the poison). Now I can !

Don Ray. 'Twas, then, for her !

Hernani. Behold'st thou, aged man !

Donna Sol. Blame not my act—I have reserved thy share.

Hernani. Alas !

Donna Sol. Thou would'st not have endured to spare
My portion. Thou, weak man ! can't not divine
How love the daughters of De Silva's line.
I drink the first, and am at rest. Proceed,
Drink if thou wilt.

Hernani. What demon urged the deed !

Donna Sol. It was thy will.

Hernani. Such dreadful death to have !

Donna Sol. How so?

Hernani. That philtre leads thee to thy grave. *

Donna Sol. Was not this head to sleep upon thy breast
To-night? What matters where it sinks to rest?

Hernani. My father, thy revenge is just—that I
Forget. *(He raises the phial again to his lips.)*

Donna Sol (throws herself on him).
Forbear! forbear! 'Tis hard to die!
The poison lives, and round the heart it hangs
Like a fell serpent with a thousand fangs.
Oh, drink it not! Alas! I could not tell
That earthly pain could match the fires of hell—
He drinks!

Hernani (drinks and throws away the phial). 'Tis done.

Donna Sol. Come then to meet thy fate—
Come to these arms. Is not the torture great?

Hernani. Not so.

Donna Sol. Behold, our marriage couch is spread!
Am I not pale for one so lately wed?
Be calm. I suffer less. Our wings expand
Towards the blest regions of a happier land—
Together let us seek that world so fair—
One kiss—and one alone.

Don Ruy. Despair! despair!

Hernani. Blest be the Heaven which from my path pursued
My life with misery, and in blood imbued—
For it permits me, ere I part, to press
My lips to thine, and die on thy career.

Don Ruy. They still are happy!

Hernani. Donna Sol, 'tis night
Dost thou still suffer?

Donna Sol. No.

Hernani. See'st thou the light?

Donna Sol. Not yet—

Hernani. I see it.

Don Ruy. Dead!

Donna Sol. Not so; we rest

He sleeps. He's mine—we love, and we are blest:
This is my marriage couch. What happier spot
Can the world show! Lord Duke, disturb us not.

(Her voice gradually sinks.)

Turn thee towards me—nearer yet—'tis well.

Thus let us rest.

(Dies.)

Don Ruy. Both dead!—Receive me, hell!

(Kills himself.)

THE KING'S AMUSEMENT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FRANCIS THE FIRST.
 THE KING, *The Court Jester.*
 MONS. ST. VALLIER.
 MONS. DES GORGES.
 MONS. DE PIENNE.
 MONS. DE LA TOUR LANDRY.
 MONS. DE VIC.
 MONS. PALDAILLAN.
 MONS. DE COSSÉ.
 MONS. DE BRION.
 MONS. DE MONTMORENCY.
 MONS. DE MONTHEHÛ.

MAROT, *The Court Fool.*
 SALTABADIL, *A Jester.*
 BLANCHE, *Daughter to Triboulet.*
 DAME BERARD, *A Beggar.*
 MAGUELOHNS, *Attendant to Saltabadil.*
 MADAME DE CHÂTEAU.
 A Messenger from the Queen.
 A Servant of the King.
 A Surgeon.
 Courtiers, Ladies, Servants.

ACT I—MONS. DE ST. VALLIER.

SCENE I—*The stage represents a fête at the Louvre. A magnificent suite of apartments crowded with nobles and ladies of the court in full costume. There are lights, music, dancing, and shouts of laughter. Servants hand refreshments in vessels of porcelain and gold. Groups of guests pass and repass across the stage. The fête draws to an end, daylight seeps through the windows. The architecture, the furniture, and the dresses belong to the style of the Renaissance.*

The KING as painted by Titian. MONS. DE LA TOUR LANDRY.

The King. I'll ne'er relinquish the adventurous chase
 Till it give forth the fruit of so much toil.
 Plebeian though she be ! of rank obscure,
 Her birth unknown, her very name concealed :
 What then ? These eyes ne'er gazed on one so fair.

La Tour. And this bright city goddess still you meet
 At holy mass !

The King. At St. Germain des Prés
 As sure as Sunday comes.

La Tour. Your amorous flame
Dates two months since. You've tracked the game to earth.

The King. Near Bussy's Terrace, where De Cossé dwells,
She lives immured.

La Tour. I think I know the spot,
That is, the outside. Not, perchance, so well
As doth your Majesty the heaven within.

The King. Nay, there you flatter; entrance is denied.
A beldam fierce, who keeps eyes, ears, and tongue
Under her guidance, watches over there.

La Tour. Indeed!

The King. And then, oh mystery most rare!
As evening falls, a strange, unearthly form,
Whose features night conceals, enshrouded close
In mantle dark, as for some guilty deed,
Doth glide within.

La Tour. Then do thou likewise.

The King. Nay.

The house is barred and isolate from all.

La Tour. At least the fair one, with such patience wooed,
Hath shown some signs of life.

The King. I do confess,
If glances speak the soul, those witching eyes
Proclaim no hatred insurmountable.

La Tour. Known she a monarch loves!

The King. Impossible!
A homely garb, a student's woollen dress
Conceals my quality.

La Tour. Oh, virtuous love!
That burns with such a pure undying flame,
I warrant me 'tis some sly Abbé's mistress.

(Enter TRIBOULET, and a number of Courtiers.)

The King. Hush! some one comes!

(Aloud to TRIBOULET, as he approaches.)

Silence his lips must seal

Whose love would prosper! Have I said aright?

Triboulet. To shade the fragile vase, glass lends its veil;

Thus flimsy mystery hides love more frail.

SCENE 2.—*The KING, TRIBOULET, M. DE GORGES, and many other Gentlemen, superbly dressed. TRIBOULET is in the dress of the Court Fool, as painted by Bonifacio. The KING turns to admire a group of Ladies.*

Le Tour. Madame de Vendome looks, to-night, divine.

De Gorges. Fair D'Albe and Montchevreuil seem like twin stars.

The King. Now, in my eyes, De Cosse's charming wife
Outshines all three.

De Gorges (pointing to M. DE COSSE, surrounded by DAMOISELLES, one of the four fattest gentlemen of France).

Hush! hush, your majesty!

Unless you mean this for a husband's ear.

The King. Why, for that matter, Count, I faith I care not.

De Gorges. He'll tell the fair Diana.

The King. What care I?

[*The KING retires to speak to some ladies at the back of the stage.*

Triboulet (to M. DE GORGES). The King will anger Dian of Poitiers.

For eight long days he holds not converse with her.

De Gorges. Will he restore her to her husband's arms?

Triboulet. Indeed, I hope not.

De Gorges. She hath paid in full

A guilty ransom for her father's life.

Triboulet. Ah! apropos, now, of St. Vallier,—

'Tis a most strange and singular old man:

How could he think to join in nuptial bond

His daughter Dian, radiant as the light,

(An angel sent by Heaven to bless this earth),

With an ill-favoured, hunch-backed seneschal?

De Gorges. 'Tis an old fool—a pale and grave old man.

When pardon came, I stood beside the block,—

Aye, nearer much than now I do to thee,—

Yet said he nothing, but "God bless the King!"

And now he's quite distraught!

The King (passing across with MADAME DE COSSÉ). Unkind !
so soon !

Madame de Cosse. My husband takes me with him to Soissons.

The King. Oh ! 'tis a sin ! Paris forbids thy flight—
Paris, where wits and courtiers languish all
With melting tenderness and fond desires—
Where duellists and poets ever keep

Their keenest thrusts, their brightest thoughts for thee ;
For thee, whose glances, winning every heart,
Warn each fair dame to watch her lover well ;
Dazzling our court with such a flood of light,
Thy sun once set, we ne'er shall think 'tis day.
Canst thou abandon kings and emperors,
Dukes, princes, peers, and condescend to shine
(Thou star of town !) in a vile country heaven ?

Madame de Cosse. Be calm.

The King. As though some sacrilegious hand,
Amidst the brightest splendour of the dance,
Had from the ball-room torn the chandelier.

Madame de Cosse. My jealous lord !

(*She points to her husband approaching and runs away.*)

The King. The devil claim his soul !

(*Turning to TRIBOULET.*)

But I have penned a sonnet to his wife.

Has Marot shown thee those last rhymes of mine ?

Triboulet. I never read your verses,—royal strains
Are always vile.

The King. Oh, bravo !

Triboulet. Let the herd

Rhyme love with doves—'tis their vocation thus ;
Monarchs, with beauty, take a different course ;
Make love, oh sire, and let Marot make verse—
It but degrades a king.

The King (Sees MADAME DE COSLIN, to whom he turns, leaving
TRIBOULET). (*To TRIBOULET.*) I'd have thee whipped,
If fair de Coslin did not tempt me hence.

Triboulet (*aside*). Another still ! Oh, fickle as the wind

That blows thee to her.

De Gordes (approaching *TRIBOULET*). By the other door
Madame de Cossé comes! I pledged my faith
 She drops some token, that the amorous king
 May turn to raise it.

Triboulet.

Let's observe awhile.

(*MADAME DE COSSÉ drops her bouquet*.)

De Gordes. I said so!

Triboulet. Excellent!

[*The KING leaves MADAME DE COSLIE, picks up the bouquet, and presents it to MADAME DE COSSÉ, with whom he enters into a lively conversation, apparently of a tender nature.*]

De Gordes.

The bird's released!

Triboulet. Woman's a devil of most rare perfection!

[*The KING whispers MADAME DE COSSÉ—she laughs. Suddenly M. DE COSSÉ draws near, coming from the back of the stage.*]

DE GORDES remarks it to TRIBOULET.

De Gordes. Her husband!

[*MADAME DE COSSÉ sees her husband—disengages herself from the KING, and runs off.*]

Madame De-Cossé.

Leave me!

Triboulet.

What a jealous fright

Shakes his fat side, and wrinkles o'er his brow.

(*The KING, who has been helped to wine, comes forward.*)

The King. Oh happy hours! Why, Jupiter himself

And Hercules, were two poor senseless fools,

Compared to me! 'Tis woman gilds this earth.

I am all happiness!—and thou? (*To TRIBOULET.*)

Triboulet.

All joy!

I laugh at balls, pomps, follies, guilty loves;

And sneer whilst you enjoy. Yet both are blest;

You as a King and as a hunchback I.

The King. *De Cossé* damps the fête; but let that pass.
 How does he look now, think you?

(*Pointing to DE COSSÉ, who is leaving the palace.*)

Triboulet.

Like an ass!

The King. Nought plagues me save this corpulent old Count;

Mine is the power to do,—to wish!—to have!

Oh, Triboulet, what pleasure 'tis to live!—

The world's so happy!

Triboulet (aside).

And the King is drunk.

The King. Ah, there again! What arms!—what lips!—what eyes!

Triboulet. Madame de Cossé?

The King (to TRIBOULET).

Take thou charge of me.

The King (sings).

"Paris, bright and gay,

Nowhere is thy fellow—

All thy girls are ripe—"

Triboulet (sings).

"And all thy men are mellow."

[*Exit KING and TRIBOULET.*]

SCENE 3.—*Enter MONSIEUR DE GORGES, PARDAILLAN, DE VIC, Maitre CLAUDE MAROT, the Poet; after them M. DE PIENNE, and DE COSSÉ—(they salute).*

De Pienne. Most noble friends, a novelty I bring—
A riddle that would cheat the shrewdest brain;
A something ~~new~~ wonderful, sublime;
A tale of love! a thing impossible!

De Gorges. What is't?

Marot. What would'st thou, noble Sir?

De Pienne. Marot, I tell thee, thou'rt a mighty fool.

Marot. Mighty! I ne'er did think myself in aught.

De Pienne. I read in your last poem of "Peschiere"
These lines on Triboulet; "One marked for scorn—
As wise at thirty as the day when born."

Thou art the fool!

Marot. May Cupid stop my breath,
If I can take you.

De Pienne. Hark, ye now, De Gorges,
And you, De Pardaillan, I pray ye, guess,
Something most strange has chanced to Triboulet.

De Pardaillan. He's become straight.

De Cossé. Or Constable of France.

Marot. Or cooked and served up at the royal table.

De Piemme. No!—droller still, he has—(you ne'er can guess—
The thing's incredible).

De Pardaillan.
More ugly than himself.

Perhaps an ape

Marot.
Grown plethoric with gold.

His starving purse

De Cossé.
Of turnspit dog.

The fitting place

Marot.
The blessed Virgin up in Paradise.

A billet-doux to meet

De Gordes.

Perhaps a snail?

De Piemme.
The buffoon, Triboulet, uncouth, defenceless—
Ye ne'er will see the mark.

Guess what he has! Come! something monstrous! Guess!

Marot. His hump!

De Piemme.
A mistress!
Nay! nay! ye're dull.—Now Heaven all!

(*All burst into a fit of laughter.*)

Marot.
Duke, your wit o'ershoots his aim.

De Gordes. A scurvy joke!

De Piemme.
I'll swear it, by my sword,
I'll bring you even to the lady's door.

Each night he enters, shrouded in his cloak
With air most sombre—like some hungry bard.
By happiest chance I spied the quarry out,
Prowling myself, hard by De Cossé's gate.

Now keep my secret: I've a scheme to plague him.

Marot.
A sonnet!—"Triboulet to Count changed!"
Yet this much I'll engage! should ever more

Another Bedford land on France's shore,
The English foes would dare our arms in vain,
The lady's face would fright them back again.

[*All laugh—M. DE VIC drawing near—De Piemme puts his
finger to his lips.*]

De Piemme.
Silence, my Lords!

De Pardaillan. How comes it that the King
Roams every night alone, as though he sought
Some amorous quest?

De Pienne (to De Vic). De Vic will tell us that.

De Vic. Just now the wind of his caprice doth sit
To wander forth, in hood and cloak disguised,
That none can know him ! If the night's so dark,
He doth mistake some window for a door,
Why (not being married) 'tis no care of mine.

De Cossé. Ah ! who would own a sister, child, or wife ?
The King robs others of the joys he takes,
And for his pleasure, makes another's woe.
The laughing mouth has fangs most sharp within.

De Vic (to De Pienne and Marot). He trembles at the King.

De Pienne (aside). His pretty wife
Feels no alarm.

Marot (aside). 'Tis that which frightens him.

De Gordes (aloud). You're wrong, De Cossé ; 'tis a courtier's task
To keep the King kind, liberal and gay.

De Pienne. Amen, say I :—a melancholy king
Is like long mourning or a backward spring.

Scene 4.—Enter the KING and TRIBOULET.

Triboulet. Scholars at court ! Monstrosity most rare !

The King. Go, preach unto my sister of Navarre,
She'd set me round with pedants !

Triboulet. Sire, at least
You'll own I've drunk a somewhat less than you,
And therefore crave I to decide this matter
In all its points, shapes, hues, and qualities.
I've one advantage, nay, I'll reckon two.
First, I am sober, next, I'm not a king.
Rather than summon scholars to the court,
Bring plague and famine !

The King. Yet my sister strives
To fill my court with scholars.

Triboulet. Most unkind
Upon a sister's part.—Believe me, Sire,
There's not in nature's strange menagerie,
Nor hungry wolf, nor crow, nor fox, nor dog,

Nor famished poet, heretic nor Turk,
 Nor hideous owl, nor bear, nor creeping sloth
 One half so hungry, hideous, filthy, foul,
 Puffed with conceits and strange absurdities,
 As that same animal, yeleft a scholar.
 Have you not pleasures, conquests, boundless power,
 And (shedding light and perfume over all)
 Enchanting woman?

The King. Marguerite avers
 That woman's love may tempt me not for long,
 And when it palls—

Triboulet. Oh, medicine most strange!
 Prescribe a pedant, for a heart that's cloyed.
 The Lady Marguerite, 'tis widely known,
 Was ever famed for desperate remedies.

The King. I'll have no scholars,—poets might be worse.

Triboulet. Now, were I king, I'd loathe a poet more
 Than Beelzebub doth sign of holy cross.

The King. But some half dozen!

Triboulet. 'Tis a stable full,—
 A whole menagerie. We've quite enough
 Of Marot here, without being poison'd quite
 With flimsy rhymesters.

Marot. Thank you, good buffoon.
 (*Aside.*) The fool were wiser, had he held his tongue.

Triboulet. Be beauty still your heaven; 'tis the face
 Whose smiles illumine earth. Ne'er clog your brain
 With books.

The King. Nay, by the faith, now, of a gentleman,
 For books care I as much as fish for apples.

[*Shouts of laughter are heard from a group of Courtiers behind.*
 Methinks, good fool, they're merry at thy cost.

Triboulet (*draws near to the group, listens, and returns*).
 Another fool they laugh at!

The King. Aye! whom, then?

Triboulet. The King!

The King. At me?

Triboulet. Yes, Sire, they call you mean :
Say gold and honours fly into Navarre,
Whilst they get nothing.

The King. Now, I note them well !
Montmorency, Brion, and Montchenú.

Triboulet. Exactly so.

The King. Ungrateful, selfish hounds !
One I made admiral, constable the next,
And Montchenú my master of the horse ;—
Yet they complain !

Triboulet. Why, 'tis not quite enough ;
They still deserve something at your hands :—
Best do it quickly, Sire.

The King. Do what ?

Triboulet. Hang up all three.

De Piennes (pointing to TRIBOULET, and speaking to the three
Courtiers). You heard him !

De Brian (to DE PIENNE). Aye, indeed.

Montmorency (to DE PIENNE). He smarts for this.

Triboulet (to THE KING). Your heart, methinks, must feel a
painful void.

Knowing amongst these yielding fair, not one
Whose eyes invite not, yet whose soul could love.

The King. What knowest thou of this ?

Triboulet. The love of one,
Whose heart hath lost the bloom of innocence,
Is love no longer.

The King. Art thou then so sure
I have not found one woman who can love ?

Triboulet. Thy rank unknown ?

The King (ascending). Unknown ! (aside) I'll not betray
My little beauty of De Bussy's Terrace.

Triboulet. Some city belle !

The King. Why not ?

Triboulet (with agitation). Oh Sire, beware !
Your love runs hazards that it dreams not of ;
These citizens, in wrath, are fierce as Romans.

Who takes their goods may leave a life in pledge :
 We kings and fools still satisfied should be
 With the fair wives and sisters of our friends.

The King. Methinks De Cossé's wife would suit me well.

Triboulet. Then take her.

The King. Marry, 'tis a hopeless thing ;

Easy to say,—to do, impossible ! !

Triboulet. Command it, Sire, this very night 'tis done.

The King (pointing to De Cossé). Her jealous Husband,—

Triboulet. Send to the Bastille !

The King. Oh, no !

Triboulet. Well, then, to balance the account,

Create him Duke.

The King. His vulgar jealousy

Might still rebel and trumpet forth his wrongs.

Triboulet. He must be banished then or bought. Yet stay !

[Whilst TRIBOULET is speaking De Cossé comes up and over-
 hears the rest of the speech.

There is one method, simple and concise,—

'Tis strange it stepped not first into my mind ;—

Cut off his head ! [De Cossé starts back with afright.

Involve him in some plot—

Some scheme to help the arms of Spain or Rome.

De Cossé (coming between). Infernal villain !

The King (to TRIBOULET).

Nay, nay, think

again ;

Cut off a head like that,—impossible !

Triboulet. What, be a king, yet foiled in a caprice,—

A paltry trifle such as this denied.

De Cossé (to TRIBOULET). I'll have thee beaten.

Triboulet. Nay, I fear thee not !

A war of words on all around I wage,

And care for nothing, whilst my neck doth bear

The sacred head and cap-piece of the fool.

But one thing fear I,—that my hump might fall

And plant itself in front, as thou dost wear it :

'Twould quite disfigure !

De Coëst (overcome with rage, draws his sword). Ill manner'd slave!

The King. Be wiser, Count! Come hither, fool, with me!

[*Exit KING and TRIBOULET laughing.*]

(*The COURTIERS assemble after the KING has retired.*)

De Brian. Vengeance on Triboulet!

Marot. He's too well armed;

How can we strike, or where inflict the blow?

De Piennes. I have it, gentlemen; the wrongs of all
Shall be avenged in full. When evening falls
Meet me, well armed, at Bussy's Terrace wall,
Near to De Coëst's gate; ask naught beside.

Marot. I guess thy scheme.

De Piennes. Be silent all; he comes!

Triboulet (*aside*). Whom next to trick?—the King? By Heaven!
'twere great!

[*Enter a Servant in the KING's livery who whispers to Triboulet.*]

Servant. Monsieur St. Vallier (an infirm old man
In deepest mourning) asks to see the King.

Triboulet (*aside*). The Devil! (*Aloud*) Oh, certainly; most glad
to see

Monsieur St. Vallier.

[*Exit Servant.*]

(*Aside*) Excellent, by Jove!

This is a joke that makes all others tame—

(*There is a noise and confusion at the door of entrance.*)

Voice Outside. I'll see the King!

The King (*stopping short in his attentions to a group of ladies.*)

Who dares to enter here?

Voice Outside. I'll see the King!

The King. No! no!

[*An old man in deep mourning, with white hair and beard, bursts through the crowd at the back of the stage, and confronts the KING, gazing steadily upon him.*]

2. B 5.—*The KING, ST. VALLIER, TRIBOULET and the COURTIERS.*

You Vallier.

I will be heard!

Thes dare restrain me?

The King (appalled).

Monsieur St. Vallier!

St. Vallier.

'Tis thus I'm named!

[*The KING advances angrily towards him, but is stopped by TRIBOULET.*

Triboulet.

Permit me, Sir, to speak.

I will so bravely lecture this good man!

[*Puts himself in a theatrical attitude, and addresses St. VALLIER.*

Triboulet. Sir! you once stirred rebellion 'gainst our throne;
We pardoned, as kind monarchs should; yet now
A stranger, wilder madness takes your mind,—
You seek for offspring from a son-in-law
As hideous as the vilest dwarf o'er known,
Ill-shaped, ill-bred, pale, ghastly, and deformed,
An odious wart upon his monstrous nose,
A shape like that! (*pointing to DE COSSÉ*)

An ugly hump like mine!

Who sees your daughter near him, needs must laugh.

(Unless our King had interfered), he might

Have made rare specimens of grandsons for you.

Diseased, unseemly, rickety, misshaped,

Swoll'n likè that gentleman,

(*pointing to DE COSSÉ, who writhes with anger.*)

Or humped like me.

Bah! he's too ugly;—now, our noble King

Will give you grandsons, that may be your pride.

To climb your knee and pluck your reverend beard!

[*The COURTIERs laugh and applaud TRIBOULET.*

St. Vallier. 'Tis but one insult more;—now hear me, Sire;

A king should listen when his subjects speak;

'Tis true, your mandate led me to the block,

Where pardon came upon me, like a dream;

I bless'd you then, unconscious as I was

That a king's mercy, sharper far than death,

To save a father doomed his child to shame;

Yes, without pity for the noble race

Of Poitiers, spotless for a thousand years,

You, Francis of Valois, without one spark

Of love or pity, honour or remorse,
 Did on that night (thy couch her virtue's tomb),
 With cold embraces, foully bring to scorn
 My helpless daughter, Dian of Poitiers.
 To save her father's life, a knight she sought,
 Like Bayard, fearless and without reproach.
 She found a heartless king, who sold the boon,
 Making cold bargain for his child's dishonour.
 Oh ! monstrous traffic, foully hast thou done !
 My blood was thine, and justly, tho' it springs
 Amongst the best and noblest names of France ;
 But to pretend to spare these poor grey locks,
 And yet to trample on a weeping woman,
 Was basely done : the father was thine own,
 But not the daughter !—thou hast overpassed
 The right of monarchs !—yet, 'tis mercy deemed,
 And I, perchance, am called ungrateful still.
 Oh, hadst thou come within my dungeon walls,
 I would have sued upon my knees for death,
 But mercy for my child, my name, my race,
 Which, once polluted, is my race no more :
 Rather than insult death to them and me.
 I come not now to ask her back from thee ;
 Nay, let her love thee with insensate love ;
 I take back nought that bears the brand of shame.
 Keep her !—Yet still amidst thy festivals,
 Until some father's, brother's, husband's hand¹
 ("Twill come to pass) shall rid us of thy yoke,
 My pallid face shall ever haunt thee there,
 To tell thee, Francis, it was foully done !
 And thou shalt listen, and thy guilty pride
 Shall shrink abashed before me ; would you now

¹ According to ancient writers, St. Vallier's prophecy was terribly fulfilled. The death of Francis the First affords a melancholy illustration of the morals of the "good old times." Whether the story be the record of history, or the invention of slander, we have only to choose between the malignity of the falsehood, or the infamy of the fact. A sad alternative for the believer in the supremacy of the past.—F. L. S.

Command the headsman's axe to do its office,
You dare not, lest my spectre should return
To tell thee——

The King. Madness! (*To DE PIENNE.*)

Duke! arrest the traitor.

Tribulet (sneering at ST. VALLIER).

The poor man raves.

St. Vallier.

Accursed be ye both!

Oh, Sire ! 'tis wrong upon the dying lion

To loose thy dog ! (turns to TRIBOULET).

And thou, who'er thou art,

That with a fiendish sneer and viper's tongue

Makest my tears a pastime and a sport,

My curse upon thee !—Sire, thy brow doth bear

'The gems of France!—on mine, old age doth sit:

'Thine decked with jewels, mine with these grey hairs:

We both are kings, yet bear a different crown:

And should some impious hand upon thy head

Heap wrongs and insult, with thine own strong arm

Thou canst avenge them!—God AVENGES MINE!

[ST. VALLIER is led off—the curtain falls.

ACT II.—SALTABADIL

SCENE 1.—*The scene represents a deserted corner of De Bussy Terrace. On the right a house of decent appearance, with a court-yard in front (surrounded by a wall), which forms a part of the stage. In the court are some trees, and a stone seat. A door opens from the wall into the street. Above the wall is a terrace, with a roof supported by arches. A door from the first floor of the house opens upon this terrace, which communicates with the court by a flight of steps. On the left are the high walls of the De Cossé Palace, and in the background, distant houses and the steeple of St. Severin.*

TRIBOULET, SALTABADIL; afterwards DE PIENNE and DE GORGES.

TRIBOULET is enveloped in his cloak, but without his buffoon's

dress—he advances cautiously towards the door in the wall. A man dressed in black, and likewise wrapped in a cloak (from beneath which the point of a sword peeps out), follows him stealthily.

Triboulet (lost in thought). The old man cursed me.

Saltabadil (accosting him). Sir!

Triboulet (starts, turns round, and searching in his pockets, says angrily). I've nothing for you.

Saltabadil. And nothing asked I: you mistake!

Triboulet (irritated). Then leave me.

Saltabadil (bowing and touching his long sword). You wrong me, Sir: By my good sword, I live.

Triboulet (drawing back alarmed). A cut throat!

[*Enter DE PIENNE and DE GORGES, who remain watching at the back of the stage.*]

Saltabadil (in an insinuating manner). Something weighs upon your mind:

Night after night, you haunt this lonely spot—

Confess the truth, some woman claims your care!

Triboulet. That which concerns but me, I tell to none.

Saltabadil. But 'tis for your advantage that I speak;

You'd treat me better if you knew me well.

(*Whisper.*) Perhaps your mistress on another smiles,—

You're jealous, Sir!

Triboulet. By all the fiends, what want ye?

Saltabadil (in a low voice, speaking softly and quickly). For some broad pieces, by this hand he dies!

Triboulet (aside). I breathe again.

Saltabadil. I see you deem me now

An honest man,

Triboulet. At least a useful one!

Saltabadil (with an assumption of modesty). Guard to the honour of our Paris dames.

Triboulet. Name your price to slay a cavalier.

Saltabadil. Why that's according to the man we slay,
With some slight guerdon for the skill displayed.

Triboulet. To stab a nobleman !

Saltabadil. By Beelzebub !

There's too much risk of a slashed doublet there :

Cunning in fence, and armed, your nobleman

Is dear indeed !

Triboulet (laughing). Your nobleman is dear ,

And pray, do citizens by your kind aid

Each other slaughter !

Saltabadil. Yes ; in truth they do ;

But 'tis a luxury—a taste you know

That's scarcely fit, but for the man well born.

Some upstarts are there (being rich forsooth),

That ape the habits of a gentleman,

And force my service—How I pity them !

I'm paid one half beforehand, and the rest

When the deed's done !

Triboulet. For this you brave the rack !

Saltabadil (smiling). Not much ! a tribute paid to the police !

Triboulet. So much per head !

Saltabadil. Just so ! unless indeed—

(What shall I say ?) unless the king were slain !

Triboulet. And how contrive you !

Saltabadil. In the street I slay.

Or else at home !

Triboulet. In a most courteous way !

Saltabadil. If in the street—a sharp keen blade I wear,

And watch my man at night.

Triboulet. And if at home !

Saltabadil. Why then my sister Maguelonne assists—

A sprightly girl—that in the streets by night

Doth dance for gain, and, with enticing smiles,

Allures our prey, and draws the game to earth.

Triboulet. I see !

Saltabadil. 'Tis managed without noise or stir,

Quite decently ! Nay, most respectably.

Now let me crave your patronage, good sir ;

You'll be contented, tho' I keep no shop,

Nor make parade ; I am not of that race
Of coward cut-throats, armed from head to heel,
Who herd in bands to take a single life—
Wretches ! with courage shorter than their sword.

[*Drawing an enormously long sword.*

This is my weapon ! (TRIBOULET starts.)

(*Smiling and bowing to TRIBOULET.*) At your service, Sir !

Triboulet. Just now, indeed, I've no occasion for it.

Saltabadil. So much the worse ! You'll find me when you list,
Before the palace of the Duke of Maine.

At noon each day I take my morning's stroll :

My name's Saltabadil !

Triboulet. Of gipsy race ?

Saltabadil. Burgundian too !

De Gordes (to DE PIENNE, taking out his tablets).

A jewel of a man,

Whose name (lest I forget) at once I write.

Saltabadil. Sir, you'll not think the worse of me for this !

Triboulet. What for ! why should I ? every one must live.

Saltabadil. I would not be a beggar, idler, rogue !

Then I've four children.

Triboulet.

Whom 'twere barbarous

To leave unfed.

[*Trying to get rid of him.*

Heaven keep you in its love !

De Pienné (to DE GORDES). 'Tis still too light ! Return we
here anon. [*Exit DE PIENNE and DE GORDES.*

Triboulet (roughly to SALTABADIL). Good day !

Saltabadil (bowing). Your humble servant, Sir. Adieu ! [*Exit.*

Triboulet (watching him as he retires). How much alike his
cruel trade to mine ;—

His sword is sharp, but with a tongue more keen

I stab the heart ! Aye, deeper far than he.

SCENE 2.—TRIBOULET (*alone*).—SALTABADIL having departed, TRIBOULET gently opens the door in the wall. He looks anxiously round, and taking the key out of the lock, carefully shuts the

dear on the inside. He then paces the court with an air of melancholy and abstraction.

Triboulet. The old man cursed me ! even as he spoke
I mocked and taunted him ;—and yet, oh shame !
My lip but smiled. His sorrow touched my soul.
Accurst indeed !—

[He sits down on the stone seat.]

For man with nature leagued
To make me wicked, heartless, and depraved !
Buffoon ! Oh heav'n !—deformed, despised, disgraced ;
Always that thought, or sleeping, or awake,—
It haunts my dreams, and tortures me by day :
The vile buffoon—the wretched fool of court
Who must not, cannot, dare not, for his hire
Do aught but laugh ! Oh grief ! oh misery !
The poorest beggar, or the vilest slave,—
The very galley convict in his chains,
May weep and soothe his anguish with his tears.
Alas, I dare not ! Oh, 'tis hard to feel
Bowed down to earth with sore infirmities ;
Jealous of beauty, strength, or manly grace,—
With splendour circled, making me more sad.
In vain my wretchedness would hide from man,—
In vain my heart would sob its griefs alone.—
My patron comes,—the joyous, laughing king,
Beloved of women ! heedless of the tomb ;
Well shapen, handsome, King of France,—and young,
And with his foot he spurns me as I hide ;
And, yawning, cries, " Come, make me laugh, buffoon."
Alas, poor fool !—and yet am I a man,
And rancorous hate, and pride, and baffled rage,
Boil in my brain, and make my soul like hell.
Ceaseless I meditate some dark design,
Yet, feeling, nature, thought, must I conceal,
And at my master's sign make sport for all.
Abjection base ! where'er I move to feel
My foot encumbered with its galling chain.
By men avoided, loathed and trampled on ;—

By women treated as a harmless dog.
 So! gallant courtiers and brave gentlemen,
 Oh, how I hate you!—here behold your foe;
 Your bitter sneers I pay you back with scorn,
 And foil and countermine your proud desires.
 Like the bad spirit, in your master's ear
 I whisper death to each aspiring aim,
 Scattering, with cruel pleasure, leaf by leaf,
 The bud of hope—long ere it come to flower.
 You made me wicked:—yet what grief to live
 But to drop poison in the cup of joy
 That others drink!—and if within my breast
 One kindly feeling springs, to thrust it forth
 And stun reflection with these jingling bells.
 Amidst the feast, the dance, the glittering show,
 Like a foul demon, seek I to destroy,
 For every sport, the happiness of all,
 Covering with hollow, false, malignant smile
 The venom'd hate that festers at my heart.
 Yet am I wretched!

[He rises from the stone seat.]

No, not wretched here!

This door once closed, existence comes anew:
 Let me forget the world,—no past regret
 Shall dim the happiness that waits me here.

[He falls into a reverie.]

The old man cursed me! Why returns that thought?
 Forebodes it evil! Pah! art mad!—for shame!

[He knocks at the door of the house. A young girl dressed in white rushes out, and throws herself into his arms.]

SCENE 3.—BLANCHE—TRIBOULET; afterwards DAME BERARDE.
 Triboulet. My child!

[He presses her to his bosom with delight.]

Ah, place your arms around my neck;
 Come to my heart, my child! I'm happy now;
 Near thee all's joy! I live, I breathe again.

[He gazes at her with transport.]

More beauteous every day. Blanche, art thou well,—
Quite well? Dear Blanche! come kiss me once again.

Blanche. You are so kind, dear father.

Triboulet. No, indeed,

I do but love thee. Thou'rt my life, my blood.

Blanche, if I lost thee!—oh, the thought is death.

Blanche (putting her hand on his forehead). What makes you
sigh so heavily, my father?

Tell me your sorrows; trust your grief with me.

Have we no kindred? Where are all your friends?

Triboulet. Daughter, thou hast none.

Blan he. Then tell me your name.

Triboulet. Why would'st thou know it?

Blanche. When at dear Chinon,

The little village where I lived before,

The neighbours call'd me orphan, till you came.

Triboulet. 'Twere far more prudent to have left thee there;

But I could bear my sad sad life no longer;

I yearned for thee— I wanted one to love me.

Blanche. Well, if you will not tell me of yourself—

Triboulet (not listening to her). You go not out!

Blanche. Two months have I been here,

And but eight times to mass gone forth.

Triboulet "Tis well.

Blanche At least, you'll tell me of my mother now?

Triboulet. No, no, forbear to wake that chord, my child.

Let me not think upon how much I've lost;

Wert thou not here I'd deem it all a dream:

A woman different from all womankind,

Who knew me poor, deserted, sick, deformed,

Yet loved me, even for my wretchedness.

Dying, she carried to the silent tomb

The blessed secret of her sainted love:

Love fleeter, brighter than the lightning's flash;

A ray from Paradise, illuming Hell.

Oh, earth, press lightly on that angel breast,

Where only did my sorrow find repose.

But thou art here, my child. Oh, God, I thank thee !

[*He bursts into tears.*]

Blanche. Oh, how you weep ! indeed I cannot bear
To see you thus—it makes me wretched too.

Triboulet. Would'st have me laugh ?

Blanche. Dear father, pardon me.
Tell me your name,—confide your grief in me.

Triboulet. I am thy father. Ask me not for more ;
In this great world some hate me—some despise ;
But here, at least, where all is innocence,
I am thy father—loved, revered. No name
Is holier than a father's to his child.

Blanche. Dear father !

Triboulet (again embracing her). Ah, what heart responds like
thine !

I love thee, as I hate all else beside.
Sit thee down by me. Come, we'll talk of this.
Art sure thou lov'st me ? Now that we are here
Together, and thy hand is clasped in mine,
Why should we speak of anything but thee ?
The only joy that Heaven vouchsafes, my child !
Others have parents, brothers, loving friends,
Wives, husbands, sons, a long pedigree
Of ancestors, and children numerous—
But I have only thee ! Some men are rich,
Thou art my only treasure, *Blanche* ! my all.
Some trust in Heaven : I trust alone in thee.
What care I now for youth, or woman's love,
For pomp or grandeur, dignities or wealth ?
These are brave things, but thou outweigh'st them all ;
Thou art my country, city, family—
My riches, happiness, religion,* hope—
My universe ; I find them all in thee.
From all but thee my soul shrinks, trembling, back.
Oh, if I lost thee ! The distracting thought
Would kill me, if it lived one instant more !
Smile on me, *Blanche* ! thy pretty, artless smile,

So like thy mother's ; she was artless too.—
 You press your hand upon your brow, my child;
 Just as she did. My soul leaps forth to thine,
 Even in darkness—I can see thee still—
 For thou art day, and light, and life to me.

Blanche. Would I could make you happy !

Triboulet. Happy ! *Blanche !*

I am so happy when I gaze on thee—
 My very heart seems bursting with delight.

[Passes his hand through her hair, and smiles.]

What fine dark hair ! I recollect it once
 So very light ! Who would believe it now !

Blanche. Some day, before the curfew bell has tolled,
 You'll let me take a walk, and see the town !

Triboulet. Oh, never, never ! Thou hast not left home
 Unless with Dame Berardo ?

Blanche. Oh, no !

Triboulet. Beware !

Blanche. Forth, but to church, I go !

Triboulet (aside). She may be seen.

Perhaps pursued, torn from me, and disgraced.

Hah ! were it so ! the wretched jester's daughter.

There's none would pity. (*Aloud.*) I beseech thee, *Blanche,*

Stir not abroad.—Thou know'st not how impure,

How poisonous is the Paris air to woman :

How heartless prodigates infest the streets,

And courtiers baser still ! (*Aside.*) Oh, Heaven, protect,

Watch o'er, preserve her from the damning snares

And touch impure of libertines, whose breath

Hath blighted flowers pure and fair as she.

Let e'en her dreams be holy !—Here at least

Her hapless father, resting from his woes,

Shall breathe, with grateful heart, the sweet perfume

Of this fair rose of innocence and love !

[He buries his face in his hands and bursts into tears.]

Blanche. I'll think no more of going out, dear father,
 But do not weep.

[*She turns and sees the KING behind the tree. Just as she is about to cry out, the KING holds a purse out to her, which she takes, weighs in her hand, and is silent.*

Blanche (to *TRIBOULET*, who has been to examine the terrace with a lantern)—Why dost thou look?—what fearest thou, my father?

Triboulet. Nought for myself, but everything for thee.
Farewell, my child!

[*He again folds her in his arms; a ray of light from the lantern held by DAME BERARDE falls upon them.*

The King. The Devil!—*Triboulet*! (*he laughs*).
Triboulet's daughter!—why, the jest's divine.

Triboulet (returning). A thought disturbs me:—when from church you come
Has no one followed thee?

[*Blanche is confused and casts down her eyes.*

Berarde.

Oh, never, Sir!

Triboulet. Shriek out for help, if any one molest
Or stop thy path.

Berarde. I'd scream and call the guard.

Triboulet. Whoever knocks, keep closed to all the door.

Berarde. Tho' 'twere the King?

Triboulet. Much more if 'twere the King.

[*He embraces BLANCHE again, and goes out, carefully shutting the door after him.*

SCENE 4.—*BLANCHE, DAME BERARDE, THE KING.*

(*During the first part of this scene the KING still remains behind the tree.*)

Blanche. Yet feels my heart remorse.

Berarde. Remorse?—for what?

Blanche. How sensitive to every fear he seems!
How every shadow darkens o'er his soul!
Ev'n as he left, his eyes were wet with tears.
Dear, good, kind father! should I not have told
How, every Sunday, when we leave the church,
He follows me!—you know!—that fine young man?

Berarde. Why speak of that?—already, unprovoked,
Your father's humour sets most fierce and strange;

Besides, of course, you hate this gentleman.

Blanche. Hate him!—Ah, no!—Alas! I shame to say,
His image never fades upon my mind;
But from the hour when first his looks met mine,
Where'er I gaze, methinks I see him there.
Would it were so! Oh! 'tis a noble form!
So gentle, yet so bold! so proud his mien!
Methinks upon a fiery courser's back
He'd look right nobly!

[*As DAME BERARDE stands near the KING, he puts a handful of gold into her hand.*]

Berarde. Well, he charms me too;
He's so accomplished.

Blanche. Such a man must be——

Berarde. Discreet and wise!

Blanche. His looks reveal his heart;

"Tis a great heart!

Berarde. Oh, wonderful! immense!

[*At every sentence that BERARDE speaks, she holds out her hand to the KING, who puts money in it.*]

Blanche. Courageous!

Berarde. Formidable!

Blanche. Yet so kind!

Berarde. So tender!

Blanche. Generous!

Berarde. Magnificent!

Blanche. All that can please!

Berarde. His shape without a fault,—

His eyes, his nose, his forehead.

[*Holds out her hand for money at each word.*]

The King (aside). * Nay, by Jove,

If she admires in detail, I'm undone:

No power can long resist; I'm stripped of all.

Blanche. I love to speak of him.

Berarde. I know it, child.

The King (aside, giving more money). Oil upon fire.

Berarde. So tall, kind, handsome, good,

Great-hearted, generous.

King (aside). There ! She's off again.

Berarde. 'Tis some great nobleman, his aims so grand,
His glove I noted, broidered on with gold.

[*The KING makes signs, when she holds out her hand, that he has nothing left.*

Blanche. Oh no ! I would not he were rich or great,
But some poor country student ; for I think
He'd love me better.

Berarde. Well, it may be so,
If you prefer it ! (*Aside.*) Heavens ! what a taste !
These love-sick girls will move by contraries.

[*Again holding out her hand to the KING.*

(*Aloud.*) But this I'm sure, he loves you to despair.

[*The KING gives nothing.*

(*Aside.*) Is he then drained ? No money, Sir ! no praise !

Blanche. How long it seems till Sunday comes again !
Until I see him, sadness with my soul
Dwells night and day ; when on the altar last
My humble gifts I placed, he seemed as though
He would have spoken. How my heart did throb !
Oh, I am sure, love hath possessed him too !
My image never, never quits his mind.
Different from other men, his looks sincere
Tell me no woman fills his heart but me ;
That, shunning pleasure, solitude he seeks
To think on me.

Berarde. [*Making a last effort, holding out her hand to the KING.*
I stake my head 'tis true !

The King (taking off a ring and giving it to BERARDE).
This for thy head.

Blanche. Oh, how I wish, whene'er
I think of him by day, and dream by night,
He were beside me : I would tell him then,
Be happy ; oh be mine, for thee——

[*The KING comes from behind the tree, and stretches out his arms towards her, going on his knee whilst she has her face turned from him. When she looks round again he speaks, finishing her speech.*

The King. I love!

Say on; oh, cease not! say thou lov'st me, Blanche:
Love sounds so sweetly from a lip like thine.

Blanche (frightened, looks round for DAME BERARDE, who has purposely disappeared).

Oh! I'm betrayed, alone, and none to help!

The King. Two happy lovers are themselves a world.

Blanche. Whence come you, Sir?

The King. From heaven or from hell,

'Tis of no import—angel, man, or fiend,

I love thee!

Blanche. Heavens! if my father knew

I hope none saw you enter! Leave me, Sir!

The King. Leave thee, whilst trembling in my arms you rest,
And I am thine, and thou art all to me!

Thou lov'st me!

Blanche (confused). Oh, you listened!

The King. 'Tis most true;

What sweeter music could I listen to?

Blanche (supplicating). Well, if you love, leave me for love's own sake.

The King. Leave thee, when now my fate is linked with thine!

Two stars, in one horizon, doubly bright,¹

When heaven itself has chosen me to wake

Within thy virgin breast the dawn of love,

That soon shall blaze like noon! 'Tis the soul's sun;

Dost thou not feel its soft and gentle flame?

¹ Victor Hugo's lines run thus:—

“Quand notre double étoile au même horizon brille!”

But as I cannot find that *double stars* were at all suspected in the days of Francis the First, I have taken the liberty to avoid the anachronism by a slight alteration of the text.

The monarch's crown, that death confers or takes,—

The cruel glory of inhuman war ;

The hero's name, the rich man's vast domains,—

All these are transient, vain and earthly things.

To this poor world, where all beside doth fade,

But one pure joy remains,—'tis love ! 'tis love !

Dear Blanche, such happiness I bring to thee.

Life is a flower, and love its nectar'd juice.

'Tis like the eagle mated with the dove,—

'Tis trembling innocence with strength allied,—

'Tis like this little hand, thus lost in mine.

Oh let us love !

[*He embraces her ; she resists.*]

Blanche.

No ! leave me !

Berarde (aside, peeping out from the terrace). All goes well !

She's snared !

The King.

Oh, tell me thou dost love !

Berarde (aside).

The wretch !

The King.

Blanche, say it o'er again.

Blanche (bending down her eyes).

You heard me once.

You know it.

The King.

Then I'm happy !

Blanche.

I'm undone !

The King. No, blest with me !

Blanche.

Alas ! I know you not !

Tell me your name.

Berarde (aside).

High time to think of that.

Blanche. You are no nobleman, no courtier, sure ;

My father fears them.

The King. No, by heaven !—(*Aside.*) Let's see (*he deliberates*).

Godfrey Melune I'm called, a student poor,

So poor !

Berarde (who is just counting the money he has given her, holds up her hand).

(*Aside.*) The liar !

[*Enter DE PIENNE and PARDAILLAN ; they carry a dark lantern, and are concealed in cloaks.*]

De Pienne (to PARDAILLAN).

Here 'tis, chevalier !

Berarde (runs down from the terrace). Voices outside I hear.

Blanche. Oh, heaven! my father.

Dame Berarde (to the KING). Leave us!—away!

The King. What traitor mars my bliss?

Would that my hands were grasping at his throat!

Blanche (to *BERARDE*). Quick! quick!—Oh, save him! Ope the little gate

That leads towards the quay.

The King. Leave thee so soon!

Wilt love to-morrow, *Blanche*?

Blanche. And thou?

The King. For ever!

Blanche. Thou may'st deceive; for I've deceived my father.

The King. Never!—One kiss on those bright eyes!

Blanche. No! No!

[*THE KING*, in spite of her resistance, seizes her in his arms and kisses her several times.

Berarde. A most infuriate lover, by my soul!

[Exit the KING, with *BERARDE*.

[*BLANCHE* remains for some time with her eyes fixed on the door through which the KING has passed; she then enters the house. Meanwhile the street is filled with *COURTIERS*, armed and wearing mantles and masques. *DE GORDES*, *DE COSSÉ*, *DE BRION*, *DE MONTMORENCY*, *DE MONTCHENÛ*, and *CLEMENT MAROT*, join *DE PIENNE* and *PARDAILLAN*. The night is very dark—the lanterns they carry are closed. They make signals of recognition, and point out *TRIBOULET*'s house. A servant attends them bearing a scaling ladder.

SCENE 5.—*BLANCHE*—the *COURTIERS*. Afterwards *TRIBOULET*.

BLANCHE comes out on the terrace; she holds a flambeau in her hand which throws its light upon her countenance.

Blanche. Godfrey Melune! Oh, name that I adore,
Be graven on my heart!

De Pienne (to the *COURTIERS*). Messieurs, 'tis she!

De Gordes. Some bourgeois beauty; how I pity you,

Who cast your nets amongst the vulgar throng.

[As he speaks, BLANCHE turns round, and the light falls full on her features.]

De Pienne. What think you now?

Marot. I own the jade is fair.

De Gordes. An angel, fairy,—an accomplished grace.

Pardaillan. Is this the mistress of our Triboulet?

The rascal!

De Gordes. Scoundrel!

Marot. Beauty and the Beast!

'Tis just! Old Jupiter would cross the breed.

De Pienne. Enough! we came to punish Triboulet;

We are all here, determined, well prepared,

With hatred armed,—aye, and a ladder too,—

Scale we the walls, and having seized the fair,

Convey her to the Louvre! Our good king

Shall greet the beauty at his morning's levée.

De Cossé. And straightway seize her, as most lawful prey.

Marot. Oh, leave the Devil and Fate to settle that.

De Gordes. 'Tis a bright jewel, worthy of a crown.

[Enter TRIBOULET absorbed in thought.]

Triboulet. Still I return,—and yet I know not why.

The old man cursed me!

[In the dark he runs against De GORDES.]

Who goes there?

De Gordes *(runs back to the conspirators, and whispers).*

Messieurs,

'Tis Triboulet!

De Cossé. Oh, double victory!

Let's slay the traitor!

De Pienne. Nay, good Count,—not so:—

Pray, how, to-morrow, could we laugh at him?

De Gordes. Oh, if he's killed, the joke's not half so droll.

De Cossé. He'll spoil our plans.

Marot. No! leave you that to me,—

I'll manage all.

Triboulet *(aside).* Some whispering I hear.

Marot (going up to TRIBOULET).

What! Triboulet!

Triboulet (fiercely). Who's there?

Marot. Don't eat me up!

'Tis I.

Triboulet. What I?

Marot. Marot.

Triboulet. The night's so dark.

Marot. Satan has made an inkstand of the sky.

Triboulet. Why are you here?

Marot. We come (you surely guess); (*he laughs*).

De Cossé's wife we aim at, for the King.

Triboulet. Ah, excellent!

De Cossé (aside). Would I could break his bones!

Triboulet. How would you enter,—not by open force?

Marot (to De Cossé). Give me your key. (*De Cossé passes him the key.*) (*To TRIBOULET.*) This will ensure success.

Feel you De Cossé's arms engraved thereon?

Triboulet (aside, feeling the key). Three leaves serrate; I know the scutcheon well,—

There stands his house. What silly fears were mine!

(*returning the key to MAROT.*)

If all you purpose be to steal the wife

Of fat De Cossé—'faith, I'm with you too.

Marot. We are all masqued.

Triboulet. Give me a mask as well.

[*Marot puts on a mask, and ties it with a thick handkerchief, or bandage, covering both TRIBOULET's eyes and ears.*]

Marot (to TRIBOULET). You guard the ladder.

Triboulet. Are there many here?

I can see nothing.

Marot. 'Tis so dark a night (*to the COURTIERS*).

Walk as you will, and talk without disguise,

The trusty bandage blinds and deafens him.

[*The COURTIERS mount the ladder, burst open the door of the terrace and enter the house. Soon afterwards one returns, and opens the door of the court-yard from within. Then the whole body*

rush out, bearing **BLANCHE**, half senseless. After they have left the stage, her voice is heard in the distance.

Blanche (in the distance). Help ! help me, father !

Courtiers (in the distance). Victory ! she's ours !

Triboulet (at the bottom of the ladder). How long must I stand doing penance here ?

Will they never finish ? Sob ! I'll wait no more.

(*He tears off the mask, and discovers the bandage.*) Hah ! my eyes bandaged !

[*He tears off the mask and bandage. By the light of a lantern left behind, on the ground, he sees something white, which he takes up, and discovers to be his daughter's veil. He looks round—the ladder is against his own wall—the wall-door is open. He rushes into his house like a madman, and returns dragging out DANE BERARDE, half dressed and scarcely awake. He looks round in a state of bewilderment and stupor, tears his hair, and utters some inarticulate sounds of agony. At last his voice returns—he breaks forth into a cry of despair.*

Oh, the curse !—the curse !

[*He falls down in a swoon.*

ACT III.—THE KING.

SCENE 1.—*Royal antechamber at the Louvre, furnished in the style of the Renaissance. Near the front of the stage, a table, chair, and footstool. At the back of the scene, a large door richly gilt. On the left, the door of the KING's sleeping apartment, covered with a tapestry hanging. On the right, a buffet, with vessels of porcelain and gold. The door at the back opens on to a terrace with garden behind.*

THE COURTIER.

De Gordes. 'Tis fit we plan the end of this adventure,

De Pienne. Not so ; let Triboulet still writhe and groan,
Ne'er dreaming that his love lies hidden here !

De Cossé. Aye, let him search the world. Yet, hold, my lord :
The palace guard our secret might betray.

De Montchené. Throughout the Louvre all are ordered well :
They'll swear no woman came last night within.

Pardaillan. Besides, to make the matter darker still,
A knave of mine, well versed in strategy,
Called at the poor fool's house and told he saw,
At dead of night, a struggling woman borne
To Hautefort's palace.

Marot (takes out a letter). This last night sent I :
(*He reads.*) "Your mistress, Triboulet, I stole ;
If her fair image dwells with thee,
Long may that image fill thy soul ;
But her sweet self leaves France with me."

Signed with a flourish, John de Nivelles.

(*COURTIERs all laugh vociferously.*)

Pardaillan. Gods ! what a chase !

De Cossé. His grief is joy to me.

De Gordes. Aye, let the slave, in agony and tears,
With clenching hands, and teeth that gnash with rage,
Pay in one day our long arrears of hate.

[*The door of the Royal apartment opens, and the KING enters, dressed in a magnificent morning dress ; he is accompanied by DE PIENNE ; the COURTIERs draw near. The KING and DE PIENNE laugh immoderately.*

The King (pointing to the distant door). She's there !

De Pienne (laughing). The loved one of our Triboulet.

The King (laughing). Steal my Fool's mistress !—Excellent,
i'faith !

De Pienne. Mistress or wife ?

The King (aside). A wife and daughter too !

So fond a fool I ne'er imagined him !

De Pienne. Shall I produce her now ?

The King. Of course, Pardieu !

[*DE PIENNE leaves the room, and returns immediately, leading in BLANCHE, closely veiled and trembling. The KING sits down in his chair, in a careless attitude.*

De Pienne. Enter, fair dame ; then tremble as you will.

Behold the King!

Blanche (still veiled). So young!—is that the King?

[She throws herself at his feet. At the first sound of BLANCHE'S voice, the KING starts, and then signs the COURTIERs to retire.]

SCENE 2.—THE KING—BLANCHE. *The KING, when left alone with BLANCHE, takes the veil from her face.*

The King. Blanche!

Blanche. Godfrey Melune! Oh, Heav'n!

The King (bursting into a fit of laughter). Now, by my faith!
Whether 'tis chance or planned, the gain is mine.
My Blanche! my beautiful, my heart's delight,
Come to my arms!

Blanche (rising and shrinking back). The King!—forgive me,
Sire;

Indeed, I know not what to say.—Good Sire,
Godfrey Melune;—but you are the King.

(She falls on her knees again.)

Whoe'er thou art, alas! have mercy on me!

The King. Mercy on thee! my Blanche, whom I adore!

Francis confirms the love that Godfrey gave.

I love, thou lovest, and we both are blest.

The name of King dims not the lover's flame.

You deemed me, once, a scholar, clerk,

Lowly in rank, in all but learning poor;

And now that chance hath made me nobler born,

And crowned me King, is that sufficient cause

To hold me suddenly in such abhorrence?

I've not the luck to be a serf—what then?

(The KING laughs heartily.)

Blanche (aside). Oh, how he laughs!—and I with shame could
die!

The King. What fêtes, what sports and pageants, shall be
ours!

What whispered love in garden and in grove!

A thousand pleasures that the night conceals

Thy happy future grafted on mine own—
 We'll be two lovers wedded in delight.
 Age must steal on, and what is human life?
 A paltry stuff, of mingled toil and care,
 Which love with starry light doth spangle o'er;
 Without it, trust me, 'tis a sorry rag—
 Blanche, 'tis a theme I've oft reflected on,
 And this is wisdom :—Honour Heaven above,
 Eat, drink, be merry, crowning all with love !

Blanche (confounded and shuddering). Oh, how unlike the picture fancy drew !

The King. What, did you think me, then, a solemn fool,
 A trembling lover, spiritless and tame,
 Who thinks all women ready to expire
 With melting sympathy, because he sighs
 And wears a sad and melancholy face ?

Blanche. Oh, leave me !—(*Aside.*) Wretched girl !

The King. Know'st who I am ?—
 Why, France—a nation—fifteen million souls—
 Gold, honour, pleasures, power uncurbed by law,
 All, all are mine :—I reign and rule o'er all.
 I am *their* sovereign, Blanche, but thou art *mine*—
 I am their *King*, Blanche, wilt not be my *Queen* ?

Blanche. The Queen ! Your wife !

The King (laughing heartily). No ! virtuous innocence ;
 The Queen, my mistress : 'tis the fairer name.

Blanche. Thy mistress ! Shame upon thee !

The King. Hah ! so proud ?

Blanche (indignantly). I'll ne'er be such ! My father can protect me !

The King. My poor Buffoon ! my Fool ! my Triboulet !
 Thy father's mine !—my property ! my slave !
 His will's mine own !

Blanche (weeping). Is he, too, yours ? [*She sobs out.*]

The King (falling on his knees). Dear Blanche ! too dear to me !
 Oh, weep not thus ! but, pressed against my heart—

[*He endeavours to embrace her.*]

Blanche. Forbear!

The King. Say but again, thou lov'st me, *Blanche!*

Blanche. No! no!—'tis passed.

The King. I've pained thee thoughtlessly.

Nay, do not sob! Rather than force from thee
Those precious drops, my *Blanche*, I'd die with shame,
Or pass before my Kingdom and my court
For one unknown to gallantry and fame.

A King,—and make a woman weep! Ye gods!

Blanche. 'Tis all a cheat! I know you jest with me!
If you be King, let me be taken home.

My father weeps for me. I live hard by
De Cossé's palace; but you know it well.

Alas! who are you? I'm bewildered!—lost!

Dragg'd like a victim here 'midst cries of joy;

My brain whirls round. 'Tis but a frightful dream!

You; that I thought so kind. (*Weeping.*) Alas! I think

I love you not! (*sudd. starting back.*)

I do but fear you now!

The King (*trying to take her in his arms.*) You fear me, *Blanche!*

Blanche (*resisting.*) Have pity!

The King (*seizing her in his arms.*) Well, at least
One pardoning kiss!

Blanche (*struggling.*) No! no!

The King (*laughing.*) (*Aside*) How strange a girl!

Blanche (*forces herself away.*) Help! Ah! that door!

[*She sees the door of the KING's own room, rushes in, and
closes it violently.*]

The King (*taking out a little key from his girdle.*)

'Tis lucky I've the key!

[*He opens the door, rushes in, and locks it behind him.*]

Marot (*who has been watching for some time at the door at the
back of the stage.*) She flies for safety to the King's own chamber!

Alas! poor lamb! (*He calls to DE GORDES, who is outside.*)

Hey, count!

De Gordes (*peeping in.*) May we return?

SCENE 3.—MAROT—THE COURTIERS—TRIBOULET. *All the COURTIERS come in except DE PIENNE, who remains watching at the door.*

Marot (pointing to the door). The sheep seeks refuge in the lion's den !

Pardaillan (overjoyed). Oh, ho ! poor Triboulet !

De Piemme (entering). Hush ! hush ! he comes !

Be all forewarned ; assume a careless air.

Marot. To none but me he spoke, nor can he guess
At any here.

Pardaillan. Yet might a look betray.

[*Enter TRIBOULET. His appearance is unaltered. He has the usual dress and thoughtless deportment of the Jester, only he is very pale.*

[*DE PIENNE appears to be engaged in conversation, but is privately making signs and gestures to some of the young nobles, who can scarcely repress their laughter.*

Triboulet (advancing slowly to the front of the stage).

They all have done this ! guilt is in their looks :—

Yet where concealed her !—It were vain to ask—

But to be scoffed at !

[*He goes up to MAROT with a gay and smiling air.*

Ah, I'm so rejoiced

To see you took no cold last night, Marot.

Marot. Last night !

Triboulet (affecting to treat it as a jest).

The trick, I own, was neatly played.

Marot. Tho trick !

Triboulet. Aye ! well contrived !

Marot. Why, man, last night,

When curfew tolled, ensconced between the sheets

I slept so soundly, that the sun was high

This morn when I awoke.

Triboulet (affecting to believe). I must have dreamed.

[*TRIBOULET sees a white handkerchief upon the table, and darts upon it ; he examines the initials.*

Pardaillan (to DE PIENNE). See, Duke, how he devours my handkerchief !

Triboulet (with a sigh). Not hers !

De Piemme (to the young COURTIERs, who cannot control their laughter). Nay, gentlemen, what stirs your mirth ?

De Gordes (pointing to MAROT). 'Tis he, by Jupiter !

Triboulet. They're strangely moved.

Sleeps the King yet, my lord ? (*advancing to DE PIENNE.*)

De Piemme. He doth, good Fool.

Triboulet. Methinks I hear some stir within his room.

[*He attempts to approach the door.*]

De Piemme (*preventing him*). You'll wake his Majesty !

De Gordes (to PARDAILLAN). Viscount, hear this :—

MAROT (the rascal) tells a pleasant tale,

How the three Guys, returning Heaven knows whence,

Found each, last night,—what sayest thou, Buffoon !—

His loving wife with a gallant !

Marot. Concealed !

Triboulet. Ah, 'tis a wicked world in which we live !

De Cossé. Woman's so treacherous !

Triboulet. My Lord, take heed !

De Cossé. Of what ?

Triboulet. Beware ! the case may be your own ;

Just such a pleasant tale of you they tell ;

E'en now there's something peeps above your ears.

[*Makes a sign of horns.*]

De Cossé (*in a fury*). Hah !

Triboulet (*speaking to the COURTIERs, and pointing to DE COSSÉ*).

'Tis indeed an animal most rare ;

When 'tis provoked, how strangely wild its cry !

Hah ! (*mimicking DE COSSÉ*).

[*The COURTIERs laugh at DE COSSÉ.*]

Enter a GENTLEMAN bearing the Queen's livery.

De Piemme. Vandragon ! what now ?

Gentleman. Her Majesty

Would see the King on matters of import.

[*DE PIENNE makes signs that it is impossible.*]

Gentleman. Madame de Brezé is not with him now !

De Pienne (angrily). The King still sleeps !

Gentleman. How, Duke !—a moment past
You were together !

De Pienne (makes signs to the GENTLEMAN, who will not understand him, and which TRIBOULET observes with breathless attention).

He has joined the chase.

Gentleman. Indeed ! without a horse or huntsman then,
For all his equipages wait him here.

De Pienne. Confusion ! (*Then in a rage to the messenger.*)

Now, Sir, will you understand ?

The King sees nobody to-day.

Triboulet (in a voice of thunder). She's here !

She's with the King ! (*The COURTIERs are alarmed.*)

De Gordes. What she ?—I'faith he raves.

Triboulet. Ah, gentlemen, well know you what I mean ;
Nor shall you fright me from my purpose now.
She, whom last night you ravished from my home—
Base cowards all !—Montmorency, Brion,
De Pienne, and Satan (for with fiends you're leagued),
She's here,—She's mine !

De Pienne. What then, my Triboulet ?

You've lost a mistress ! Such a form as thine

Will soon find others.

Triboulet (in a loud voice). Give me back my child !

Courtiers (appalled). His child !

Triboulet. My daughter ! Do you taunt me now ?

Why, wolves and courtiers have their offspring too,

And why not I ? Enough of this, my lords ;

If 'twere a jest, 'tis ended now ! You laugh,—

You whisper ! Villains ! 'twas a heartless deed.

I'll tear her from you. Give me back my child !

She's there !

[*He rushes to the door of the KING's room. All the COURTIERs interpose and prevent him.*

Marot. His folly has to madness turned.

Triboulet. Base courtiers ! demons ! fawning race accurst !

A maiden's honour is to you as naught—

Your wives and daughters (if they chance to please)

Belong to him. The virgin's sacred name

Is deemed a treasure, burdensome to bear :

A woman's but a field—a yielding farm,

Let out to royalty. The rent it brings,

A government, a title, ribbon, star !

Not one amongst ye give me back the lie.

'Tis true, base robbers ! you would sell him all !

(to DE GORDES)—Your sister, sir !

(to PARDAILLAN)—Your mother !

(to DE BRION)—You !—Your wife !

Who shall believe it ?—Nobles, dukes, and peers ;

A Vermandois from Charlemagne who springs :

A Brion from Milan's illustrious duke ;

A Gordes Simiane ; a Pienne ; a Pardailan ;

And you, Montmorency ! What names are these

Who basely steal away a poor man's child ?

O never from such a high and ancient race,

Such blazons proud, sprung dastards such as ye,

But from some favoured lacquey's stolen embrace :

You're bastards all !

De Gordes.

Bravo, Buffoon !

Triboulet.

How much

Has the King given for this honoured service ?

You're paid,—I know it.

[Tears his hair.

I, who had but her,—

What can the King for me ! He cannot give

A name like yours, to hide me from mine own :

Nor shape my limbs, nor make my looks more smooth.

Hell !—he has taken all ! I'll ne'er go hence

Till she's restored ! Look at this trembling hand,—

'Tis but a serf's ; no blood illustrious there ;—

Unarmed you think, because no sword it bears,—

But with my nails I'll tear her from ye all !

[He rushes again at the door—all the COURTIERs close upon him ; he struggles desperately for some time, but at length, exhausted, he falls on his knees at the front of the stage.]

All ! all combined against me ! ten to one !

(Turning to MAROT.)

Behold these tears, Marot !—Be merciful ;
Thine is a soul inspired. Oh, have a heart !
Tell me she's here ! Ours is a common cause,
For thou alone, amidst this lordly throng,
Hast wit and sense. Marot !—Oh, good Marot !

(Turns to the COURTIERs.)

Even at your feet, my Lords, I sue for grace :
I'm sick at heart ; alas, be merciful !
Some other day I'll bear your humours better ;
For many a year, your poor mis-shaped Buffoon
Has made you sport—aye, when his heart would break.
Forgive your Triboulet, nor vent your spleen
On one so helpless ; give me back my child—
My only treasure—all that I possess !
Without her, nothing in this world is mine.
Be kind to me ! another night like this
Would sear my brain, and whiten o'er my hair.

[The door of the KING's room opens, and BLANCHE, agitated and disordered, rushes out, and, with a cry of terror, throws herself into her father's arms.]

Blanche. My father, ah ! *(She buries her head in her father's bosom.)*

Triboulet. My Blanche ! my darling child !
Look ye, good Sirs, the last of all my race.
Dear angel !—Gentlemen, you'll bear with me—
You'll pardon, I am sure, these tears of joy.
A child like this, whose gentle innocence
Even to look on makes the heart more pure,
Could not be lost, you'll own, without a pang. *[to BLANCHE.]*
Fear nothing now ; 'twas but a thoughtless jest,
Something to laugh at.—How they frightened thee !
Confess it, Blanche. *[Embraces her fondly.]*

But I'm so happy now,
 My heart's so full, I never knew before
 How much I loved. I laugh, that once did weep
 To lose thee; yet to hold thee thus again,
 Is surely bliss.—But thou dost weep, my child?

Blanche (covering her face with her hand). Oh, hide me from
 my shame!

Triboulet (starting). What mean'st thou, Blanche?

Blanche (pointing to the COURTIERs). Not before these; I'd
 blush and speak, alone.

Triboulet (turns in an agony to the KING's door). Monster!—
 She too!

Blanche (sobbing and falling at his feet). Alone with thee, my
 father!

Triboulet (striding towards the COURTIERs). Go, get thee hence!
 And if the King pretend
 To turn his steps this way,

(to VERMANDOIS) You're of his guard!
 Tell him he dare not!—Triboulet is here!

De Pienne. Of all the fools, no fool e'er equalled this.

De Gordes. To fools and children sometimes must we yield,
 Yet will we watch without.

[*Exeunt all the COURTIERs but DE COSSÉ.*]

Triboulet. Speak freely to me, Blanche. (*He turns and sees DE
 COSSÉ. In a voice of thunder.*) You heard me, Sir?

De Cossé (retiring precipitately). These fools permit themselves
 strange liberties.

SCENE 4.—TRIBOULET—BLANCHE.

Triboulet (gravely and sternly). Now, speak!

Blanche (with downcast eyes, interrupted by sobs). Dear father,
 'twas but yesternight

He stole within the gate—— (*She hides her face.*)

I cannot speak.

[*TRIBOULET presses her in his arms, and kisses her forehead
 tenderly.*]

But long ago (I should have told you then),
He followed me, yet spoke not, and at church,
As sure as Sunday came, this gentleman——

Triboulet (fiercely). The King !

Blanche. ——Passed close to me, and as I think,
Disturbed my chair, that I might look on him.
Last night he gained admittance.

Triboulet. Stop, my child ;
I'll spare thy shame the pang of telling it ;
I guess the rest. (*He stands erect.*)

Oh, sorrow most complete !

His loathsome touch has withered on thy brow
The virgin wreath of purity it wore,
And in its stead has left the brand of shame !
The once pure air that did environ thee
His breath has sullied. Oh, my *Blanche* ! my child !
Once the sole refuge of my misery,
The day that woke me from a night of woe,
The soul through which mine own had hopes of Heaven,
A veil of radiance, covering my disgrace,
The haven still for one by all accurst,
An angel left by God to bless my tears,
The only sainted thing I e'er did trust !
What am I now ! Amidst this hollow court,
Where vice, and infamy, and foul debauch,
With riot wild, and bold effrontery, reign ;
These eyes, aweary with the sight of crime,
Turned to thy guileless soul to find repose ;
Then could I bear my fate, my abject fate,
My tears, the pride that swelled my bursting heart,
The witty sneers that sharpened on my woes—
Yes, all the pangs of sorrow and of shame
I could endure, but not thy wrongs, my child !
Aye, hide thy face and weep ; at thy young age
Some part of anguish may escape in tears ;
Pour what thou can'st into a father's heart. (*Abstractedly.*)
But now, enough. The matter once despatched,

We leave this city,—aye, if I escape !

[*Turning with redoubled rage to the KING's chamber.*

Francis the First ! May God, who hears my prayer,

Dig in thy path a bloody sepulchre,

And hurl thee down, unshrived, and gorged with sin !

Blanche (aside). Grant it not, Heaven ! for I love him still.

De Piennes (speaking outside). De Montchenû, guard hence to the Bastille

Monsieur St. Vallier, now your prisoner.

Enter ST. VALLIER, MONTCHENÛ, and Soldiers.

St. Vallier. Since neither Heaven doth strike, nor pitying man
Hath answered to my curse on this proud King,

Steeped to the lip in crime,—why, then 'tis sure

The monarch prospers, and my curse is vain.

Triboulet (turning round, and confronting him). Old man, 'tis false ! There's one shall strike for thee !

ACT IV.—BLANCHE.

SCENE 1.—*The scene represents the Place de la Grève, near la Tournelle, an ancient gate of the city of Paris. On the right is a miserable hovel which purports, by a rude sign, to be a house of entertainment, or auberge of the lowest description. The front of the house is towards the spectators, and is so arranged that the inside is easily seen. The lower room is wretchedly furnished. There is a table, a large chimney, and a narrow staircase leading to a sort of loft or garret above, containing a truckle bed, easily seen through the window. The side of the building to the left of the actor has a door which opens inwards. The wall is dilapidated, and so full of chinks and apertures, that what is passing in the house may be witnessed by an observer outside. The remainder of the stage represents the Grève. On the left is an old ruined wall and parapet, at the foot of which runs the river Seine. In the distance beyond the river is seen the old City of Paris.*

TRIBOULET—BLANCHE outside—SALTABADIL inside the house.

[*During the whole of this scene TRIBOULET has the appearance of one anxious and fearful of surprise. SALTABADIL sits in the auberge, near the table, engaged in cleaning his belt, and not hearing what is passing without.*

Triboulet. Thou lov'st him still?

Blanche. For ever!

Triboulet. Yet I gave
Full time to cure thee of this senseless dream.

Blanche. Indeed, I love him.

Triboulet. Ah, 'tis woman's heart!
But, *Blanche*, explain thy reasons—why dost love?

Blanche. I know not.

Triboulet. 'Tis most strange!—incredible!

Blanche. Not so!—It may be 'tis for that I love—
Say that a man doth risk his life for ours,
Or husband bring us riches, rank, and fame,
Do women *therefore* love?—In truth, I know,
All he hath brought me are but wrongs and shame,
And yet I love him, tho' I know not why.
Whate'er is linked with him ne'er quits my mind.
'Tis madness, father! Can'st thou pardon still?
Though he hath wronged, and thou art ever kind,
For him I'd die as surely as for thee.

Triboulet. I do forgive thee.

Blanche. Then he loves me too.

Triboulet. Insensate!—No!

Blanche. He pledged his faith to me,
And with a solemn oath confirmed his vows,
Such loving things!—with such resistless grace
He speaks, no woman's heart his truth can doubt.
His words, his looks, so eloquent, so kind,
'Tis a true King, a handsome, and a brave!

Triboulet. 'Tis a cold, perjured, and relentless fiend!
Yet 'scapes he not my vengeance.

Blanche. Dearest father,
You once forgave him.

Triboulet. Till the snare was spread
For his dark villainy, I dare not strike.

Blanche. 'Tis now a month—(I tremble as I speak)—
You seemed to love the King.

Triboulet. 'Twas but pretence;

Thou shalt have vengeance !

Blanche. Father, spare your child.

Triboulet. Thy senseless passion might be turned to hate,
If he deceived thee.

Blanche. He ! I'll ne'er believe it !

Triboulet. What if those eyes, that plead his cause with tears,
Beheld his perfidy—would'st love him still ?

Blanche. I cannot tell. He loves me ! nay, adores.
'Twas but last night——

Triboulet (interrupting her, sincerely). What time ?

Blanche. About this hour.

Triboulet. Then witness here, and, if thou can'st, forgive !

[*He draws her to the house, and directs her gaze through one of the apertures in the wall, where all that passes within may be seen.*]

Blanche. Nought but a man I see.

Triboulet. Look now !

[*The KING, dressed as an officer, appears from a door which communicates with an apartment within.*]

Blanche (starting). Oh, father !

[*During the following scene, BLANCHE remains, fixed as a statue, against the fissure in the wall, observing what is passing within, inattentive to all else, and only agitated from time to time with a convulsive shudder.*]

SCENE 2.—TRIBOULET *outside*—SALTABADIL—THE KING—

MAGUELONNE *inside*.

The King (striking SALTABADIL familiarly on the shoulder).
Two things at once—your sister and a glass !

Triboulet (aside). The morals of a king by grace divine,
Who risks his life in low debaucheries,
And doth prefer the wine that damns his sense,
If proffered by some tavern Hebe's hand !

The King (sings).

“ Changeful woman, constant never,
He's a fool who trusts her ever ;

For her love the wind doth blow,
Like a feather, to and fro." ¹

[SALTABADIL goes sullenly to the next room, returning with a bottle and glass, which he places on the table. He then strikes twice upon the floor with the handle of his long sword, and at this signal a young girl, dressed in the Gipsy dress, bounds quickly down the stair. As she enters, the KING tries to seize her in his arms, but she slips away. SALTABADIL recommences cleaning his belt.

The King (to SALTABADIL).

My friend, thy buckle would be brighter far
Cleaned in the open air.

Saltabadil (sullenly). I understand.

[He rises, salutes the KING awkwardly, opens the door and comes out. He sees TRIBOULET, and comes cautiously towards him. BLANCHE sees nothing but the young Gipsy girl, who is dancing round the KING.

Saltabadil (in a low voice to TRIBOULET). Shall he die now?
Triboulet. Not yet!—return anon.

[TRIBOULET makes signs to him to retire. SALTABADIL disappears behind the parapet wall. Meantime the KING endeavours to caress the young Gipsy.

Maguelonne (slipping away). No, no!

The King. Thou offerest too much defence.
A truce! Come hither! (*The girl draws nearer.*)
'Tis a week ago,

At Triancourt's Hotel (Ah, let me see,
Who took me there?—I think 'twas Triboulet),
There first I gazed upon that beauteous face.
'Tis just a week, my goddess, that I loved thee,
And thee alone.

Maguelonne. And twenty more besides;
To me a most accomplished rake you seem.

The King. Well, well! I own some hearts have ached for me.
True, I'm a monster!

¹ The reader's attention is requested to these verses. They are made the means of producing, in the Fifth Act, a most startling dramatic effect.

Maguelonne. Coxcomb !

The King. 'Tis most true !

But, tempter, 'twas your beauty lured me here,
With most adventurous patience to endure
A dinner of the vilest ; and such wine !
Your brother's hang-dog looks have soured it :
An ugly wretch ! How dares he show his face
So near those witching eyes and lips of bliss !
It matters not. I stir not hence to-night.

Maguelonne (aside). He courts the snare ! (*To the KING, who tries to embrace her.*)

Excuse me !

The King. Why resist ?

Maguelonne. Be wise !

The King. Why this is wisdom, *Maguelonne*,
Eat, drink, and love ; I hold exactly there
With old King Solomon.

Maguelonne (laughing). Ha ! ha ! I think
Thou lov'st the tavern better than the church.

The King (stretching out his arms to catch her). Dear *Maguelonne* !

Maguelonne (runs round behind the table). To-morrow !

The King (seizing the table with both hands). Say again
That odious word, thy fence I'll overthrow ;
The lip of beauty ne'er should say to-morrow.

Maguelonne (comes suddenly round and sits by the KING).
Well, let's be friends !

The King (taking her hand). Ah, what a hand is thine !
So soft, so taper !—'twere a Christian's part,
Without pretence to over sanctity,
To court thy blow, and turn his cheek for more.

Maguelonne (pleased). You mock me.

The King. Never !

Maguelonne. But I am not fair.

The King. Unkind to me, and to thyself unjust !
Queen of inexorables, know'st thou not
How tyrant love doth rule the soldier's heart ?
"And if bright beauty doth our suit approve,

Though 'twere 'midst Russia's snows, we blaze with love."

Maguelonne (bursting into a fit of laughter). I'm sure you've read that somewhere in a book.

The King (aside). Quite possible! (*Aloud.*) Come, kiss me!

Maguelonne. Sir, you're drunk!

The King. With love!

Maguelonne. I know you do but jest with me,
And couch your wit against a silly girl.

[*The KING succeeds in giving her a kiss, and tries a second time, which she refuses.*]

Enough!

The King. I'll marry thee.

Maguelonne (laughing). You pledge your word.

[*The KING clasps her round the waist, and whispers in her ear.*]

BLANCHE, unable to bear the scene any longer, turns round, and totters towards her father.

Triboulet (after contemplating her for some time in silence).

What think'st thou now of vengeance, my poor child?

Blanche. Betrayed! ungrateful!—Oh, my heart will break!

He hath no soul, no pity, kindness—none!

Even to that girl, who loves him not, he says

The same fond words that once he said to me.

[*Hides her head in her father's bosom.*]

And oh, that shameless creature!

Triboulet. Hush! no more!

Enough of tears, leave now revenge to me!

Blanche. Do as thou wilt.

Triboulet. I thank thee.

Blanche. Yet, alas!

Father, I tremble when I read thy looks.

What would'st thou do?

Triboulet. I pray thee, ask me not!

All is prepared!—Now to our house, my child;

'There quick disguise thee as a cavalier,

Mount a swift steed, and store thy purse with gold;—

Hie thee to Evreux, stop not on the road,

And by to-morrow's eve I'll join thee there.
 Beneath thy mother's portrait stands a chest—
 Thou know'st it well—the dress lies ready there.
 The horse stands saddled. Do as I have said,
 But come not here again ; for here shall pass
 A deed most terrible. Go now, dear Blanche !

Blanche. You'll surely come with me ?

Triboulet. Impossible !

Blanche (aside). My heart feels sick and faint.

Triboulet. Now, fare thee well !

Remember, Blanche, do all as I have said !

[*Exit* BLANCHE.

[*During this scene, the KING and MAGUELONNE continue laughing, and talking in a low voice. As soon as BLANCHE is gone, TRIBOULET goes to the parapet and makes a sign for SALTABADIL, who appears from behind the wall. Night draws on ; the stage becomes darker.*

SCENE 3.—TRIBOULET—SALTABADIL *outside* :—THE KING—
 MAGUELONNE *(inside the house)*.

Triboulet (counting out the gold to SALTABADIL). You ask for twenty,—here are ten in hand.

Art sure he stays the night ?

[*He stops in the act of giving him the money.*

Saltabadil (goes to examine the appearance of the night). The storm comes on.

In one short hour the tempest and the rain
 Shall aid my sister to detain him here.

Triboulet. At midnight I return.

Saltabadil. No need of that.

Thank Heaven, I've strength enough, unhelped, to throw
 A corpse into the Seine.

Triboulet. That triumph's mine.

These hands alone shall do it.

Saltabadil. As for that,

Even as you please ; 'tis no affair of mine.

I baulk no fancies. In a sack concealed,
Your man shall be delivered you to-night.

Triboulet (gives him the gold). 'Tis well !—At midnight, and the rest are thine.

Saltabadil. It shall be done ! How call you this gallant ?

Triboulet. Wouldst know his name ?—Then hear mine own as well,

For mine is chastisement, and his is crime ! *[Exit Triboulet.]*

SCENE 4.—SALTABADIL—THE KING—MAGUELONNE.

[SALTABADIL, alone outside, examines the appearance of the sky, which is becoming gradually more overcast. It is almost night. The lightning flashes, and thunder is heard in the distance.]

Saltabadil. The storm o'erhangs the city,—aye, that's well.
This place will soon be lonely as the grave.
'Tis a strange business this, and, by my head !
I cannot fathom it. These people seem
Possessed with something that I can't divine.

[He examines the sky again. During this time the KING is laughing with MAGUELONNE. He endeavours to embrace her.]

Maguelonne (repulsing him). My brother's coming.

The King. Sweetest one, what then ?

[SALTABADIL enters, closing the door after him. A loud peal of thunder.]

Maguelonne. Hark, how it thunders !

Saltabadil. Listen to the rain.

The King. Well, let it rain ! 'tis our good pleasure here
To stop this night. *[Slapping SALTABADIL on the shoulder.]*

Maguelonne (laughing at him). 'Tis your good pleasure ! Well !
This is a king indeed ! Your family
May be alarmed.

[SALTABADIL makes signs to her not to prevent him.]

The King. Nor wife nor child have I.
I care for none.

Saltabadil (aside). There's providence in that.

[The rain falls heavily. The night becomes quite dark.]

The King. Thou, fellow, may'st go sleep, e'en where thou wilt.
Saltabadil (bowing). Most happy.

Maguelonne (in an earnest whisper, while lighting the lamp).

Get thee hence !

The King (laughs and speaks aloud). In such a night !
 I'd scarcely turn a poet out of doors.

Saltabadil (aside to Maguelonne, showing the gold).

Let him remain. I've ten good crowns of gold—
 As much more when 'tis done !

(To the King.) Most proud am I
 To offer my poor chamber for the night.

The King. Beshrew me now, 'tis some infernal den,
 Where summer bakes one, and December's snows
 Freeze every vein.

Saltabadil. I'll show it with your leave.

The King. Lead on !

[SALTABADIL takes his lamp; the KING goes to MAGUELONNE, and
 whispers something in her ear. Then both mount the narrow
 staircase, SALTABADIL preceding the KING.]

Maguelonne (she looks out at the window). Ah, poor young man !
 How dark without.

[The KING and SALTABADIL are seen through the window of the room above.]

Saltabadil (to the King). Here is a bed, a table, and a chair !

The King (measuring them). Three, six, nine feet in all. Thy
 furniture

Hath surely fought at Marignan, my friend,
 'Tis chopped, and cut, and hacked so wondrous small.

[He examines the window, in which there is no glass.]
 How healthy 'tis to sleep i' the open air :
 No glass—no curtains ! sure the gentle breeze
 Was ne'er more courteously received than here.
 Good night, old fellow !

Saltabadil (descending the stairs). Heaven preserve you, sir !

The King. In truth, I'm weary, and would sleep awhile.—

*[He places his hat and sword on the chair, takes off his boots, and
 throws himself on the bed.]*

"Tis a sweet girl!—that Maguelonne, so gay,
So fresh, so young. I trust the door's unbarred.

[He gets up and tries the lock.]

Ah, 'tis all right!

[Throws himself again upon the bed, and is soon fast asleep.]

(MAGUELONNE and SALTABADIL are sitting down below. The tempest rages. Thunder, lightning, and rain incessant. MAGUELONNE sits with some needlework. SALTABADIL, with a nonchalant air, is emptying the bottle of wine the KING has left. Both seem lost in thought.)

Maguelonne (after a pause of some duration). Methinks this
Cavalier

Most prepossessing!

Saltabadil. Faith, I think so too—

He fills my purse with twenty crowns of gold!

Maguelonne. How many?

Saltabadil. Twenty.

Maguelonne. Oh, he's worth much more!

Saltabadil. Go up, pert doll! and if his sleep be sound,
Bring down his sword!

[MAGUELONNE obeys. The storm rages violently. At this moment BLANCHE enters from the back of the stage, dressed as a man, in a black riding habit, boots and spurs.—She advances slowly to the crevice in the wall. Meanwhile SALTABADIL continues to drink; and MAGUELONNE, with a lamp in her hand, bends over the sleeping KING.]

Maguelonne. He sleeps. Alas! poor youth.

[She brings down his sword to SALTABADIL.]

SCENE 5.—THE KING asleep in the upper room. SALTABADIL and
MAGUELONNE in the room below. BLANCHE outside.

*Blanche (walking slowly in the dark, guided by the flashes of lightning.
Thunder incessant).*

A deed most terrible! Is reason fled?

There's something more than nature buoys me up:—
Even in this dreadful house he stops to-night!

Oh, pardon, Father, pardon my return—
 My disobedience ! I could bear no more
 The agony of doubt that racked my soul—
 I, who have lived, till now, unknowing all
 The tears and sorrows of this cruel world,
 Midst peace and flowers !—now am hurled at once
 From happy innocence to guilt and shame !
 Love tramples on the ruined edifice
 Of virtue's temple, that his torch has scared !
 His fire's extinct—the ashes but remain :—
 He loves me not ! Was that the thunder's voice ?
 It wakes me from my thoughts ! Oh, fearful night !
 Despair has nerved my heart—my woman's heart
 That once feared shadows !

(Sees the light in the upper window.)

Ah, what is't they do ?

How my heart throbs ! They would not slay him, sure ?

(Noise of thunder and rain.)

Saltabadil (within). Heaven growls above as though 'twere
 married strife—

One curses,—t' other drowns the earth with tears.

Blanche. Oh, if my father knew his child were here !

Maguelonne (within). Brother !

Blanche (startled). Who spoke ?

Maguelonne (louder). Why, brother ?

Saltabadil. Well, what now ?

Maguelonne. Thou canst not read my thoughts !

Saltabadil. Not I !

Maguelonne. But guess !

Saltabadil. The fiend confound thee !

Maguelonne. Come ! this fine young man—

So tall ! so handsome !—who lies wrapped in sleep

As thoughtless and as trusting as a child !—

We'll spare his life !

Blanche. Oh, heaven !

Saltabadil. Take thou this sack,

And sew these broken seams.

Maguelonne.

What would you do ?

Saltabadil. E'en place therein thy handsome, tall gallant,
When my keen blade hath dealt with him above,
And sink his carcase, garnished with yon stone,
Deep in the river's bed.

Maguelonne.

But—

Saltabadil.

Silence, girl !

Urge me no more.

Maguelonne.

Yet—

Saltabadil.

Wilt thou hold thy peace ?

Wert thou consulted, no one would be slain.

On with thy work.

Blanche.

What dreadful pair are these ?

Is it on hell I gaze ?

Maguelonne.

Well, I obey :

But you must hear me.

Saltabadil.

Umph !

Maguelonne.

You do not hate

This gentleman.

Saltabadil.

Not I. I love the man

That bears a sword. 'Tis by the sword I live.

Maguelonne. Why stab a handsome youth, to please, forsooth,
An ugly hunchback, crooked as an S !

Saltabadil. Hark ye awhile, the simple case I'll state.
A hunchback gives, to slay a handsome man—
I care not whom,—ten golden crowns in hand,
And ten besides, whene'er the deed is done.
Of course—he dies !

Maguelonne.

Why not the old man slay

When he returns to pay thee o'er the gold ?

'Twere all the same.

Blanche.

My father !

Saltabadil (with indignation).

Hark ye now :—

I'll hear no more of this. Am I a thief,—

A bandit, out-throat, cheat ? Would'st have me rob

The client who employs and pays my sword ?

Maguelonne. Couldst thou not place this log within the sack ?

The night's so dark, the cheat he could not tell.

Saltabadil. Ha! ha! Thy trick would scarce deceive the blind.
There's something in the clammy touch of death
That baffles imitation.

Maguelonne. Spare his life!

Saltabadil. I say—he dies!

Maguelonne. I'll scare him from his sleep:
Save and protect him hence.

Blanche. Good, generous girl!

Saltabadil. My twenty crowns!

Maguelonne. 'Tis true!

Saltabadil. Hear reason, then.

He must not live.

Maguelonne. I say he shall not die!

[*She places herself in a determined attitude at the foot of the stairs;*
SALTABADIL, fearing to wake the KING, stops in his purpose,
apparently thinking how to compromise the affair.

Saltabadil. Hear me:—At midnight comes my patron back;
If any stranger chance to pass this way,
And claim our shelter, ere the bell shall toll,
I'll strike him dead,—and offer, in exchange,
His mangled body for thy puppet yonder.
So that the corse he throws into the Seine,
He cannot guess the change. But this is all
That I can do for thee.

Maguelonne. Gramercy, brother,—

In the fiend's name, who'er can pass this way?

Saltabadil. Nought else can save his life!

Maguelonne. At such an hour!

Blanche. Oh God! thou temptest me! Thou bid'st me die
To save a perjured life! Oh, spare me yet!
I am too young. Urge me not thus, my heart!

[*Thunder rolls*

Oh, agony! Should I go call the guard?
No, all is silence! darkness reigns around:—
Besides, these demons would denounce my father;
Dear father, I should live to thank thy love,—

To cherish and support thy failing years.
 Only sixteen !—'tis hard to die so young ;—
 To feel the keen, sharp dagger at my heart !
 Ah me ! how cold the plashing rain comes down !
 My brain seems fire—but my limbs are ice !

[A clock in the distance strikes one quarter.]

Saltabadil. 'Tis time ! *[The clock strikes two more quarters.]*

Three-quarters past eleven now !

Hear'st thou no footsteps ? Ere the midnight hour,
 It must be done. *[He puts his foot on the first stair.]*

Maguelonne (bursts into tears). Oh, brother, wait awhile !

Blanche. This woman weeps, yet *I* refuse to save.

He loves me not ! Have I not prayed for death ?
That death would save him, but my heart recoils.

Saltabadil (attempting to pass MAGUELONNE).

I'll wait no longer.

Blanche. If he'd strike me dead
 With one sharp sudden blow ! not gash my face,
 Or mangle me. How chilling falls the rain !
 Oh, it is horrible to die so cold.

[SALTABADIL again attempts to pass MAGUELONNE. BLANCHE gradually drags herself round to the door, and gives a feeble knock.]

Maguelonne. A knock.

Saltabadil. 'Tis but the wind.

Maguelonne (BLANCHE knocks again).

Again !—a knock !

[She runs to the window, opens it, and looks out.]

Saltabadil (aside). 'Tis passing strange !

Maguelonne. Who's there ?

(Aside to SALTABADIL.) A traveller !

Blanche (faintly). A night's repose !

Saltabadil (aside). A sound eternal sleep !

Maguelonne (aside). Aye, a long night indeed !

Blanche. Haste ! haste !—I faint !

Saltabadil. Give me the knife !

Maguelonne. Poor wretch ! his hand hath struck

Upon the portal of his tomb !

(*Aside to SALTABADIL.*) Be quick !

Saltabadil. Behind the door, I'll strike him as he comes.

Maguelonne (*opening the door to BLANCHE*). Come in !

Blanche (*shuddering*). I dare not !

Maguelonne (*half dragging her in*). 'Tis too late for that !

[*As she passes the threshold, SALTABADIL strikes.*

[*The Curtain falls.*

ACT V.—TRIBOULET.

SCENE 1. — *The stage represents the same scene as the Fourth Act ; but the house of SALTABADIL is completely closed. There is no light within. All is darkness.*

[*TRIBOULET comes slowly from the back of the stage, enveloped in his mantle. The storm has somewhat diminished in violence. The rain has ceased ; but there are occasional flashes of lightning, and distant thunder is heard.*

Triboulet. Now is the triumph mine ! The blow is struck
That pays a lingering month of agony.

'Midst sneers and ribald jests, the poor Buffoon
Shed tears of blood beneath his mask of smiles.

[*Examines the door of the house.*

This is the door—oh, vengeance exquisite !—

Thro' which the corse of him I hate shall pass. .

The hour has not yet tolled ; yet am I here

To gaze upon thy tomb ! Mysterious night ! [*Thunder.*

In heaven a tempest ; murder upon earth !

Now am I great indeed. My just revenge

Joins with the wrath of God. I've slain the King !

And such a king !—upon whose breath depends

The thrones of twenty monarchs ; and whose voice

Declares to trembling millions, peace or war !

He wields the destinies of half mankind,

And falling thus, the world shall sink with him.

'Tis I that strike this mighty Atlas down !
 Through me, all Europe shall his loss bewail.
 Affrighted earth, e'en from its utmost bounds,
 Shall shriek ! Thy arm hath done this, Triboulet.
 Triumph, Buffoon !—exult thee in thy pride ;
 A fool's revenge the globe itself doth shake !

[The storm continues. A distant clock strikes twelve.

The hour ! *[He runs to the door, and knocks loudly.*

Voice (from within). Who knocks ?

Triboulet. 'Tis I ! admit me ! haste !

Voice (within). All's well ; but enter not !

[The lower half of the door is opened, and SALTABADIL crawls out, dragging after him an oblong-shaped mass, scarcely distinguishable in the darkness of the night.

SCENE 2.—TRIBOULET—SALTABADIL.

Saltabadil. How dull a load.

Lend me your aid awhile ; within this sack
 Your man lies dead !

Triboulet. I'll look upon his face.
 Bring me a torch !

Saltabadil. By all the saints, not I.

Triboulet. What, canst thou stab, yet fear to look on death ?

Saltabadil. The guard I fear !—the archers of the night ;
 You'll have no light from me. My task is done.
 The gold !

[TRIBOULET gives it to him, then turns to gaze on the dead body.

Triboulet. 'Tis there ! *(Aside)*—so hatred hath its joys !

Saltabadil. Shall not I help you to the river's side ?

Triboulet. Alone I'll do it.

Saltabadil. Lighter 'twere for both.

Triboulet. 'Tis a sweet load ; to me 'tis light indeed !

Saltabadil. Well, as you will ; but cast it not from hence.

[Pointing to another part of the wall.

The stream runs deepest there. Be quick. Good-night.

[He re-enters the house, closing the door after him.

SCENE 3.—TRIBOULET *alone, his eyes fixed on the body.*

Triboulet. There lies he! dead! Would I could see him now.

[He examines the sack.]

It matters not, 'tis he!—his spurs peep forth.

Yes! yes! 'tis he!

[He rises up and places his foot on the body.]

Now, giddy world, look on!

Here, see the Jester! There, the King of Kings,
Monarch o'er all, unrivalled, Lord supreme!
Beneath my feet I spurn him as he lies,
The Seine his sepulchre, this sack his shroud.
Who hath done this? 'Tis I—and I alone,
Stupendous victory! When morning dawns
The slavish throng will scarce believe the tale,
But future ages, nations yet unborn,
Shall own, and shudder at, the mighty deed.
What, Francis of Valois, thou soul of fire,
Great Charles's greater rival, King of France,
And God of battles! at whose conquering step
The very battlements have quaked for fear
Hero of Marignan, whose arm o'erthrew
Legions of soldiers, scattered like the dust
Before the impetuous wind! whose actions beamed
Like stars o'ershining all the universe,
Art thou no more?—unshrived, unwept, unknown,
Struck down at once! In all thy power and pride,
From all thy pomps, thy vanities, thy lusts,
Dragged off and hidden like a babe malformed;
Dissolved, extinguished, melted into air;
Appeared and vanished like the lightning's flash.
Perhaps to-morrow,—haggard! trembling! pale!
And prodigal of gold—thro' every street
Criers shall shout, to wond'ring passers by,
Francis the First—Francis the First is lost!
'Tis strange!

(After a short silence.)

But thou, my poor long-suffering child,
Thou hast thy vengeance. What a thirst was mine
That craved for blood ! Gold gave the draught ! 'Tis quenched !

[He bends over the body in a fit of un governable rage.]

Perfidious monster ! Oh, that thou couldst hear !
My child, more precious than a monarch's crown,
My child, who never injured aught that breathed,
You foully robbed me of, and gave her back
Disgraced and shamed ; but now the triumph's mine.
With well dissembled art I lured thee on,
And bade thy caution sleep, as if the woe
That breaks a father's heart could e'er forgive !
'Twas a hard strife, the weak against the strong :
The weak hath conquered ! He who kissed thy foot
Hath gnawed thy heartstrings. Dost thou hear me now,
Thou King of Gentlemen ? The wretched slave,
The Fool, Buffoon, scarce worth the name of man—
He whom thou calledst dog—now gives the blow !

[He strikes the dead body.]

'Tis vengeance speaks, and at its voice the soul,
How base soe'er, bursts from its thralling sleep.
The vilest are ennobled, changed, transformed :
Then from its scabbard, like a glittering sword,
The poor oppressed one draws his hatred forth.
The stealthy cat's a tiger, and the Fool
Becomes the executioner of kings.
Would he could feel how bitterly I hate !
But 'tis enough. Go seek thou in the Seine
Some loyal current that against the stream
May bear thy mangled corse to Saint Denis.
Accursed Francis !

[He takes the sack by one end, and drags it to the edge of the wall : as he is about to place it on the parapet, MAGUELONNE comes out, looks round anxiously, and returns with the KING, to whom she makes signs that he may now escape unseen.]

[*At the moment that TRIBOULET is about to throw the body into the Seine, the KING leaves the stage in the opposite direction, singing carelessly.*

The King. "Changeful woman!—constant never!
He's a fool that trusts her ever!"

Triboulet (dropping the body on the stage). Hah! what voice was that?

Some spectre of the night is mocking me!

[*He turns round, and listens in a state of great agitation. The voice of the KING is again heard in the distance.*

The King. "For her love the wind doth blow
Like a feather to and fro."

Triboulet. Now, by the curse of Hell! This is not he!
Some one hath saved him!—robbed me of my prey!—
Betrayed! betrayed!

[*Runs to the house, but only the upper window is open.*

Assassins!—"Tis too high!

What hapless victim has supplied his place—

What guiltless life?—I shudder! (*Feels the body.*)

"Tis a corpse!

But, who hath perished? 'Tis in vain to seek,

From this abode of hell—a torch to break

The pitchy darkness of this fearful night!

I'll wait the lightning's glare!

[*He waits some moments, his eyes fixed on the half-opened sack, from which he has partly drawn forth the body of*
BLANCHE.

SCENE 4.—TRIBOULET—BLANCHE.

A flash of lightning! TRIBOULET starts up with a frenzied scream.

Triboulet. Oh, God! My child!

Hah, what is this? My hands are wet with blood—

My daughter! Oh, my brain!—Some hideous dream

Hath seized my senses! 'Tis impossible!

But now she left me ! Heaven be kind to me !

'Tis but a maddening vision—'tis not she !

[Another flash of lightning.]

It is my child—my daughter ! Dearest Blanche !

These fiends have murdered thee ! Oh, speak, my child !

Speak to thy father ! Is there none to help ?

Speak to me, Blanche ! My child ! My child ! Oh, God !

[He sinks down exhausted.]

Blanche (Half-dying, but rallying at the cries of her father—In a faint voice)—

Who calls on me ?

Triboulet (in an ecstasy of joy). She speaks ! She grasps my hand !

Her heart beats yet ! All-gracious Heaven, she lives !

Blanche.

[She raises herself to a sitting position. Her coat has been taken off, her shirt is covered with blood, her hair hangs loose; the rest of her body is concealed.]

Where am I ?

Triboulet.

Dearest, sole delight on earth,

Hear'st thou my voice ? Thou knowest me now !

Blanche.

My father !

Triboulet. Who hath done this ? What dreadful mystery !

I dare not touch, lest I should pain thee, Blanche.

I cannot see, but gently guide my hand.

Where art thou hurt ?

Blanche (gasping for breath). The knife— has reached—my heart.

I felt—it pierce me.

Triboulet.

Who has struck the blow ?

Blanche. The fault's mine own, for I deceived thee, father !

I loved too well ! And 'tis for him—I die.

Triboulet. Oh, retribution dire !—the dark revenge

I plotted for another falls on me !

But how !—what hand !—Blanche, if thou can'st, explain !

Blanche. Oh, ask me not to speak !

Triboulet (covering her with kisses).

Forgive me,

Blanche !

And yet to lose thee thus !

Blanche.

I cannot breathe !

Turn me this way !—Some air !

Triboulet.

Blanche, Blanche ! my child !

Oh, do not die !

(Turns round in despair.)

Help, help ! Will no one come ?

Will no one help my child ? The ferry bell

Hangs close against the wall. An instant now

I'll leave thee, but to call assistance here,

And bring thee water.

[Blanche makes signs that it is useless.

Yet I must have aid.

(Shouts for help.)

What, ho !—Oh, live to bless your father's heart !

My child, my treasure, all that I possess

Is thee, my Blanche !—I cannot part with thee !

Oh, do not die !

Blanche (in the agony of death).

Help, father !—

Raise me up !

Give me some air !

Triboulet.

My arm hath pressed on thee.

I am too rough. I think 'tis better now.

Thou hast more ease, dear Blanche !—For mercy's sake,

Try but to breathe till some one pass this way

To bring thee succour.—Help ! Oh, help my child !

Blanche (with difficulty). Forgive him, father !

[She dies. Her head falls back on his shoulder.

Triboulet (in an agony). Blanche !—She's dying ! Help !

[He runs to the ferry-bell, and rings it furiously.

Watch ! murder ! help !

[He returns to BLANCHE.

Oh, speak to me again.

One word—one, only one. In mercy speak !

[Essaying to lift her up.

Why wilt thou lie so heavily, my child ?

Only sixteen!—so young! Thou art not dead.
 Thou would'st not leave me thus. Shall thy sweet voice
 Ne'er bless thy father more? Oh, God of Heaven!
 Why should this be? How cruel 'twas to give
 So sweet a blessing. Yet forbear to take
 Her soul away ere all its worth I knew.
 Why didst thou let me count my treasure o'er?
 Would'st thou had died ~~an~~ infant! aye, before
 Thy mother's arms had clasped thee! or that day
 (When quite a child) thy playmates wounded thee,
 I could have borne the loss. But, oh, not now,
 My child! my child!

[A number of people, alarmed by the ringing of the bell, now come in, being present during the latter part of the foregoing speech.]

A Woman. His sorrow rings my heart!

Triboulet. So ye are come at last!—indeed, 'twas time!

[Turning to a Waggoner, and seizing him by the arm.]

Hast thou a horse, my friend!—a loaded wain?

Waggoner. I have—*(aside)* How fierce his grasp!

Triboulet. Then take my head,

And crush it 'neath thy wheels!—my Blanche! my child!

Another man. This is some murder! Grief has turned his brain:
 Better to part them.

[They drag Triboulet away.]

Triboulet. Never!—here I'll stay.

I love to look upon her, though she's dead.

I never wronged ye—why then treat me thus?

I know ye not. Good people, pity me! *(To the WOMAN.)*

Madam, you weep—you're kind. In mercy beg

They drag me not from hence.

[The woman intercedes: they let him come back to the body of

BLANCHE. He runs wildly to it, and falls on his knees.]

Upon thy knees—

Upon thy knees, thou wretch, and die with her!

The Woman. Be calm—be comforted. If thus you rave
 You must be parted!

Triboulet (wild with grief).

No! no! no!

[Seizes her in his arms, and suddenly stops in his grief—his senses are evidently wandering.]

I think

She breathes again. She wants a father's care !
Go some one to the town, and seek for aid :
I'll hold her in my arms.—I'm quiet now.

[He takes her in his arms, and holds her as a mother would an infant.]

No ! she's not dead, God will not have it so,
He knows that she is all I lov'd on earth.
The poor deformed one was despised by all,
Avoided, hated. None were kind to him.
But she ! she loved me, my delight, my joy :
When others spurned, she loved and wept with me.
So beautiful, yet dead ! Your kerchief, pray,
To smoothe her forehead. See, her lip's still red.
Oh, had you seen her, as I see her still,
But two years old : her pretty hair was then
As fair as gold !

[Presses her to his heart.]

Alas ! most foully wronged,

My Blanche, my happiness, my darling child !
When but an infant, oft I've held her thus :
She slept upon my bosom just as now—
And when she woke, her laughing eyes met mine,
And smiled upon me with an angel's smile.
She never thought me hideous, vile, deformed.
Poor girl ! she loved her father. Now she sleeps !
Indeed, I know not what I feared before—
She'll soon awaken ! Wait awhile, I pray,
You'll see her eyes will open ! Friends ! you hear
I reason calmly. I'm quite tranquil now ;
I'll do whate'er you will, and injure none,
So that you let me look upon my child.

[He gazes upon her face.]

How smooth her brow, no early sorrows there
Have marked the fair entablature of youth.

(*Starting.*) Ha ! I have warmed her little hand in mine.

(*To the people.*) Feel how the pulse returns !

(*Enter a Surgeon.*)

The Woman (to Triboulet). The Surgeon's here.

Triboulet. Look, Sir, examine, I'll oppose in nought.

She has but fainted, isn't not so ?

Surgeon (after feeling her pulse, says coldly). She's dead !

[*Triboulet starts up convulsively; the Surgeon goes on examining the wound.*]

The wound's in her left side. 'Tis very deep.

Blood must have flowed upon the lungs. She died

By suffocation.

Triboulet (with a scream of agony). I have slain my child !

[*He falls senseless on the ground.*]

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